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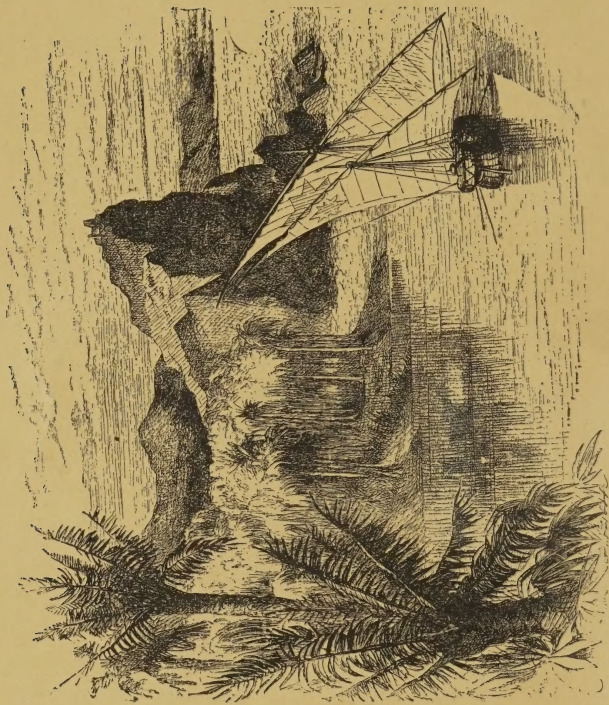
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THE
POEMS OF EDWIN ARNOLD:

R. E. Heronimus,
CONTAINING
THE LIGHT OF ASIA; 1886.

PEARLS OF THE FAITH, OR ISLAM'S ROSARY;
AND
THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

INDIAN POETRY:

FROM THE

SANSKRIT OF THE GITA GOVINDA OF JAYADEVA;
TWO BOOKS FROM "THE ILIAD OF INDIA" (MAHABHARATA);
"PROVERBIAL WISDOM" FROM THE SHLOKAS OF THE
HITOPADESA, AND OTHER ORIENTAL POEMS.

BY

EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A.

COMPANION OF THE STAR OF INDIA; OFFICER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM; THIRD CLASS
OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE MEDJIDIE; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC AND
ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETIES; HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETE
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PREFACE TO THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

In the following Poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism.

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, can not but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical

books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing, —no single act or word,—which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddârtha, “*Sa vie n’a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction; et si la théorie qu’il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu’il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu’il prêche; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusement sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d’un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c’est avec la sérénité d’un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d’avoir trouvé le vrai.*” To Gautama has consequently been given this stupendous conquest of humanity; and,—though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvana, to be only what all other men might become,—the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, “I take refuge in Buddha!”

The Buddha of this poem,—if, as need not be doubted, he really existed,—was born on the borders of Nepaul, about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice

of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic Brotherhood or "Sangha."

I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance,—startling to modern minds,—was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha's time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans. The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and,—in obedience to the laws of poetic art,—passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of "Nirvana," "Dharma," "Karma," and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious Promulgator of this "Light of Asia," and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labors to his memory, for which both repose and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my "Indian Song of Songs" will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

LONDON, *July*, 1879.



THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

*The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha,—Prince Siddârtha styled on earth,—
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.*

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world, and under them are zones
Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
“Buddha will go again to help the World.”
“Yea!” spake He, “now I go to help the World
This last of many times; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Skâyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King.”

That night the wife of King Suddhâdana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord, [heaven,—
Dreamed a strange dream; dreamed that a star from
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk,—

Shot through the void and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forwent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The gray dream-readers said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh,
Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come—for all things knew—
The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch, while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless,—he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin

To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From mount Sumeru,—they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates,—the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nâgas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in caste and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King *Suddhâdana* wist not of this;

The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A *Chakravartî*, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has,—
The *Chakra-ratna*, disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the *Aswa-ratna*, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The *Hasti-ratna*, born to bear his King;
The crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The *Istrî-ratna*, lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odors sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells

That chime light laughter round their restless feet;
The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer.
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays; goat-shawls, and nard and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs,—
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face,—
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All Prospering,"
Briefer, Siddârtha.

'Mongst the strangers came
A gray-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
"Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, "Oh, Babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, oh King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years,—
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And Love's dropped honey; from thy royal root
A Heavenly Lotus springs: Ah, happy House!

Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce
 Thy bowels for this boy,—whilst thou, sweet Queen!
 Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
 Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,
 And life is woe, therefore in seven days
 Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."

Which fell: for on the seventh evening
 Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
 Passing content to Trâyastrinshas-Heaven,
 Where countless Devas worship her and wait
 Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
 But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
 Princess Mahâprajâpati,—her breast
 Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him
 Whose lips comfort the Worlds.

When th' eighth year passed
 The careful King bethought to teach his son
 All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
 The too vast presage of those miracles,
 The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.
 So, in full council of his Ministers,
 "Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,
 "To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know?"
 Whereto gave answer each with instant voice
 "King! Viswamitra is the wisest one,
 The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best
 In learning, and the manual arts, and all."
 Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
 And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
 Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood,
 All-beautiful by gems around the rim,
 And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
 These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
 With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
 "Child, write this Scripture," speaking slow the verse
 "Gâyatrî" named, which only High-born hear:—

*Om, tatsaviturvarenyam
 Bhargo devasya dhîmahî
 Dhiyo yo na prachodayât.*

"Acharya, I write," meekly replied
 The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew —
 Not in one script, but many characters —
 The sacred verse; Nagri and Dakshin, Nî,
 Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
 Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
 The pictured writings and the speech of signs,
 Tokens of cave-men and the sea-peoples,
 Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,
 And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,
 The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds;
 Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
 One after other with his writing-stick,
 Reading the master's verse in every tongue;
 And Viswamitra said, "It is enough,
 Let us to numbers.

After me repeat

Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,
 One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
 To hundreds, thousands." After him the child
 Named digits, decads, centuries; nor paused,
 The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on
 "Then comes the kôti, nahut, ninnahut,
 Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
 To kumuds, gunhikas, and utpalas,
 By pundarîkas unto padumas,
 Which last is how you count the utmost grains
 Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust;
 But beyond that a numeration is,
 The Kâtha, used to the stars of night,
 The Kôti-Kâtha, for the ocean drops,
 Ingga, the calculus of circulars;
 Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal
 With all the sands of Gunga, till we come
 To Antah-Kalpas, where the unit is
 The sands of ten crore Gungas. If one seeks
 More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
 By the Asankya, which is the tale
 Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
 Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain;

Thence unto Maha Kalpas, by the which
The Gods compute their future and their past."

"'Tis good," the Sage rejoined, "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal?"

Humbly the boy replied, "Acharya!"

"Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten
A parasukshma make; ten of those build
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these
One likhya; likhyas ten a yuka, ten
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist; so unto the grain
Of mung and mustard and the barleycorn,
Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve-joints
The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,
Bow-length, lance-length; while twenty lengths of lance
Metre what is named a 'breath,' which is to say
Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
Whereof a gow is forty, four times that
A yôjanâ; and, Master! if it please,
I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
From end to end within a yôjana."
Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince
Pronounced the total of the atoms true,
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried,
"Art Teacher of thy teachers,—thou, not I,
Art Gûrû. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."

Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band

E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would oftentimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would oftentimes yield
His half-won race because the laboring steeds
Fetch painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream;
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes
Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap —
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits —
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.

Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath shot
 A swan, which fell among the roses here,
 He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
 "Nay," quoth Siddârtha, "if the bird were dead
 To send it to the slayer might be well,
 But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
 The godlike speed which throbbed in this white wing."
 And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
 Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
 'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
 Give me my prize, fair cousin." Then our Lord
 Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
 And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
 The first of myriad things which shall be mine
 By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
 For now I know, by what within me stirs,
 That I shall teach compassion unto men
 And be a speechless world's interpreter,
 Abating this accursèd flood of woe,
 Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
 Let him submit this matter to the wise
 And we will wait their word." So was it done;
 In full divan the business had debate,
 And many thought this thing and many that,
 Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
 "If life be aught, the savior of a life
 Owns more the living thing than he can own
 Who sought to slay — the slayer spoils and wastes,
 The cherisher sustains, give him the bird:"
 Which judgment all found just; but when the King
 Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
 And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth,—
 The gods come oftentimes thus! So our Lord Buddh
 Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more
 Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
 Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
 But on another day the King said, "Come,
 Sweet son! and see the pleasure of the spring,
 And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield

Its Riches to the reaper; how my realm —
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me —
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth dark waves back from the plough; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,
How lizard fed on ants, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fishhawk robbed

The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
The jeweled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his laboring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the break how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."
So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed—
As holy statue sit—and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna, first step of "the path."

There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"
They asked, for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice
Cried, "Rishis! this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came

And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,
Then they journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

BOOK THE SECOND.

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burnt bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seedtime, when the champaks bud —
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.

This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
 Shall be of universal dominance,
 Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
 A King of kings—and this is in my heart;—
 Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
 Of self-denial and of pious pains,
 Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
 Worth keeping; and to his wistful eyes
 Do still incline amid my palaces.
 But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
 How may his feet be turned to that proud road
 Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
 Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
 Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
 Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
 What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
 Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
 Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;
 The thoughts ye can not stay with brazen chains
 A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good.

But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
 Love chooseth oft-times with another eye;
 And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
 To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
 And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
 Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
 Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
 As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
 Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
 Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the worlds.
 This do, my King: Command a festival
 Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
 In youth and grace, and sports that Sākya's use.
 Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
 And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
 There shall be those who mark if one or two
 Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;

So we may choose for love with love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lusted with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground, for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saintlike and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's:
Eyes like a hind's in love-time, face so fair
Words can not paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full—folding her palms across her breasts—
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take

This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after,—when enlightenment was full,—
Lord Buddha,—being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars crowned he, one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock,
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sate Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
And how—at sudden sight of her—he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now

To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife,—in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes

On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marveled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhabânu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison-horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breath nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged

Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
 Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
 That feeble folk at home that day inquired
 "What is this sound?" and people answered them
 "It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
 Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot!"
 Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
 And that keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
 Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
 But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
 And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
 Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;
 But two such stems together grew, and both
 Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
 Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
 And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
 Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
 Until the Devas of the air, who watched, [crowns
 Blew light breaths from the south, and both green
 Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds
 High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
 Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
 Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
 That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
 Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
 "We too might win with such as Kantaka;
 Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
 Who best can back him." So the syces brought
 A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
 Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
 Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
 Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
 Sprang to his mighty back. But the hot steed
 Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
 In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
 His seat a while, and, bidding loose the chains,
 Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held

The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshiped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra-flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love;

Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after — when enlightenment was come —
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honored answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broided like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high.

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
 A willing spoil; and when the stars were good —
 Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven —
 The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,
 The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
 The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
 The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
 The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
 Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
 The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
 The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
 And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,
 The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
 Then the grey father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
 She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
 Be good to her, who hath her life in thee,"
 Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
 With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
 And love was all in all.

Yet not to love

Alone trusted the King; love's prison-house
 Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
 So that in all the earth no marvel was
 Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place,
 Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
 A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
 Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
 To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
 Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
 Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,
 Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
 Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
 Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
 The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
 Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untrod,
 Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,
 And lifted universe of crest and crag,
 Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
 Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
 Led climbing thought higher and higher, until

It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time—
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls—
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;
And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook—to bring wisdom and wealth—
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured paneling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Pass the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and gray,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit;
The yellow sunbirds whirled from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,

For all was peace: the shy black snake, that gives
 Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
 Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
 And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
 And all this house of love was peopled fair
 With sweet attendance, so that in each part
 With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
 Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
 To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey;
 Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
 Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
 Queen of the enchanting court.

But innermost,
 Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
 A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
 All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.
 The entrance of it was a cloistered square—
 Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank—
 Of milky marble built; and laid with slabs
 Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
 And on the steps, and all along the frieze
 With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
 Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
 It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
 Their gold. and passing into porch and niche,
 Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
 As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
 In love and silence at that bower's gait;
 For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
 Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
 Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
 Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
 On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
 And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,
 Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
 Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
 For always streamed that softened light, more bright
 Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
 And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
 Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;

And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup bearers, and cymbalers,
Delicate, dark browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,
The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. "If one drooped
In the lovely Court,—her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance,—the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:
For said the King, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow
To that great stature of fair sovereignty

When he shall rule all lands—if he will rule—
The King of kings and glory of his time.”

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house—
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars,
But far removed from sight—the King bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yôjana.
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another,—through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King’s order said, “Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince:
This on your lives,—even though it be my son.”

BOOK THE THIRD.

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearyed on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids.
He would start up and cry, “My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!” And she would ask,
“What ails my Lord?” with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god’s.
Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set

A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will,—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings,—
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these:—

*We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.*

*Wherefore and whence we are ye can not know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?*

*What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.*

*Oh Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.*

*Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.*

*But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!*

*We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, oh Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.*

*So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.*

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told—
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped—
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale.
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy—it may be—
Whom we might succor if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,
Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love—how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips can not kiss away : oh, girl!
Oh Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of the tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth!
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes—
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine—
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,

Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round !
Why have I never seen and never sought ?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince !
The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields, and afterwards fresh fields,
With nullahs, maidâns, jungle, koss on koss ;
And next king Bimbasâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores on crores of folk."
"Good," said Siddârtha, "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot—at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the king: "Our Lord, thy son,
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "'tis time he see:
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down
The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,

None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
Till nightfall. Thus Suddhâdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim
Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps and hugh humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!
Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths, some stroked
Their silken flanks, some brought them rice and cakes,
All crying, "*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the King's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shriveled skin, sun-tanned,

Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones,
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quivering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms?" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"
But that Siddârtha cried, "Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die?'
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man.
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black:
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age; [Prince—
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yaśôdhara

Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
 Jâlîni, little Hasta, Gautami,
 And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"
 The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:
 "Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
 I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
 Wistful Siddârtha, sad of mien and mood;
 Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
 Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
 While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
 Nor spake—save one sad thing—when wofully
 Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
 Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
 "Ah, sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul
 Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
 And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara!
 Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
 Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
 So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
 Time would thrust in between to filch away
 My passion and thy grace, as black night steals
 The rose gleams from yon peak, which fade to gray
 And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
 And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
 And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
 Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
 Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
 Sleepless, uncomfôrted.

And all that night
 The king Suddhâdana dreamed troublous dreams.
 The first fear of his vision was a flag
 Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
 The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
 Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
 Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
 Of the shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
 And bore it eastward from the city gates.
 The second fear was ten huge elephants,

With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son—the others followed him.
The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam;
And in the car the Prince Siddârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jeweled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell
Toward the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deerskin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,

“Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;” who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, “Oh, Maharâj!
I hail this favored House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendor than the sun’s!
Lo! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag —
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra’s badge — cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new,
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days past kalpas pass at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light.
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,
Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. Oh, King! rejoice;
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall.”

So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers
Brought word, "We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple, but within was none
Save a gray owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.

But the sad King
Marveled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Siddârtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house;
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A doubled guard.

Yet who shall shut out fate?

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time's dry sands. "I pray you let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhâdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before
To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds.
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the King said, among his Ministers,

"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips [shops,
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skillful armorer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,

A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
His sinews slacken like a bowstring slipped;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth.
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke,
Lo! now he would be dead, but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir! it is not good to hold him so!
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord!" answered the charioteer, "this comes
In many forms to all men; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetter, palsies, leprosy,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
"Come such ills unobserved?" the Prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake'?"

"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they can not bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then what end?"

"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the Dead!"

Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing toward the river brink a band
Of wailing people, foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals, behind
The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "Oh, Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
Sprinkled with red and yellow dust—the Dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying "Rama, Rama,!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream;
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs—for soon they set

The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and gray, with here and there a bone
White midst the gray—the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"

"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre—
Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came—who knows?—some gust of jungle wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead;
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go;
The body, which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow, who knows?—and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile:—
Such is man's round."

But lo! Siddârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,—

Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with a burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world,
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see—I feel—
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
Forever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicker
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They can not save! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God?—Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard, and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

But when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord—which was to be—
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which—whoso hears—the same shall make him free.

Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asôka buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jeweled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himâla high-outspread;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets on the garden grounds.

Within— [stone
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors

Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise
Where *Devîs* rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the Court,
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said "This is the pearl of all!"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith work,
Caught by each color till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jeweled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,
Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.

Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with black-sloped horns between her breasts
Soft nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving mōgra-buds, which bound
Their sister sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet—agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone—round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid color, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the antechamber of the Prince;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept—
Gunga and Gotami—chief ministers
In that still house of love.

The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with brodered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood,
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendor, and the marriage couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacinth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames

Wherein were set the fretted lattices, [cool airs
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays
Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place—the beauteous Sâkya Prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddah fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddârtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he—
"What is it with thee, oh, my life?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but—aho!—
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,
With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets toward the gates he paced
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.

The next strange dream was this: Four Presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell
On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indra on the gate
Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sown
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jeweled scrolls
So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms—
Plucked in what clime I know not—fell in showers,
Colored as none are colored in our groves.”

Then spake the Prince: “All this, my lotus-flower!
Was good to see.”

“Ay, Lord,” the Princess said,
“Save that it ended with a voice of fear
Crying, ‘The time is nigh! the time is nigh!’
Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe—
Nothing of thee but those!—nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world!
And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake: my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson purdah down;
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry, ‘The time is come!’

But with that cry—which shakes my spirit still—
I woke! Oh, Prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or—worse than any death—
Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken!”

Sweet

As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
“Comfort thee, dear!” he said, “if comfort lives
In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdharâ.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.
But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine—
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,
When most my spirit wanders, ranging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide,
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jeweled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be

A way of peace on earth by woes of ours;
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison—
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak—
Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know—
What others will not—that I loved thee most
Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now, Princess! rest, for I will rise and watch."

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed—
As if that vision passed again—"The time!
The time is come!" Whereat Siddârtha turned,
And, lo! the moon shone by the Crab! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night!—choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good:
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind:
And surely Gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake; the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:

Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser Gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them—who?
What have they wrought to help their worshipers?
How hath it steaded man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call
On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya, who save
None—not the worthiest—from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull sinking into withered age,
The horrible dark death—and what beyond
Waits—till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?
Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tulsi-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the Gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both—
As men are—bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,

That—once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun—
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man; [speech
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule—if he would rule—a King of kings;
If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed
With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, some time, some where,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,

The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb of all hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Harder to put aside than all the rest!
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth;
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again till what I seek
Be found,—if fervent search and strife avail.”

So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon his sleeping face, still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
“For never,” spake he, “lie I there again!”
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o’er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah’s edge:

There drooped, close-hushed,
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
The lovely garden of his Indian girls;
That twin dark-petaled lotus-buds of all—

Gunga and Gotami — on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
“Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!” he said,
“And dear to leave; yet if I leave ye not
What else will come to all of us save eld
Without assuage and death without avail?
Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scents and splendor? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
Upon their down-dropped lids and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do — so much spring.
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a God’s! — this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!”

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,
Into the night Siddârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him; its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe’s fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o’er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth’s soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books —
Which tell the story of our Lord — say, too,
That rich celestial musics thrill the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and Westward, making bright the night —
Northward and Southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread Regents of the earth,

Descending at the doorway, two by two,—
With their bright legions of invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl— [stood,
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who
His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom and cried,
“Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!”

“What would my Lord?” the charioteer replied—
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate—
“To ride at night when all the ways are dark?”

“Speak low,” Siddârtha said, “and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison where my heart lives caged
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men’s sake, until the truth be found.”

“Alas! dear Prince,” answered the charioteer,
“Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars and bade us wait the time
When King Suddhâdana’s great son should rule
Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar’s bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this paradise of pleasures here?”

The prince made answer, “Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms—and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!”

“Most honored,” spake again the charioteer,
“Bethink thee of my Lord thy father’s grief!
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art—
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?”

Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love ;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine—
Yea, more than joy of theirs—depart to save
Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail.
Go, bring me Kantaka!"

Then Channa said,
"Master, I go!" and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,
Breat-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka:
Whom tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the numdah square,
Fitted the saddlecloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jeweled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,
Where stood the Prince; but when he saw his Lord,
Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils; and the books
Write, "Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,
Save that the devas laid their unseen wings
Over their ears and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Siddârtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,
White Kantaka! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold!
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades

Deny the road! let neither wall nor moat.
Forbid our flight! Look! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'On, Kantaka!' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course! Be fire and air, my horse!
To stead thy Lord, so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously!"

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones and ring
Of champing bit; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near,
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle-chains.
Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.

But when they reached the gate
Of tripled brass—which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open—lo! the doors
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In daytime two koss off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy pleats.

Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence as Siddârtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards—
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers—for there came a wind,
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep,

Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon; and so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,
And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good.
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jeweled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Siddârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine—
Mine by chief service!—tell him—mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none have sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

BOOK THE FIFTH.

Round Rajagriha five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bimbasâra's sylvan town:
Baibhâra, green with lemon-grass and palms;
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapovan,
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter from their rugged roofs;
Southeast the vulture-peak Sailâgiri;
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems,
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,

Leads thee by safflower fields and bamboo tufts
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where
The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.
Lo! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable; at night
Crouched on the grass, homeless, alone; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the World-honored,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That oft-times while he mused—as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat—the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth
Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

Thus would he muse from noontide—when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced
In the reeking air—till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields;
Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drumskins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar; wholly wrapt from self
In keen unraveling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,

As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;
But rose ere the False-dawn, and stood again
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things,
While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon — before the jungle-cock crows twice —
A white verge clears, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of life and Glory cometh!

Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising orb, and went — ablutions made —
Down by the winding path unto the town;
And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
"Take of our store, great sir!" and "Take of ours!"
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And oft-times as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care

For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if she saw
Her dreams of tenderest thought made true and grave
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagiri's groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame,
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more—
Yogis and Brahmacharis, Bhikshus, all
A gaunt and mournful band, dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till—drained of blood and withered by disease—
Their slowly-wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks
From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with
Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits, [fire,
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
Certain there were inhabited the spots
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
With corpses for their company, and kites
Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils:
Certain who cried five hundred times a day
The names of Shiva, wound with darting snakes
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks,
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.

So gathered they, a grievous company;
Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
Sinews and muscles shriveled, visages
Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead;
Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,
And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;
And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf;
The body by the mind being thus stripped
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
Which they shall win—say holy books—whose woe
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.

Whom sadly eying spake our Lord to one,
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering sir!
These many moons I dwell upon the hill—
Who am a seeker of the Truth—and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

Answer made the sage:

"'Tis written if a man shall mortify
His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendor past all thought."

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince
replied,
"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,
To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.

Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood
In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!"

"It may begin,"

The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with Gods
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last

A myriad years, he said, they fade at length,
Those joys; or if not, is there then some life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your gods endure
Forever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,

"Only great Brahm endures: the Gods but live."

Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones, [moans,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
But founder on the track before nightfall,
Like willing steed o'er-spurred? Will ye, sad sirs,
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;
Whose windows give us light—the little light—
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road?"

Then cried they, "We have chosen this for road
And tread it, Rajaputra, till the close—
Though all its stones were fire—in trust of death.
Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent;
If not, peace go with thee!"

Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man;
Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells;
Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
May break the better through their wasted flesh.
"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddârtha said,
"Who turn your tender faces to the sun —
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned,
Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves—
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings!"

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept

The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,
Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor wooly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"

And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five score,
And five score sheep, the which our Lord the King
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."

Then said the Master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb
Beside the herdsmen, in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side,
A woman—dove-eyed, young with tearful face
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast

Fall from his lips. And one said, 'he is sick
 Of poison;' and another, 'He will die.'
 But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
 Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
 Back to his eyes; it was so very small
 That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
 It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
 Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
 'There is a holy man upon the hill —
 Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe —
 Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
 For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
 Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
 And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
 Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
 And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
 With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
 Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
 'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
 Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
 For they who seek physicians bring to them
 What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
 Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
 Thou take it not from any hand or house
 Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;
 It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
 Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The master smiled

Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
 Dear Kisagôtami! But didst thou find
 The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
 The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —
 Here in the jungle and toward the town —
 'I pray you, give me mustard of your grace,
 A tola — black;' and each who had it gave,
 For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
 But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
 Hath any peradventure ever died —
 Husband or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:

'Oh, sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!' .
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'
'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
Nor smile—beneath the wild vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret; bury thou thy child!"

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsman and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,

Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched.
The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors
Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
Can he be Sâkra or the Devaraj?"
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly toward the knife
Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, "There cometh here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown the sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged
Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
From Bimbasâra: take ye joy to see

The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent
Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike."

But Buddha softly said,
"Let him not strike, great king!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man
In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood:
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.

Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew back their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh;
While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column: "Thus the King's will is:—
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,
On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore
A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dâlid —
Drought withered all the land: the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,

Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shriveled jowl;
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought,
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought, "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat:
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?" So saying, Buddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs
Bathed in his blood: the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth



He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods.
 And much King Bimbasâra prayed our Lord —
 Learning his royal birth and holy search —
 To tarry in that city, saying oft,
 "Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
 "Thy hands were made for scepters, not for alms.
 Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
 And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,
 Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
 But ever spake Siddârtha, of set mind,
 "These things I had, most noble King, and left,
 Seeking the Truth; which still I seek, and shall;
 Not to be stayed though Sâkra's palace ope'd
 Its doors of pearl and Devîs wooed me in.
 I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
 Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades
 Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
 For nowise here among the Rishis comes
 That light, nor from the Shasters, nor from fasts
 Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
 Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
 And surely, oh, true friend, if I attain
 I will return and quit thy love."

Thereat

Thrice round the Prince King Bimbasâra paced,
 Reverently bending to the Master's feet
 And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away
 Toward Uravilva, not yet comforted,
 And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
 But they upon the hill and in the grove —
 Alâra, Udra, and the ascetics five —
 Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
 In holy Shasters, and that none might win
 Higher than *Sruti* and than *Smriti* — nay,
 Not the chief saints! — for how should mortal man
 Be wiser than the Jnana-Kând, which tells
 How Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
 Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
 Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man

Be better than the Karmma-Kând, which shows
How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so unsphered,
Be God, and melt into the vast divine,
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal, where the silence lives?

But the Prince heard them, not yet comforted.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

Thou who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westwards from the "Thousand gardens" go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring
Nilâjan and Mohâna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahúa-trees,
'Mid thickets of the sansâr and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgú's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barabar hills.
Hard by that river spreads a throny waste,
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels 'thwart the sky,
With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Senâni reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,

The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapory piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot
Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple parokeet therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
From off the sâl-branch, bore less likeness
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once at such a time the o'erwrought Prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd-boy, who saw Siddârtha lie
With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips—the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head—who, plucking boughs
From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag,
Lest, being of low caste, he do wrong to one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,
Shot with quick life in wealth of leaf and flower
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk

Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs;
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshiped, deeming him some God;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
I can not give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles!"
Then the World-honored spake: "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."

Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra's temple in the town, with those
Who made their music—one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers; one that blew
The piping bānsuli, and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered patis
To some gay festival, the silver bells
Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang,—

*"Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.*

*The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."*

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: "The foolish oft-times teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;
And from his house the village drew its name—
"Senáni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,
Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.
Wherefore with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine-wreaths and sandal-oil,
Praying a boy; also Sujâta vowed—
If this should be—an offering of food
Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
And this had been: for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sujâta's breasts, while she did pace

With grateful footsteps to the Wood-God's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sari close
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground
And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress! look!
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow!
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So,—thinking him divine,—Sujâta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask—distilled
Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujâta worshiped, seeing our Lord

Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
 "Art thou indeed the God?" she lowly asked,
 "And hath my gift found favor?"

But Buddh said,
 "What is it thou dost bring me?"

"Holy one!"
 Answered Sujâta, "from our droves I took
 Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
 And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
 And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
 With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
 The six noblest and best of all our herds.
 That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
 In silver lotas, adding rice, well grown
 From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
 So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
 This did I of true heart, because I vowed
 Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
 I would make offering for my joy, and now
 I have my son and all my life is bliss!"

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
 And, laying on the little head those hands
 Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss!
 And lightly fall on him the load of life!
 For thou hast holpen me who am no God,
 But one, thy Brother; heretofore a Prince
 And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
 These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
 To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
 And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
 Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
 Which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restored,
 Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
 As life itself passes by many births
 To happier hights and purging off of sins.
 Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
 Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujâta, "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,
And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,
After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swerga, if it need!
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travelers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good
And ill of evil—surely—unto all—
In every place and time—seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds.
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear

Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust;
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break—almost I hope my heart would break!
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord—
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives—
Duteous, attending till his hour should come
But if Death called Senáni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,
My daily way, rejoicing when the torch
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crore
Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade—the light
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshiped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learned unknowingly.
As the dove is which flieth home by love,
In thee is seen why there is hope for man,
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomlishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"May'st thou achieve," she said, with earnest eyes

Bent on her babe, who reached its tender hands
To Buddh—knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose—made strong with that pure meat—
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bôdhi-tree (thenceforward in all years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves
It was ordained that Truth should come to Buddh;
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestic,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom—as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green—the conscious earth
Worshiped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures—panther, boar, and deer—
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honor of our Lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,
To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced
From stem to stem to see; the weaver-bird
Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
The koil sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,
Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!
Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,
Pass to the Tree. The sad world blesseth thee

Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.
Pass, Hailed and Honored! strive thy last for us,
King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;
This is the Night the ages waited for!"

Then fell the night even as our Master sate
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince
Of Darkness, Mara,—knowing this was Buddh
Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds—
Gave unto all his evil powers command.
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddh,
Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh:
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
In jagged javelins of purple wrath
From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,
Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures
Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts,
Making truth vain. But whether these befell
Without and visible, or whether Buddh
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
Judge ye:—I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came—Mara's mighty ones,
Angels of evil—Attavâda first,
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.
"If thou be'st Buddh," she said, "let others grope

Lightless; it is enough that thou art Thou
Changelessly; rise and take the bliss of gods
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddhspake,
"The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt,
He that denies — the mocking Sin — and this
Hissed in the Master's ear, "All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity;
Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
Rise and go hence, there is no better way
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
Sîlabbat-paramâsâ, sorceress,
Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells
And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,
"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"
But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,
Kama, the King of passions, who hath sway
Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came
Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love
To music of invisible sweet chords,
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon

Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love's rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high
Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness
Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshiped by will
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one warm kiss?
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,
Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;
In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs
Revealing and concealing like burst buds
Which tell their color, but hide yet their hearts.
Never so matchless grace delighted eye
As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept
Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,
Murmuring "Oh, great Siddârtha! I am thine;
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"
Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,
Lo! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo!
The band of dancers opened, and a shape
Fairest and stateliest of the throng came forth
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed
Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms
Opened toward him; musical that moan
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,
Sighing "My Prince! I die for lack of thee!
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew
By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,
Where all these weary years I weep for thee?

Return, Siddârtha! ah, return! But touch
My lips again, but let me to thy breast
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Ah, look!
Am I not she thou lovest?" But Buddh said,
"For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus,
Fair and false Shadow! is thy playing vain;
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.
Melt to thy void again!" Thereat a cry
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaporous robes.

Next under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm came fiercer Sins,
The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha—Hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that Holy One
Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips
And make her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Rupa-raga—Lust of days—
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Arupa-raga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,
Uddhachcha; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts

Terrible and Majestic, Lords of Hell
 Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
 To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,
 Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
 As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
 Also the Sacred Tree—the Bôdhi-tree—
 Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
 Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
 No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew;
 For all this clamor raged outside the shade
 Spread by those cloistered stems:

In the third watch,
 The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
 A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,
 Our Lord attained *Sammâ-sambuddh*; he saw
 By light which shines beyond our mortal ken
 The line of all his lives in all the worlds,
 Far back and farther back and farthest yet,
 Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
 At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
 His path wind up by precipice and crag,
 Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
 Glittering false green; down hollows where he toiled
 Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
 Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
 The cataract and the cavern and the pool,
 Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang
 To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
 Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
 Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher,
 Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
 The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
 How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
 How where its march breaks off its march begins;
 Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
 And how in each life good begets more good,
 Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
 Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
 In merits or demerits stamps itself

By sure arithmic — where no tittle drops —
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidya* — insight vast
Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendors, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centers ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas, — terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech, — whereby these wax
And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfills its shining life and darkling dies,
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking — behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb;
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fullness void, to form and yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best, —
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods

Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
 A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
 Ruling all things accordant to the rule
 Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.
 So that all things do well which serve the Power,
 And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
 Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
 Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;
 The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
 Globing together in the common work;
 And man who lives to die, dies to live well
 So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
 And earnest will to hinder not but help
 All things both great and small which suffer life.
 These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came
 Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
 As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
 Then was the Dukha-satya opened him
 First of the "Noble Truths;" how Sorrow is
 Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
 Not to be laid aside until one lays
 Living aside, with all its changing states,
 Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
 Being and doing. How that none strips off
 These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
 Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
 Avidyā—Delusion—sets those snares,
 Loves life no longer but ensues escape.
 The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
 Delusion breeds Sankhâra, Tendency
 Perverse: Tendency Energy—Vidnnân—
 Whereby comes Namarûpa, local form
 And name and bodiment, bringing the man
 With senses naked to the sensible,
 A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
 Across his heart; and so Vidanâ grows—
 "Sense-life"—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
 But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,

Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
 Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
 Whereon they float—pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
 Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
 Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
 Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
 To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
 Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
 And so constraining passions that they die
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
 The "Self" it wove—with woof of viewless time,
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
 The outcome of him on the Universe,
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more
 Needing to find a body and a place,
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
 In new existence that the new toils prove
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
 Thus "finishing the Path;" free from Earth's cheats;
 Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
 Broken from ties—from Upâdânas—saved
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
 Until—greater than kings, than Gods more glad!—
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!

Lo, the Dawn

Sprang with Buddh's Victory! Lo, in the East
 Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
 Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.

High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the gray. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold
Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
Into the glades; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying "it is day;" in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering, "Children, praise the light of day!"
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The Köil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The gray crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,
The never finished love-talk of the doves:
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East;

And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
 Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,
 Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
 Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
 So glad the World was — though it wist not why —
 That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts
 Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
 Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
 Stood with the wondering people in the streets
 Watching those golden splendors flood the sky
 And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
 Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
 Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
 Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
 And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
 Under the eagle's rock the brown hare scoured
 While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
 The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
 With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
 The nestling finch; the emerald halcyons
 Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
 Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies —
 Crimson and blue and amber — flitted thick
 Around his perch; the spirit of our Lord
 Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
 Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
 Glorified with the Conquest gained for all
 And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose — radiant, rejoicing, strong —
 Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice
 Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds:—

*Anêkajâtisangsârang
 Sandhâwissang anibhisang
 Gahakâarakangawesanto
 Dukkhhâjâtipunappunang.*

*Gahakâarakadithôsi;
 Punagehang nakâhasi;*

*Sabbátephásukhábhaggá,
Gahakútangwisang khitang;
Wisangkháragatang chittang;
Janhánangkhayamajhagá.*

MANY A HOUSE OF LIFE

HATH HELD ME—SEEKING EVER HIM WHO WROUGHT
THESE PRISONS OF THE SENSES, SORROW-FRAUGHT;
SORE WAS MY CEASELESS STRIFE!

BUT NOW,

THOU BUILDER OF THIS TABERNACLE—THOU!
I KNOW THEE! NEVER SHALT THOU BUILD AGAIN
THESE WALLS OF PAIN,
NOR RAISE THE ROOF-TREE OF DECEITS, NOR LAY
FRESH RAFTERS OF THE CLAY;
BROKEN THY HOUSE IS, AND THE RIDGE-POLE SPLIT!
DELUSION FASHIONED IT!
SAFE PASS I THENCE—DELIVERANCE TO OBTAIN.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

SORROWFUL dwelt the King Suddhōdana
All those long years among the Sākya Lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasōdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince;
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,
Messengers from the King had gone and come
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line
The glory of her monarch and his hope,
The heart's content of sweet Yasōdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned;
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid—
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth—
Coarse, and of mourning white—crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love,—which were as if
Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow—
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Siddârtha's—treasured since that night he fled—
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddârtha left—
Named Rahula—now seven years old, who tripped
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So while they lingered by the lotus-pools
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,
Sighing, "Oh, creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death

For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!" —
So, as they played and sighed — mother and child —
Came some among the damsels of the Court,
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpûr
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,
Long traveled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvelous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen!
Thy Lord, — our Lord, — the hope of all the land —
Siddârtha! They have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshiped him with knees and brows,
And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown — a teacher of the wise,
World-honored, holy, wonderful; a Buddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither, these do say."

Then — while the glad blood bounded in her veins
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
Melt at her springs — uprose Yasôdhara [tears
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming
Beading her lashes. "Oh, call quick," she cried,
"These merchants to my purdah; for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in, — but if their tale be true,
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this,
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,
Full softly pacing through its golden ways
With naked feet, amid the peering maids,
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.
Whom, when they came without the purdah's folds,

A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, "Ye are come
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord—
Yea, worshiped—for he is become a Buddh,
World-honored, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear."

Then answer made Tripusha, "We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than the King of kings.
Under the Bôdhi-tree by Phalgû's bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him—the Friend of all, the Prince of all—
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.
Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard
By Gaya in the green Tchîrnika grove
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasôdhara, for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?"

Then Bhalluk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air
Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara's wrath,
Also how gloriously that morning broke

Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how
 The Lord was found rejoicing 'neath his Tree.
 But many days the burden of release—
 To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
 Safe on Truth's shore—lay, spake he, on that heart
 A golden load; for how shall men—Buddh mused—
 Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
 And drink of error from a thousand springs—
 Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
 The fleshly snare which binds them—how should such
 Receive the Twelve Nidânas and the Law
 Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
 As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?
 So had we missed the helpful victory
 If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh
 Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
 For mortal feet, and passed, none following him.
 Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord,
 But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
 As cry of travail, so as if the earth
 Moaned in birth-throe "*Nasyami aham bhû*
Nasyati loka!" SURELY I AM LOST,
 I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next
 A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
 "*Srûyatâm dharma, Bhagwat!*" OH, SUPREME!
 LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon
 The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
 Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,
 As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
 Seeth which buds will open to his beams
 And which are not yet risen from their roots;
 Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!
 Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills
 Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,
 Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,
 And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
 No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
 For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.

This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya
Mid-afternoon and that night was full-moon.

But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya
Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava, Mahanâma; also there
Within the Deer-Park, at the feet of Buddh,
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake
Worshiped and followed; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty—said they—did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,
To teach the Way; but the World-honored turned
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan
To Yashti and King Bimbasâra's realm,
Where many days he taught; and after these
King Bimbasâra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.
Also he gave the Master, of free gift,—
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh—
The Bamboo-Garden, named Wéluvana,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;
And the King set a stone there, carved with this:—

*Yé dharma hetupphabhavá
Yesan hétun Tathágató;
Aha yesan cha yo nirodhó
Ewan wadi Maha samano.*

“What life's course and cause sustain
These Tathâgato made plain;
What delivers from life's woe
That our Lord hath made us know.”

And, in that Garden—said they—there was held
A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake

Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard,
 So that nine hundred took the yellow robe —
 Such as the Master wears,—and spread his Law;
 And this the gáthá was wherewith he closed:—

*Sabba pápassa akaranan;
 Kusalassa upasampadá;
 Sa chitta pariyodapanan;
 Etan Budhánusásanan.*

“Evil swells the debts to pay,
 Good delivers and acquits;
 Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
 Over thyself. This is the Way.”

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
 With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
 The Princess recompensed. “But by what road
 Wendeth my Lord?” she asked: the merchants said,
 “Yôjans threescore stretch from the city-walls
 To Rajagriha, whence the easy path
 Passeth by Sona hither and the hills.
 Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,
 Came in one moon.”

Then the King hearing word,
 Sent nobles of the Court—well-mounted lords—
 Nine separate messengers, each embassy
 Bidden to say, “The King Suddhâdana—
 Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
 Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee—
 Prays of his sôn to come unto his own,
 The Throne and people of this longing Realm,
 Lest he shall die and see thy face no more.”
 Also nine horsemen sent Yasôdhara
 Bidden to say, “The Princess of thy House—
 Rahula’s mother—craves to see thy face
 As the night-blowing moon-flower’s swelling heart
 Pines for the moon, as pale asôka-buds
 Wait for a woman’s foot: if thou hast found
 More than was lost, she prays her part in this,

Rahula's part, but most of all thyself."
So sped the Sâkya Lords, but it befell
That each one, with the message in his mouth,
Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour
When Buddha taught his Law; and—hearing—each
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed
Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
Winged for the hive, who sees the môgras spread
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
And drain their nectar; so these messengers
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,
Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.
Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go—
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfulest,
Siddârtha's playmate in the happier days—
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place
And told the message of the King, and her's.

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, "Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvâna, if ye keep the Law,
Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities.
Let the King know and let the Princess hear
I take the way forthwith." This told, the folk

Of white Kapilavastu and its fields
 Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.
 At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
 With flower-wreathed pillars and the walls of silk
 Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
 Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
 Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed
 Sandal and jasmine on the dust, and flags
 Fluttered, and on the day when he should come
 It was ordained how many elephants—
 With silver howdahs and their tusks gold-tipped—
 Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
 Should boom “Siddârtha cometh!” where the lords
 Should light and worship, and the dancing-girls [song
 Where they should strew their flowers with dance and
 So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
 In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
 While the town rang with music and high joy.
 This was ordained, and all men’s ears were pricked
 Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum’s beat
 Announcing, “Now he cometh!”

But it fell—

Eager to be before—Yasôdhara
 Rode in her litter to the city-walls
 Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
 A beauteous garden smiled—Nigrôdha named—
 Shaded with bel-trees and green-plumed dates,
 New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
 Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
 Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,
 On that the suburb-huts where baseborns dwelt
 Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
 Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm
 Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
 With expectation, rising ere the dawn
 To peer along the road, to climb the trees
 At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
 Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
 Busied with lowly chares to please the Prince;
 Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,

Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Siddârtha. These
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,
With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path crying, "Siddârtha! Lord!"
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed
Answer from Buddha wherefore—being vowed
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,
Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—

He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
"The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier highs.
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisâts—
Who will be guides and help this darkling world—
Unto deliverance, and the first is named
Of deep 'Resolve,' the second of 'Attempt,'
The third of 'Nomination.' Lo, I lived
In era of Resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the gray seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Ram,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasôdhara
Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
Perils by land and water. 'How could love
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
Unto mine hills, but over all that land
Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live
In journey home, and hardly reached my door—
Aching for food—with that white wealth of the sea
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled—
More than myself—lay with her speechless lips

Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
Here is a Kingdom's ransom for one life:
Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
Millet—three seers—and clutched the beauteous thing.
But Lukshmi lived and sighed with gathered life,
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind
Else quite uncomforted, but these pure pearls,
My last large gain, won from a deeper wave—
The Twelve Nidânas and the Law of Good—
Can not be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.
For like as is to Meru yonder hill
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift
Unto my present giving; and so love—
Vaster in being free from toils of sense—
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;
And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."

But when the King heard how Siddârtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad colored cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From baseborns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his warhorse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk,
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:
Which—at the turning by the Temple-wall
Where the south gate was seen—encountered full
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,
Blotted by that huge company which thronged

And grew, close following him whose look serene
 Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath
 Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh
 Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
 Then downcast sank, with his true knee to earth
 In proud humility. So dear it seemed
 To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark
 That glory greater than of earthly state
 Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
 All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.
 Nathless the King broke forth, "Ends it in this
 That great Siddârtha steals into his realm,
 Wrapped in a clout, shorn, sandaled, craving food
 Of lowborns, he whose life was as a God's?
 My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir
 Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have
 What earth could give or eager service bring?
 Thou should'st have come appareled in thy rank,
 With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot.
 Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,
 And all my city waited at the gates;
 Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years
 Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too,
 Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys; [there,
 Never once hearing sound of song or string,
 Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
 When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
 A beggar spouse in yellow remnants clad.
 Son! why is this?"

"My Father!" came reply,
 "It is the custom of my race."

"Thy race,"

Answered the King, "counteth a hundred thrones
 From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this."

"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,
 "I spake, but of descent invisible,
 The Buddhas who have been and who shall be:
 Of these am I, and what they did I do,
 And this which now befalls so fell before,

That at his gate a King in warrior-mail
 Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;
 And that, by love and self-control, being more
 Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,
 The appointed Helper of the Worlds should bow—
 As now do I—and with all lowly love
 Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
 The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought;
 Which now I proffer.”

Then the King, amazed,
 Inquired, “What treasure?” And the Teacher took
 Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced [King
 Through worshiping streets—the Princess and the
 On either side—he told the things which make
 For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths
 Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
 Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk—
 Monarch or slave—upon the perfect Path
 That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,
 Whereby whoso will live—mighty or mean,
 Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old—
 Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life
 Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came
 Into the Palace-porch, Suddhâdana
 With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
 And in his own hands carrying Buddha's bowl,
 Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
 Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;
 And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

A broad mead spreads by swift Kohâna's bank
 At Nagara; five days shall bring a man
 In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines
 Eastward and Northward journeying. The horns
 Of white Himâla look upon the place,
 Which all the year is glad with blooms and girt

By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave.
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth
From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where Kings have paced; the gray fox litters safe
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle air
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled—for this is where it stood,
The city of Suddhâdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place—
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts—the Master sate
Eminent, worshiped, all the earnest throng
Catching the opening of his lips to learn
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four hundred crores of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sākya Lords
Ananda, Devadatta—all the Court.
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahula smiled with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet,
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,

Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid
Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose words
The Three Worlds waited for. I can not tell
A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.
Also I know it writ that they who heard [be seen.
Were more—lakhs more—crores more—than could
For all the Devas and the dead thronged there,
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The evening stood between them like some maid
Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave, [heard—
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller—seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ—

Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives — prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearly dove, or peacock gemmed.
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves —
Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these;
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King:—

Om, amitaya! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night:
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind,
Veil after veil will lift — but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow —
The same yet not the same — from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are; [them
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it can not speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains!
Ah, Brothers! Sisters! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse—better—last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince,
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying-place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly!

* * * *

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of change,
And no way were of breaking from the chain,
The Heart of boundless Being is a curse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! The Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,—
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's penciled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

The gray eggs in the golden sunbird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it; the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, bloom, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands
Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
Do right—it recompenseth! do one wrong—
The equal retribution must be made,
Though DHARMA tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

* * * * *

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth:
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

If making none to lack, he thoroughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offense
Nothing but grace and good:

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished; he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

* * * * *

This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"
Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travelers who remember and forget,
Ill-lodged or well lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
And dwells therein. It takes

Functions and substance as the snake's egg hatch
Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
Their marsh and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.
When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven
On wings of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;
The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
Purer, with broader gleam.

So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end.

What lets?—Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smooths;
Ye who will take the high Nirvâna-way
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill gray years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
"Liketh thee life?" These say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause*. What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

Blind to the hight beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which makes earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds
Soil where to fall and shoot;

And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's ceasing*. This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

* * * *

The Fourth Truth is *The Way*. It openeth wide,
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *Noble Eightfold Path*; it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper hights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine*. Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offense;
In heed of Carma, which doth make man's fate
In lordship over sense.

The second is *Right Purpose*. Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The third is *Right Discourse*. Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The fourth is *Right Behavior*. Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow;
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things;
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels: only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years;
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live—ye who must—such lives as live on these;
Make golden stairways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer hights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched;
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;
By few or many steps such shall attain
NIRVANA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage*: purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
Living and visible to utmost goal
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones—the Buddhs—
And they of stainless soul.

Lo! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three;
Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
Three stages out of Four: yet there abide
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,
Self-praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come
NIRVANA's verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead;
Karma will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":
If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVANA is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.

Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
Enter the Path! Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offense.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! There throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!

* * * * *

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
Hear the *Five Rules* aright:

Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife; neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.



These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense—whose foot are weak
To tread the higher road—should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,
Loving all things which live even as themselves;

Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
 Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;
 And that by howsomuch the householder
 Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
 By so much happier comes he to next stage,
 In so much bettered being. This he spake,
 As also long before, when our Lord walked
 By Rajagriha in the bamboo grove:
 For on a dawn he walked there and beheld
 The householder Singâla, newly bathed,
 Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
 To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw
 Rice, red and white, from both hands. "Wherefore thus
 Bowest thou, Brother?" said the Lord, and he,
 "It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught
 At every dawn, before the toil begins,
 To hold off evil from the sky above
 And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."
 Then the World-honored spake: "Scatter not rice,
 But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
 To parents as the East where rises light;
 To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;
 To wife and children as the West where gleam
 Colors of love and calm, and all days end;
 To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
 To humblest living things beneath, to Saints
 And Angels and the blessed dead above:
 So shall all evil be shut off; and so
 The six main quarters will be safely kept."

But to his own, them of the yellow robe—
 They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
 From life's low vale, and wing toward the Sun—
 To these he taught the Ten Observances
 The *Dasa-Sil*, and how a mendicant
 Must know the *Three Doors* and the *Triple Thoughts*;
 The *Sixfold States of Mind*; the *Fivefold Powers*;
 The *Eight High Gates of Purity*; the *Modes*
Of Understanding; *Iddhi*; *Upekshâ*;
 The *Five Great Meditations*, which are food

Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul;
The *Jhāna's* and the *Three Chief Refuges*.
Also he taught his own how they should dwell;
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;
What eat and drink and carry—three plain cloths,—
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare—
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid
The great foundations of our Sangha well,
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe
Which to this day standeth to help the World.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law:
And on no eyes fell sleep,—for they who heard
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,
When this was finished, rose upon his throne
And with bared feet bowed low before his Son,
Kissing his hem; and said, "Take me, oh, Son!
Lowest and least of all thy Company."
And sweet Yasôdhara—all happy now—
Cried, "Give to Rahula—thou Blessed One!
The treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word
For his inheritance." Thus passed these Three
Into the Path.

Here endeth what I write,
Who love the Master for his love of us.
A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace.
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those
In many lands and many tongues and gave
Our Asia light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:
All which is written in the holy Books,
And where he passed and what proud Emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:

And how—in fullness of the times—it fell
The Buddha died, the great Tathâgato,
Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all:
And how a thousand thousand crores since then
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVANA where the Silence lives.

AH! BLESSED LORD! OH, HIGH DELIVERER!
FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTH THEE WRONG,
MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
AH! LOVER! BROTHER! GUIDE! LAMP OF THE LAW!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ODER! OM!
THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS!—RISE, GREAT SUN!
AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.
OM MANI PADME HUM, THE SUNRISE COMES!
THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA!





THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

INTRODUCTION.

OM!

REVERENCE TO GANESHA!

“The sky is clouded; and the wood resembles
 The sky, thick-arched with black Tamâla boughs;
 Oh, Radha, Radha! take this Soul, that trembles
 In life's deep midnight, to Thy golden house.”
 So Nanda spoke,—and, led by Radha's spirit,
 The feet of Krishna found the road aright;
 Wherefore, in bliss which all high hearts inherit,
 Together taste they Love's divine delight.

*He who wrote these things for thee,
 Of the Son of Wassoodee,
 Was the poet Jayadeva;
 Him Saraswati gave ever
 Fancies fair his mind to throng,
 Like pictures palace-walls along;
 Ever to his notes of love
 Lakshmi's mystic dancers move.
 If thy spirit seeks to brood
 On Hari glorious, Hari good;
 If it feeds on solemn numbers,
 Dim as dreams and soft as slumbers,
 Lend thine ear to Jayadev,
 Lord of all the spells that save.
 Umapatidhara's strain
 Glows like roses after rain;
 Sharan's stream-like song is grand,
 If its tide ye understand;*

*Bard more wise beneath the sun
Is not found than Govardhun;
Dhoyi holds the listener still
With his shlokes of subtle skill;
But for sweet words suited well
Jayadeva doth excell.*

(What follows is to the *Music MALAVA and the Mode
RUPAKA.*)

HYMN TO VISHNU.

Oh, thou that held'st the blessed Veda dry
When all things else beneath the floods were hurled;
Strong Fish-God! Ark of Men! *Jai!* Hari, *jai!*
Hail, Keshav, hail! thou Master of the world!

The round world rested on thy spacious nape;
Upon thy neck, like a mere mole, it stood:
Oh, thou that took'st for us the Tortoise-shape,
Hail, Keshav, hail! Ruler of wave and wood!

The world upon thy curving tusk sate sure,
Like the Moon's dark disk in her crescent pale;
Oh, thou who didst for us assume the Boar,
Immortal Conqueror! hail, Keshav, hail!

When thou thy Giant-Foe didst seize and rend,
Fierce, fearful, long, and sharp were fang and nail;
Thou who the Lion and the Man didst blend,
Lord of the Universe! hail, Narsingh, hail,

Wonderful Dwarf!—who with a threefold stride
Cheated King Bali—where thy footsteps fall
Men's sins, oh, Wamuna! are set aside:
Oh, Keshav, hail! thou Help and Hope of all!

The sins of this sad earth thou didst assoil,
The anguish of its creatures thou didst heal;
Freed are we from all terrors by thy toil:
Hail, Purshuram, hail! Lord of the biting steel!

To thee the fell Ten-headed yielded life,
Thou in dread battle laid'st the monster low!
Ah, Rama! dear to Gods and men that strife;
We praise thee, Master of the matchless bow!

With clouds for garments glorious thou dost fare.
Veiling thy dazzling majesty and might,
As when Yamuna saw thee with the share,
A peasant—yet the King of Day and Night.

Merciful-hearted! when thou camest as Boodh—
Albeit 'twas written in the Scriptures so—
Thou bad'st our altars be no more imbrued
With blood of victims: Keshav! bending low,

We praise thee, Wielder of the sweeping sword,
Brilliant as curving comets in the gloom,
Whose edge shall smite the fierce barbarian horde;
Hail to thee, Keshav! hail, and hear, and come,

And fill this song of Jayadev with thee,
And make it wise to teach, strong to redeem,
And sweet to living souls. Thou Mystery!
Thou Light of Life! Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

Fish! that didst outswim the flood;
Tortoise! whereon earth hath stood;
Boar! who with thy tusk held'st high
The world, that mortals might not die;
Lion! who hast giants torn;
Dwarf! who laugh'dst a king to scorn;
Sole Subduer of the Dreaded!
Slayer of the many headed!
Mighty Plowman! Teacher tender!
Of thine own the sure Defender!
Under all thy ten disguises
Endless praise to thee arises.

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
NIHSARA.*)

Endless praise arises,
Oh, thou God that liest
Rapt, on Kumla's breast,
Happiest, holiest, highest!
Planets are thy jewels,
Stars thy forehead-gems,
Set like sapphires gleaming
In kingliest anadems;
Even the great gold Sun-God,
Blazing through the sky,
Serves thee but for crest-stone,
Jai, jai! Hari, jai!
As that Lord of day
After night brings morrow,
Thou dost charm away
Life's long dream of sorrow.
As on Mansa's water
Brood the swans at rest,
So thy laws sit stately
On a holy breast.
Oh, Drinker of the poison!
Ah, high Delight of earth!
What light is to the lotus-buds,
What singing is to mirth,
Art thou—art thou that slayedst
Madhou and Narak grim;
That ridest on the King of Birds,
Making all glories dim.
With eyes like open lotus-flowers,
Bright in the morning rain,
Freeing by one swift piteous glance
The spirit from Life's pain:
Of all the three Worlds' Treasure!
Of sin the Putter-by!
O'er the Ten-headed Victor!
Jai, Hari! Hari, jai!

Thou Shaker of the Mountain!
Thou Shadow of the Storm!
Thou Cloud that unto Lakshmi's face
Comes welcome, white, and warm!
Oh, thou,—who to great Lakshmi
Art like the silvery beam
Which moonsick chakors feed upon
By Jumna's silent stream,—
To thee this hymn ascendeth,
That Jayadev doth sing,
Of worship, love, and mystery,
High Lord and heavenly King!
And unto whoso hears it
Do thou a blessing bring,—
Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust
From lilies that did cling
Beneath the breasts of Lakshmi,
A girdle soft and sweet,
When in divine embracing
The lips of Gods did meet;
And the beating heart above
Of thee—Dread Lord of Heaven!—
She left that stamp of love—
By such deep sign be given
Prays Jayadev, the glory
And the secret and the spells
Which close-hid in this story
Unto wise ears he tells.

END OF THE INTRODUCTION.



SARGA THE FIRST.

SAMODADAMODARO.

THE SPORTS OF KRISHNA.

Beautiful Radha, jasmine-bosomed Radha,
 All in the Spring-time waited by the wood
 For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful,—
 Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming—
 And some one of her maidens sang this song:—

(*What follows is to the Music VASANTA and the Mode
 YATI.*)

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of
 Spring,
 When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance
 on its wing;
 Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the
 clove,
 In jungles where the bees hum and the Koil flutes her
 love;
 He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
 All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and
 gold,
 When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and close-
 ly hold
 Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul-
 tree
 Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every
 bloom a bee;

He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving
tone,
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to
live alone.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest
tread,
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white
blush modest red;
And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-
glades
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering
youths and maids;
'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is
done,
All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking forth of blossom on the yellow
Keshra-sprays
Dazzles like Kama's scepter, whom all the world obeys;
And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious
bowls,
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human
souls;
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha think-
eth none,
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live
alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours incense
through the grove,
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences of
love,—
The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume fine and
faint
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness of a
saint—
There dances with those dancers thine other self, thine
Own,
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none will live
alone.

Where — as if warm lips touched sealed eyes and waked
them — all the bloom

Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine come;
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest green about,
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great Jumna
spreadeth out;

There dances and there laughs thy Love, with damsels
many an one,

In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will not live
alone.

*Mark this song of Jayadev!
Deep as pearl in ocean-wave
Lurketh in its lines a wonder
Which the wise alone will ponder:
Though it seemeth of the earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth;
Telling darkly of delights
In the wood, of wasted nights,
Of witless days, and fruitless love,
And false pleasures of the grove,
And rash passions of the prime,
And those dances of Spring-time;
Time, which seems so subtle-sweet,—
Time, which pipes to dancing-feet,
Ah! so softly—ah! so sweetly—
That among those wood-maids featly
Krishna can not choose but dance,
Letting pass life's greater chance.*

Yet the winds that sigh so
As they stir the rose,
Wake a sigh from Krishna
Wistfuller than those;
All their faint breaths swinging
The creepers to and fro
Pass like rustling arrows
Shot from Kama's bow:

Thus among the dancers
What those zephyrs bring
Strikes to Krishna's spirit
Like a darted sting.

And all as if—far wandered—
The traveler should hear
The bird of home, the Koil,
With nest-notes rich and clear;
And there should come one moment
A blessed fleeting dream
Of the bees among the mangoes
Beside his native stream;
So flash those sudden yearnings,
That sense of a dearer thing,
The love and lack of Radha
Upon his soul in Spring.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again;
And pointing far away between the leaves
Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,
And note how Krishna wantoned in the wood,
Now with this one, now that; his heart, her prize,
Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes
Beaming with too much love for those fair girls—
Fair, but not so as Radha; and she sang:

(*What follows is to the Music RAMAGIRÎ and the Mode
YATL.*)

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle hours
Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with
forest-flowers;
And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of
price—
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like
his eyes;—

In the company of damsels,* who dance and sing and
play,
Lies Krishna, laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring
away.

One, with star-blossomed champak wreathed, woos
him to rest his head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread;
And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fra-
grance rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty
air,
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous
spray,
And Krishna, laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring
away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from
heart to heart;
Her eyes—afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes
black—
Speak so that Krishna can not choose but send the
message back,
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry
light of Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the
wood—
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful
blood—
Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to
speak,
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his
cheek;
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch
To give it back—ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.

* It will be observed that the "Gopis" here personify the five senses. Las-
sen says, "*Manifestum est puellis istis nil aliud significari quam res sensiles.*"



And one with arch smile beckons him away from
 Jumna's banks,
 Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-
 ranks,
 And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-
 shade,
 Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and
 cakes are laid:
 Oh, golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of
 Spring,
 And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers
 sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now
 With subtle feet which part and meet in the Râs-
 measure slow,
 To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf
 hands,
 And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland
 bands;
 So that wholly passion-laden—eye, ear, sense, soul o'er-
 come—
 Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its
 home.

*Krishna, made for heavenly things,
 'Mid those woodland singers sings;
 With those dancers dances featly,
 Gives back soft embraces sweetly;
 Smiles on that one, toys with this,
 Glance for glance and kiss for kiss;
 Meets the merry damsels fairly,
 Plays the round of folly rarely,
 Lapped in milk-warm spring-time weather,
 He and those brown girls together.*

*And this shadowed earthly love
 In the twilight of the grove,
 Dance and song and soft caresses,
 Meeting looks and tangled tresses,*

*Jayadev the same hath writ,
That ye might have gain of it,
Sagely its deep sense conceiving
And its inner light believing;
How that Love—the mighty Master,
Lord of all the stars that cluster
In the sky, swiftest and slowest,
Lord of highest Lord of lowest—
Manifests himself to mortals,
Winning them toward the portals
Of his secret House, the gates
Of that bright Paradise which waits
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!
Even your phantasies are teachers.
Mighty Love makes sweet in seeming
Even Krishna's woodland dreaming;
Mighty Love sways all alike
From self to selflessness. Oh, strike
From your eyes the veil, and see
What Love willeth Him to be.
Who in error, but in grace,
Sitteth with that lotus-face,
And those eyes whose rays of heaven
Unto phantom-eyes are given;
Holding feasts of foolish mirth
With these Visions of the earth;
Learning love, and love imparting;
Yet with sense of loss upstarting:—
For the cloud that veils the fountains
Underneath the Sandal mountains,
How—as if the sunshine drew
All its being to the blue—
It takes flight, and seeks to rise
High into the purer skies,
High into the snow and frost,
On the shining summits lost!
Ah, and how the Koil's strain
Smites the traveler with pain,—
When the mango blooms in spring,
And “Koohoo,” “Koohoo,” they sing—*

*Pain of pleasures not yet won,
 Pain of journeys not yet done,
 Pain of toiling without gaining,
 Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.*

But may He guide us all to glory high,
 Who laughed when Radha glided, hidden, by,
 And all among those damsels free and bold
 Touched Krishna with a soft mouth, kind and cold;
 And like the others, leaning on his breast,
 Unlike the others, left there Love's unrest;
 And like the others, joining in his song,
 Unlike the others, made him silent long.

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled
 SAMODADAMODARO.)*

SARGA THE SECOND.

KLESHAKESHAVO.

THE PENITENCE OF KRISHNA.

Thus lingered Krishna in the deep, green wood,
 And gave himself, too prodigal, to those;
 But Radha, heartsick at his falling-off,
 Seeing her heavenly beauty slighted so,
 Withdrew; and, in a bower of Paradise—
 Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
 Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies—
 She sate deep-sorrowful, and sang this strain:

*(What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
 YATI.)*

Ah, my Belovèd! taken with those glances,
 Ah, my Belovèd! dancing those rash dances,

Ah, Minstrel! playing wrongful strains so well;
Ah, Krishna! Krishna, with the honeyed lip!
Ah, Wanderer into foolish fellowship!
My Dancer, my Delight!—I love thee still.

Oh, Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,
Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,
With beauty for its silver halo set;
Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud
Like Indra's rainbow shining through the cloud,—
Come, for I love thee, my Belovèd! yet.

Must love thee—can not choose but love thee ever,
My best Belovèd!—set on this endeavor,
To win thy tender heart and earnest eye
From lips but sadly sweet, from restless bosoms!
To mine, oh Krishna, with the mouth of blossoms!
To mine, thou soul of Krishna! yet I sigh

Half hopeless, thinking of myself forsaken,
And thee, dear Loiterer, in the wood o'ertaken
With passion for those bold and wanton ones,
Who knit thine arms as poison-plants gripe trees
With twining cords—their flowers the braveries
That flash in the green gloom, sparkling stars and
stones.

My Prince! my Lotus-faced! my woe! my love!
Whose broad brow, with the tilka-spot above,
Shames the bright moon at full with fleck of cloud;
Thou to mistake so little for so much!
Thou, Krishna, to be palm to palm with such!
Oh, Soul made for my joys,—pure, perfect, proud!

Ah, my Belovèd! in thy darkness dear;
Ah, Dancer! with the jewels in thine ear,
Swinging to music of a loveless love;
Oh, my Belovèd! in thy fall so high
That angels, sages, spirits of the sky
Linger about thee, watching in the grove.

I will be patient still, and draw thee ever,
 My one Belovèd, sitting by the river
 Under the thick kadambas with that throng:
 Will there not come an end to earthly madness?
 Shall I not, past the sorrow, have the gladness?
 Must not the love-light shine for him ere long?

*Shine, thou Light by Radha given,
 Shine, thou splendid star of heaven!
 Be a lamp to Krishna's feet,
 Show to all hearts secrets sweet,
 Of the wonder and the love
 Jayadev hath writ above.
 Be the quick Interpreter
 Unto wisest ears of her
 Who always sings to all, "I wait,
 He loveth still who loveth late."*

For (sang on that high Lady in the shade)
 My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;
 Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;
 My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought
 Prevents what he will say when these are nought,
 And that which I am shall be understood.

Then spake she to her maiden wistfully—

(*What follows is to the Music MALAVAGAUDA and the
 Mode EKATALÎ.*)

Go to him,—win him hither,—whisper low
 How he may find me if he searches well;
 Say, if he will—joys past his hope to know
 Await him here; go now to him, and tell
 Where Radha is, and that henceforth she charms
 His spirit to her arms.

Yes, go! Say, if he will, that he may come,—
 May come, my love, my longing, my desire;
 May come forgiven, shriven, to me his home,
 And make his happy peace; nay, and aspire

To uplift Radha's veil, and learn at length
What love is in its strength.

Lead him; say softly I shall chide his blindness,
And vex him with my angers; yet add this,
He shall not vainly sue for loving kindness,
Nor miss to see me close, nor lose the bliss
That lives upon my lip, nor be denied
The rose-throne at my side.

Say that I—Radha—in my bower languish
All widowed, till he find the way to me;
Say that mine eyes are dim, my breast all anguish,
Until with gentle murmured shame I see
His steps come near, his anxious pleading face
Bend for my pardoning grace.

While I—what, did he deem light loves so tender,
To tarry for them when the vow was made
To yield him up my bosom's maiden splendor,
And fold him in my fragrance, and unbraid
My shining hair for him, and clasp him close
To the gold heart of his Rose?

And sing him strains which only spirits know,
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain
Of twinned wings brooding round him, and bestow
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain;
My gems, my moonlight pearls, my girdle-gold,
Cymbaling music bold?

While gained for ever, I shall dare to grow
Life to Life with him, in the realms divine;
And—Love's large cup at happy overflow,
Yet ever to be filled—his eyes and mine
Will meet in that glad look, when Time's great gate
Closes and shuts our Fate.

*Listen to the unsaid things
Of the song that Radha sings,
For the soul draws near to bliss,
As it comprehendeth this.*

*I am Jayadev, who write
All this subtle-rich delight
For your teaching. Ponder, then,
What it tells to Gods and men.
Err not, watching Krishna gay,
With those brown girls all at play;
Understand how Radha charms
Her wandering lover to her arms,
Waiting with divinest love
Till his dream ends in the grove.*

For even now (she sang) I see him pause,
Heart-stricken with the waste of heart he makes
Amid them;—all the bows of their bent brows
Wound him no more: no more for all their sakes
Plays he one note upon his amorous lute,
But lets the strings lie mute.
Pensive, as if his parted lips should say—

“My feet with the dances are weary,
The music has dropped from the song,
There is no more delight in the lute-strings,
Sweet Shadows! what thing has gone wrong?
The wings of the wind have left fanning
The palms of the glade;
They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying
In the place where we played.

“We will play no more, beautiful Shadows!
A fancy came solemn and sad,
More sweet, with unspeakable longings,
Than the best of the pleasures we had:
I am not now the Krishna who kissed you;
That exquisite dream, —
The Vision I saw in my dancing —
Has spoiled what you seem.

“Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated
 With eyes that looked lasting and true,
 I awake,—I have seen her,—my angel—
 Farewell to the wood and to you!

And if she heard, what would she do? what say?
How could I make it good that I forgot?
What profit was it to me, night and day,
To live, love, dance, and dream, having her not?
Soul without spot!
I wronged thy patience, till it sighed away.

Sadly I know the truth. Ah, even now
Remembering that one look beside the river,
Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow
Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.
My love forever!
Too late is Krishna wise—too far art thou!

Yet all day long in my deep heart I woo thee,
And all night long with thee my dreams are sweet;
Why, then, so vainly must my steps pursue thee?
Why can I never reach thee, to entreat,
Low at thy feet,
Dear vanished Splendor! till my tears subdue thee?

Surpassing One! I knew thou didst not brook
Half-hearted worship, and a love that wavers;
Haho! there is the wisdom I mistook,
Therefore I seek with desperate endeavors;
That fault dissevers
Me from my heaven, astray—condemned—forsook!

And yet I seem to feel—to know—thee near me;
Thy steps make music, measured music, near;
Radha! my Radha! will not sorrow clear me?
Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!
Wilt thou not hear?
Canst thou—because I did forget—forsake me?

Forgive! the sin is sinned, is past, is over;
No thought I think shall do thee wrong again;
Turn thy dark eyes again upon thy lover,
Bright Spirit! or I perish of this pain,
Loving again!
In dread of doom to love, but not recover.

*So did Krishna sing and sigh
 By the river-bank; and I,
 Jayadev of Kinduivilva,
 Resting—as the moon of silver
 Sits upon the solemn ocean—
 On full faith, in deep devotion;
 Tell it that ye may perceive
 How the heart must fret and grieve;
 How the soul doth tire of earth,
 When the love from Heaven hath birth.*

For (sang he on) I am no foe of thine,
 There is no black snake, Kama! in my hair;
 Blue lotus-bloom, and not the poisoned brine,
 Shadows my neck; what stains my bosom bare,
 Thou God unfair!
 Is sandal-dust, not ashes; nought of mine

Makes me like Shiva that thou, Lord of Love!
 Shouldst strain thy string at me and fit thy dart;
 This world is thine,—let be one breast thereof
 Which bleeds already, wounded to the heart
 With lasting smart,
 Shot from those brows that did my sin reprove.

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow
 Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem
 Her glances, and the underlids that go—
 So firm and fine—its string. Ah, fleeting gleam!
 Beautiful dream!
 Small need of Kama's help hast thou, I trow,

To smite me to the soul with love;— but set
 Those arrows to their silken cord! enchain
 My thoughts in that loose hair! let thy lips, wet
 With dew of heaven as bimba-buds with rain,
 Bloom precious pain
 Of longing in my heart; and, keener yet,

The heaving of thy lovely, angry bosom,
Pant to my spirit things unseen, unsaid;
But if thy touch, thy tones, if the dark blossom
Of thy dear face, thy jasmine-odors shed
From feet to head,—
If these be all with me, canst thou be far — be fled?

*So sang he, and I pray that whoso hears
The music of his burning hopes and fears,
That whoso sees this vision by the River
Of Krishna, Hari, (can we name him ever?)
And marks his ear-ring rubies swinging slow,
As he sits still, unheedful, bending low
To play this tune upon his lute, while all
Listen to catch the sadness musical;
And Krishna wotteth nought, but, with set face
Turned full toward Radha's, sings on in that place;
May all such souls—prays Jayadev—be wise
To learn the wisdom which hereunder lies.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)

SARGA THE FOURTH.

SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

KRISHNA CHEERED.

Then she whom Radha sent came to the canes—
The canes beside the river where he lay
With listless limbs and spirit weak from love;—
And she sang this to Krishna wistfully:

(*What follows is to the Music KARNATA and the Mode
EKATALÎ.*)

Art thou sick for Radha? She is sad in turn,
 Heaven foregoes its blessings, if it holds not thee;
 All the cooling fragrance of sandal she doth spurn,
 Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery;
 Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly seas;
 Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine;
 And for thy sake discontented, with a great love overl-
 laden,
 Her soul comes here beside thee, and sitteth down
 with thine.

Her soul comes here beside thee, and tenderly and true
 It weaves a subtle mail of proof to ward off sin and
 pain;
 A breastplate soft as lotus-leaf, with holy tears for dew,
 To guard thee from the things that hurt; and then
 'tis gone again
 To strew a blissful place with richest buds that grace
 Kama's sweet world, a meeting-spot with rose and
 jasmine fair,
 For the hour when, well-contented, with a love no
 longer troubled,
 Thou shalt find the way to Radha, and finish sorrows
 there.

But now her lovely face is shadowed by her fears;
 Her glorious eyes are veiled and dim like moonlight
 in eclipse
 By breaking rain-clouds, Krishna! yet she paints you
 in her tears
 With tender thoughts—not Krishna, but brow and
 breast and lips
 And form and mien a King, a great and godlike thing;
 And then with bended head she asks grace from the
 Love Divine,
 To keep thee discontented with the phantoms thou for-
 swearest,
 Till she may win her glory, and thou be raised to thine.

Softly now she sayeth,
 "Krishna, Krishna, come!"
 Lovingly she prayeth,
 "Fair moon, light him home."
 Yet if Hari helps not,
 Moonlight can not aid
 Ah, the woeful Radha!
 Ah, the forest shade!

Ah, if Hari guide not,
 Moonlight is as gloom;
 Ah, if moonlight help not,
 How shall Krishna come?
 Sad for Krishna grieving
 In the darkened grove;
 Sad for Radha weaving
 Dreams of fruitless love!

*Strike soft strings to this soft measure,
 If thine ear would catch its treasure;
 Slowly dance to this deep song,
 Let its meaning float along
 With grave paces, since it tells
 Of a love that sweetly dwells
 In a tender distant glory,
 Past all faults of mortal story.*

(What follows is to the Music DESHAGA and the Mode
 EKATALÎ.)

Krishna, till thou come unto her, faint she lies with
 love and fear;
 Even the jewels of her necklet seem a load too great to
 bear.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, all the sandal and the
 flowers
 Vex her with their pure perfection though they grow in
 heavenly bowers.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, fair albeit those
 bowers may be,
Passion burns her, and love's fire fevers her for lack of
 thee.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, those divine lids, dark
 and tender,
Droop like lotus-leaves in rainstorms, dashed and heavy
 in their splendor.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, that rose-couch which
 she hath spread
Saddens with its empty place, its double pillow for one
 head.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, from her palms she
 will not lift
The dark face hidden deep within them like the moon
 in cloudy rift.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, angel though she be,
 thy Love
Sighs and suffers, waits and watches—joyless 'mid those
 joys above.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, with the comfort of
 thy kiss
Deeper than thy loss, oh, Krishna! must be loss of
 Radha's bliss.

Krishna, while thou didst forget her—her, thy life, thy
 gentle fate—
Wonderful her waiting was, her pity sweet, her patience
 great.

Krishna, come! 'tis grief untold to grieve her,—shame
 to let her sigh;
Come, for she is sick with love, and thou her only
 remedy.

*So she sang, and Jayadeva
 Prays for all, and prays forever,
 That Great Hari may bestow
 Utmost bliss of loving so
 On us all;—that one who wore
 The herdsman's form, and heretofore,
 To save the shepherd's threatened flock,
 Up from the earth reared the huge rock—
 Bestow it with a gracious hand,
 Albeit, amid the woodland band,
 Clinging close in fond caresses
 Krishna gave them ardent kisses,
 Taking on his lips divine
 Earthly stamp and woodland sign.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
 SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)*

SARGA THE FIFTH.

SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.

THE LONGINGS OF KRISHNA.

"Say I am here! Oh, if she pardons me,
 Say where I am, and win her softly hither."
 So Krishna to the maid; and willingly
 She came again to Radha, and she sang:

*(What follows is to the Music DESHIVARADÎ and the
 Mode RUPAKA.)*

Low whispers the wind from Malaya
 Overladen with love;
 On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;
 And the trees in the grove

Droop with tendrils that mock by their clinging
The thoughts of the parted;
And there lies, sore sighing for thee,
Thy love, altered-hearted.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver
Is a sun at midday;
The fever he burns with is deeper
Than starlight can stay:
Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
With the color departed
From all but his red wounds, so lies
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

To the music the banded bees make him
He closeth his ear;
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
The honey-song clear;
But as if every sting to his bosom
Its smart had imparted,
Low lies by the edge of the river,
Thy love, aching-hearted.

By the edge of the river, far wandered
From his once beloved bowers,
And the haunts of his beautiful playmates,
And the beds strewn with flowers;
Now thy name is his playmate — that only! —
And the hard rocks upstart
From the sand make the couch where he lies,
Thy Krishna, sad-hearted.

*Oh, may Hari fill each soul,
As these gentle verses roll,
Telling of the anguish borne
By kindred ones asunder torn!
Oh, may Hari unto each
All the lore of loving teach,
All the pain and all the bliss;
Jayadeva prayeth this!*

Yea, Lady! in the selfsame spot he waits
Where with thy kiss thou taught'st him utmost love,
And drew him, as none else draws, with thy look;
And all day long, and all night long, his cry
Is "Radha, Radha," like a spell said o'er;
And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope
Save only this, to slake his spirit's thirst
For Radha's love on Radha's lips; and find
Peace in the immortal beauty of thy brow.

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
EKATALÎ.*)

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!
Meet him in that place;
Change his cheerless melancholy
Into joy and grace;
If thou hast forgiven, vex not;
If thou lovest, go;
Watching ever by the river,
Krishna listens low:

Listens low, and on his reed there
Softly sounds thy name,
Making even mute things plead there
For his hope: 'tis shame
That, while winds are welcome to him,
If from thee they blow,
Mournful ever by the river
Krishna waits thee so!

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,
When a leaf falls dead,
Twenty times he recomposes
The flower-seat he has spread:
Twenty times, with anxious glances
Seeking thee in vain,
Sighing ever by the river,
Krishna droops again.

Loosen from thy foot the bangle,
 Lest its golden bell,
 With a tiny, tattling jangle,
 Any false tale tell:
 If thou fearest that the moonlight
 Will thy glad face know,
 Draw those dark braids lower, Lady!
 But to Krishna go.

Swift and still as lightning's splendor
 Let thy beauty come,
 Sudden, gracious, dazzling, tender,
 To his arms—its home:
 Swift as Indra's yellow lightning,
 Shining through the night,
 Glide to Krishna's lonely bosom
 Take him love and light.

Grant, at last, love's utmost measure,
 Giving, give the whole;
 Keep back nothing of the treasure
 Of thy priceless soul:
 Hold with both hands out unto him
 Thy chalice, let him drain
 The nectar of its dearest draught,
 Till not a wish remain.

Only go—the stars are setting,
 And thy Krishna grieves;
 Doubt and anger quite forgetting,
 Hasten through the leaves:
 Wherefore didst thou lead him heav'nward
 But for this thing's sake?
 Comfort him with pity, Radha!
 Or his heart must break.

*But while Jayadeva writes
 This rare tale of deep delights—
 Jayadev, whose heart is given
 Unto Hari, Lord in Heaven—*

*See that ye too, as ye read,
With a glad and humble heed,
Bend your brows before His face,
That ye may have bliss and grace.*

And then the Maid, compassionate, sang on—

Lady, most sweet!
For thy coming feet
He listens in the wood, with love sore-tried;
Faintly sighing,
Like one a-dying,
He sends his thoughts afoot to meet his bride.

Ah, silent one!
Sunk is the sun,
The darkness falls as deep as Krishna's sorrow;
The chakor's strain
Is not more vain [row.
Than mine, and soon gray dawn will bring white mor-

And thine own bliss
Delays by this;
The utmost of thy heaven comes only so
When, with hearts beating
And passionate greeting,
Parting is over, and the parted grow

One—one for ever!
And the old endeavor
To be so blended is assuage at last;
And the glad tears raining
Have nought remaining
Of doubt or 'plaining; and the dread has passed

Out of each face,
In the close embrace,
That by-and-by embracing will be over;
The ache that causes
Those mournful pauses
In bowers of earth between lover and lover:

To be no more felt,
 To fade, to melt
 In the strong certainty of joys immortal;
 In the glad meeting,
 And quick sweet greeting
 Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

And to thee is given,
 Angel of Heaven!
 This glory and this joy with Krishna. Go!
 Let him attain,
 For his long pain,
 The prize it promised,—see thee coming slow,

A vision first, but then—
 By glade and glen—
 A lovely, loving soul, true to its home;
 His Queen—his Crown—his All,
 Hast'ning at last to fall
 Upon his breast, and live there. Radha, come!

*Come, and come thou, Lord of all,
 Unto whom the Three Worlds call;
 Thou, that didst in angry might,
 Kansa, like a comet, smite;
 Thou, that in thy passion tender,
 As incarnate spell and splendor,
 Hung on Radha's glorious face—
 In the garb of Krishna's grace—
 As above the bloom the bee,
 When the honeyed revelry
 Is too subtle-sweet an one
 Not to hang and dally on;
 Thou that art the Three Worlds' glory,
 Of life the light, of every story
 The meaning and the mark, of love
 The root and flower, o' the sky above
 The blue, of bliss the heart, of those,
 The lovers, that which did impose*

*The gentle law, that each should be
The other's Heaven and harmony.*

*(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.)*

SARGA THE SIXTH.

DHRISHTAVA KUNTO.

KRISHNA MADE BOLDER.

But seeing that, for all her loving will,
The flower-soft feet of Radha had not power
To leave their place and go, she sped again —
That maiden — and to Krishna's eager ears
Told how it fared with his sweet mistress there.

*(What follows is to the Music GONDAKIRÎ and the Mode
RUPAKA.)*

Krishna, 'tis thou must come (she sang),
Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;
The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,
The bee must find the flower.

All the wood over her deep eyes roam,
Marveling sore where tarries the bee,
Who leaves such lips of nectar unsought
As those that blossom for thee.

Her steps would fail if she tried to come,
Would falter and fail, with yearning weak;
At the first of the road they would falter and pause,
And the way is strange to seek.

Find her where she is sitting, then,
With lotus-blossom on ankle and arm
Wearing thine emblems, and musing of nought
But the meeting to be—glad, warm.

To be—"but wherefore tarrieth he?"
"What can stay or delay him?—go!
See if the soul of Krishna comes,"
Ten times she sayeth to me so;

Ten times lost in a languorous swoon,
"Now he cometh—he cometh," she cries;
And a love-look lightens her eyes in the gloom,
And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

Till, watching in vain, she glideth again
Under the shade of the whispering leaves;
With a heart too full of its love at last
To heed how her bosom heaves.

*Shall not these fair verses swell
The number of the wise who dwell
In the realm of Kama's bliss?
Jayadeva prayeth this,
Jayadev, the bard of Love,
Servant of the Gods above.*

For all so strong in Heaven itself
Is Love, that Radha sits drooping there,
Her beautiful bosoms panting with thought,
And the braids drawn back from her ear.

And—angel albeit—her rich lips breathe
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;
And—if spirits can tremble—she trembles now
From forehead to jeweled feet.

And her voice of music sinks to a sob,
And her eyes, like eyes of a mated roe,
Are tender with looks of yielded love,
With dreams dreamed long ago;

Long, long ago, but soon to grow truth,
To end, and be waking and certain and true;
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,
As the lips of sleepers do:

And, dreaming, she loosens her girdle-pearls,
And opens her arms to the empty air,
Then starts, if a leaf of the champâk falls,
Sighing, "Oh, leaf! is he there?"

Why dost thou linger in this dull spot,
Haunted by serpents and evil for thee?
Why not hasten to Nanda's House?
It is plain, if thine eyes could see.

*May these words of high endeavor—
Full of grace and gentle favor—
Find out those whose hearts can feel
What the message did reveal,
Words that Radha's messenger
Unto Krishna took from her,
Slowly guiding him to come
Through the forest to his home,
Guiding him to find the road
Which led—though long—to Love's abode.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
DHRISHTAVAIKUNTO.)



SARGA THE SEVENTH.

VIPRALABDHAVARNANE
NAGARANARAYANO.

KRISHNA SUPPOSED FALSE.

Meantime the moon, the rolling moon, clomb high,
And over all Vrindāvana it shone;
The moon which on the front of gentle night
Gleams like the chundun-mark on beauty's brow;
The conscious moon which hath its silver face
Marred with the shame of lighting earthly loves:

And while the round white lamp of earth rose higher,
And still he tarried, Radha, petulant,
Sang soft impatience and half-earnest fears:

*What follows is to the Music MALAVA and the Mode
YATI.)*

'Tis time!—he comes not!—will he come!
Can he leave me thus to pine?
Yami hé kam sharanam!
Ah, what refuge then is mine?

For his sake I sought the wood,
Threaded dark and devious ways;
Yami hé kam sharanam!
Can it be Krishna betrays?

Let me die then, and forget
Anguish, patience, hope, and fear;
Yami hé kam sharanam!
Ah, why have I held him dear?

Ah, this soft night torments me,
 Thinking that his faithless arms—
Yami hé kam sharanam!
 Clasp some shadow of my charms.

Fatal shadow—foolish mock!
 When the great love shone confessed;
Yami hé kam sharanam!
 Krishna's lotus loads my breast;

'Tis too heavy, lacking him;
 Like a broken flower I am—
 Necklets, jewels, what are ye?
Yami hé kam sharanam!

Yami hé kam sharanam!
 The sky is still, the forest sleeps;
 Krishna forgets—he loves no more;
 He fails in faith, and Radha weeps.

*But the poet Jayadev—
 He who is great Hari's slave,
 He who finds asylum sweet
 Only at great Hari's feet;
 He who for your comfort sings
 All this to the Vina's strings—
 Prays that Radha's tender moan
 In your hearts be thought upon,
 And that all her holy grace
 Live there like the loved one's face.*

Yet if I wrong him! (sang she)—can he fail?
 Could any in the wood win back his kisses?
 Could any softest lips of earth prevail
 To hold him from my arms?—any love-blisses

Blind him once more to mine? Oh, Soul, my prize!
 Art thou not merely hindered at this hour?
 Sore-wearied, wandering, lost? how otherwise
 Shouldst thou not hasten to the bridal-bower?

But seeing far away that Maiden come
Alone, with eyes cast down and lingering steps,
Again a little while she feared to hear
Of Krishna false; and her quick thoughts took shape
In a fine jealousy, with words like these—

Something then of earth has held him
From his home above,
Some one of those slight deceivers—
Ah, my foolish love!

Some new face, some winsome playmate,
With her hair untied,
And the blossoms tangled in it,
Woos him to her side.

On the dark orbs of her bosom—
Passionately heaved—
Sink and rise the warm, white pearl-strings,
Oh, my love deceived!

Fair? Yes, yes! the rippled shadow
Of that midnight hair
Shows above her brow—as clouds do
O'er the moon—most fair:

And she knows, with wilful paces,
How to make her zone
Gleam and please him; and her ear-rings
Tinkle love; and grown

Coy as he grows fond, she meets him
With a modest show;
Shaming truth with truthful seeming,
While her laugh—light, low—

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,
And her silken cheek,
And her eyes say she dissembles
Plain as speech could speak.

Till at length, a fatal victress,
 Of her triumph vain,
 On his neck she lies and smiles there:—
 Ah, my Joy!—my Pain!

*But may Radha's fond annoy,
 And may Krishna's dawning joy,
 Warm and waken love more fit—
 Jayadeva prayeth it—
 And the griefs and sins assuage
 Of this blind and evil age.*

Oh, Moon! (she sang) that art so pure and pale,
 Is Krishna wan like thee with lonely waiting?
 Oh, lamp of love! art thou the lover's friend,
 And wilt not bring him, my long pain abating?
 Oh, fruitless moon! thou dost increase my pain
 Oh, faithless Krishna! I have striven in vain.

And then, lost in her fancies sad, she moaned—

(*What follows is to the Music GURJJARI and the Mode
 EKATALÎ.*)

In vain, in vain!
 Earth will of earth! I mourn more than I blame;
 If he had known, he would not sit and paint
 The tilka on her smooth black brow, nor claim
 Quick kisses from her yielded lips—false, faint—
 False, fragrant, fatal! Krishna's quest is o'er
 By Jumna's shore!

Vain—it was vain!
 The temptress was too near, the heaven too far;
 I can but weep because he sits and ties
 Garlands of fire-flowers for her loosened hair,
 And in its silken shadow veils his eyes
 And buries his fond face. Yet I forgave
 By Jumna's wave!

Vainly! all vain!

Make then the most of that whereto thou'rt given,
Feign her thy Paradise — thy Love of loves;
Say that her eyes are stars, her face the heaven,
Her bosoms the two worlds, with sandal-groves
Full-scented, and the kiss-marks — ah, thy dream
By Jumna's stream!

It shall be vain!

And vain to string the emeralds on her arm,
And hang the milky pearls upon her neck,
Saying they are not jewels, but a swarm
Of crowded, glossy bees, come there to suck
The rosebuds of her breast, the sweetest flowers
Of Jumna's bowers.

That shall be vain!

Nor wilt thou so believe thine own blind wooing,
Nor slake thy heart's thirst even with the cup
Which at the last she brims for thee, undoing
Her girdle of carved gold, and yielding up
Love's uttermost: brief the poor gain and pride
By Jumna's tide.

Because still vain

Is love that feeds on shadow; vain, as thou dost,
To look so deep into the phantom eyes
For that which lives not there; and vain, as thou must,
To marvel why the painted pleasure flies,
When the fair, false wings seemed folded forever
By Jumna's river.

And vain! yes, vain!

For me too is it, having so much striven,
To see this slight snare take thee, and thy soul
Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my
heaven,
Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole
Passion of claim were but a parody
Of that kept here for thee.

Ahaha! vain!

For on some isle of Jumna's silver stream

He gives all that they ask to those hard eyes,
While mine which are his angel's, mine which gleam
With light that might have led him to the skies—
That almost led him—are eclipsed with tears
Wailing my fruitless prayers.

But thou, good Friend,

Hang not thy head for shame, nor come so slowly,
As one whose message is too ill to tell;
If thou must say Krishna is forfeit wholly—
Wholly forsworn and lost—let the grief dwell
Where the sin doth,—except in this sad heart,
Which can not shun its part.

*Oh, great Hari! purge from wrong
The soul of him who writes this song;
Purge the souls of those that read
From every fault of thought and deed;
With thy blessed light assuage
The darkness of this evil age!
Jayadev, the bard of love,
Servant of the Gods above,
Prays it for himself and you—
Gentle hearts who listen!—too.*

Then in this other strain she wailed his loss—

(*What follows is to the Music DESHAVARADÎ and the
Mode RUPAKA.*)

She, not Radha, wins the crown
Whose false lips were dearest;
What was distant gain to him
When sweet loss stood nearest?
Love her, therefore, lulled to loss
On her fatal bosom;
Love her with such love as she
Can give back in the blossom.

Love her, oh, thou rash lost soul!
With thy thousand graces;
Coin rare thoughts into fair words
For her face of faces;
Praise it, fling away for it
Life's purpose in a sigh,
All for those lips like flower-leaves,
And lotus-dark deep eye.

Nay, and thou shalt be happy too
Till the fond dream is over;
And she shall taste delight to hear
The wooing of her lover;
The breeze that brings the sandal up
From distant green Malay,
Shall seem all fragrance in the night,
All coolness in the day.

The crescent moon shall seem to swim
Only that she may see
The glad eyes of my Krishna gleam,
And her soft glances he:
It shall be as a silver lamp
Set in the sky to show
The rose-leaf palms that cling and clasp,
And the breast that beats below.

The thought of parting shall not lie
Cold on their throbbing lives,
The dread of ending shall not chill
The glow beginning gives;
She in her beauty dark shall look—
As long as clouds can be—
As gracious as the rain-time cloud
Kissing the shining sea.

And he, amid his playmates old,
At least a little while,
Shall not breathe forth again the sigh
That spoils the song and smile;

Shall be left wholly to his choice,
 Free for his pleasant sin,
 With the golden-girdled damsels
 Of the bowers I found him in.

For me, his Angel, only
 The sorrow and the smart,
 The pale grief sitting on the brow,
 The dead hope in the heart;
 For me the loss of losing,
 For me the ache and dearth;
 My king crowned with the wood-flowers!
 My fairest upon earth!

*Hari, Lord and King of love!
 From thy throne of light above
 Stoop to help us, deign to take
 Our spirits to thee for the sake
 Of this song, which speaks the fears
 Of all who weep with Radha's tears.*

But love is strong to pardon, slow to part,
 And still the Lady, in her fancies, sang—
 Wind of the Indian stream!
 A little—oh, a little—breathe once more
 The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore
 One last word as he fades into a dream.

Bodiless Lord of love!
 Show him once more to me a minute's space,
 My Krishna, with the love-look in his face,
 And then I come to my own place above.

I will depart and give
 All back to Fate and her: I will submit
 To thy stern will, and bow myself to it,
 Enduring still, though desolate, to live:

If it indeed be life,
 Even so resigning, to sit patience-mad,
 To feel the zephyrs burn, the sunlight sad,
 The peace of holy heaven a restless strife.

Haho! what words are these?
 How can I live and lose him? How not go
 Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?
 How yet endure such sorrow?—or how cease?

Wind of the Indian wave!
 If that thou canst, blow poison here, not nard;
 God of the five shafts! shoot thy sharpest hard,
 And kill me, Radha,—Radha who forgave!

Or, bitter River,
 Yamûn! be Yama's sister! be Death's kin!
 Swell thy wave up to me and gulf me in,
 Cooling this cruel, burning pain forever.

*Ah, if only visions stir
 Grief so passionate in her,
 What divine grief will not take,
 Spirits in heaven for the sake
 Of those who miss love? Oh, be wise!
 Mark this story of the skies;
 Meditate Govinda ever,
 Sitting by the sacred river,
 The mystic stream, which o'er his feet
 Glides slow, with murmurs low and sweet,
 Till none can tell whether those be
 Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly
 Under the wave, or mirrored gems
 Reflected from the diadems
 Bound on the brows of mighty Gods,
 Who lean from out their pure abodes,
 And leave their bright felicities
 To guide great Krishna to his skies.*

(Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
 VIPRALABDHAVARNANE NADARANARAYANO.)





SARGA THE EIGHTH.

—♦—

KHANDITAVARNANE
VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.

THE REBUKING OF KRISHNA.

For when the weary night had worn away
In these vain fears, and the clear morning broke,
Lo, Krishna! lo, the longed-for of her soul
Came too!—in the glad light he came, and bent
His knee, and clasped his hands; on his dumb lips
Fear, wonder, joy, passion, and reverence
Strove for the trembling words, and Radha knew
Joy won for him and her; yet none the less
A little time she chided him, and sang:

(*What follows is to the Music BHAIRAVI and the Mode YATI.*)

Krishna!—then thou hast found me!—and thine eyes
Heavy and sad and stained, as if with weeping!
Ah! is it not that those, which were thy prize,
So radiant seemed that all night thou wert keeping
Vigils of tender wooing?—have thy Love!
Here is no place for vows broken in making:
Thou lotus-eyed! thou soul for whom I strove!
Go! ere I listen, my just mind forsaking.

Krishna! my Krishna with the woodland-wreath!
Return, or I shall soften as I blame;
The while thy very lips are dark to the teeth
With dye that from her lids and lashes came,
Left on the mouth I touched. Fair traitor! go!
Say not they darkened, lacking food and sleep
Long waiting for my face; I turn it—so—
Go! ere I half believe thee, pleading deep;

But wilt thou plead, when, like a love-verse printed
 On the smooth polish of an emerald,
 I see the marks she stamped, the kisses dinted
 Large-lettered, by her lips? Thy speech withheld
 Speaks all too plainly; go,—abide thy choice!
 If thou dost stay, I shall more greatly grieve thee;
 Not records of her victory?—peace, dear voice!
 Hence with that godlike brow, lest I believe thee.

For dar'st thou feign the saffron on thy bosom
 Was not implanted in disloyal embrace?
 Or that this many-colored love-tree blossom
 Shone not, but yesternight, above her face?
 Comest thou here, so late, to be forgiven,
 Oh, thou, in whose eyes Truth was made to live?
 Oh, thou, so worthy else of grace and heaven?
 Oh, thou, so nearly won? Ere I forgive,

Go, Krishna! go!—lest I should think, unwise,
 Thy heart not false, as thy long lingering seems,
 Lest, seeing myself so imaged in thine eyes,
 I shame the name of Pity—turn to dreams
 The sacred sounds of vows; make Virtue grudge
 Her praise to Mercy, calling thy sin slight;
 Go therefore, dear offender! go! thy Judge
 Had best not see thee to give sentence right.*

*But may he grant us peace at last and bliss
 Who heard,—and smiled to hear,—delays like this,
 Delays that dallied with a dream come true,
 Fond wilful angers; for the maid laughed too
 To see, as Radha ended, her hand take
 His dark robe for her veil, and Krishna make
 The word she spoke for parting kindest sign
 He should not go, but stay. Oh, grace divine,
 Be ours too! Jayadev, the Poet of love,
 Prays it from Hari, lordliest above.*

*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled
 KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.)*

* The text here is not closely followed.

SARGA THE NINTH.

KALAHANTARITAVARNANE
MUGDHAMUKUNDO.

THE END OF KRISHNA'S TRIAL.

Yet not quite did the doubts of Radha die,
 Nor her sweet brows unbend; but she, the Maid—
 Knowing her heart so tender, her soft arms
 Aching to take him in, her rich mouth sad
 For the comfort of his kiss, and these fears false—
 Spake yet a little in fair words like these:

*What follows is to the Music GURJJARÎ and the Mode
 YATI.)*

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him
 He has heard;
 The wind of spring, obeying thee, hath brought him
 At thy word;
 What joy in all the three worlds was so precious
 To thy mind?
*Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,**
 Ah, be kind!

No longer from his earnest eyes conceal
 Thy delights;
 Lift thy face, and let the jealous veil reveal
 All his rights;
 The glory of thy beauty was but given
 For content;
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 Oh, relent!

* My proud one! do not indulge in scorn.

Remember, being distant, how he bore thee
 In his heart;
 Look on him sadly turning from before thee
 To depart;
 Is he not the soul thou lovedst, sitting lonely
 In the wood?

Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 'Tis not good!

He who grants thee high delight in bridal bower
 Pardons long;
 What the gods do love may do at such an hour
 Without wrong;
 Why weepest thou? why keepest thou in anger
 Thy lashes down?

Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 Do not frown!

Lift thine eyes now, and look on him, bestowing,
 Without speech;
 Let him pluck at last the flower so sweetly growing
 In his reach;
 The fruit of lips, of loving tones, of glances
 That forgive;

Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
 Let him live!

Let him speak with thee, and pray to thee, and prove
 thee

 All his truth;
 Let his silent loving lamentation move thee
 Asking ruth;
 How knowest thou? Ah, listen, dearest Lady,
 He is there;

Mâ kooroo mânini manamayè,
 Thou must hear!

*Oh, rare voice, which is a spell
 Unto all on earth who dwell!
 Oh, rich voice of rapturous love,
 Making melody above!*

*Krishna's, Hari's—one in two,
 Sound these mortal verses through!
 Sound like that soft flute which made
 Such a magic in the shade—
 Calling deer-eyed maidens nigh,
 Waking wish and stirring sigh,
 Thrilling blood and melting breasts,
 Whispering love's divine unrests,
 Winning blessings to descend,
 Bringing earthly ills to end;—
 Be thou heard in this song now
 Thou, the great Enchantment thou!*

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.*)

SARGA THE TENTH.

MANINIVARNANE
 CHATURACHATURBHUJO.

KRISHNA IN PARADISE.

But she, abasing still her glorious eyes,
 And still not yielding all her face to him,
 Relented; till with softer upturned look
 She smiled, while the Maid pleaded; so thereat
 Came Krishna nearer, and his eager lips
 Mixed sighs with words in his fond song he sang:

(*What follows is to the Music DESHIYAVARADĪ and the
 Mode ASHTATALI.*)

Oh, angel of my hope! Oh, my heart's home!
 My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;

This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,
That checks me with its memories, drawing near:
Lift up thy look, and let the thing it saith
End fear with grace, or darken love to death.

Or only speak once more, for though thou slay me,
Thy heavenly mouth must move, and I shall hear
Dulcet delights of perfect music sway me
Again—again that voice so blest and dear:
Sweet Judge! the prisoner prayeth for his doom
That he may hear his fate divinely come.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but show
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder,
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;
Ah me! I am that bird that wooes the moon,
And pipes—poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

Yet hear me on—because I can not stay
The passion of my soul, because my gladness
Will pour forth from my heart;—since that far day
When through the mist of all my sin and sadness
Thou didst vouchsafe—Surpassing One!—to break,
All else I slighted for thy noblest sake.

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being;
The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life;
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing;
The victory to win through longest strife;
My Queen! my crownèd Mistress! my sphered bride!
Take this for truth, that what I say beside

Of bold love—grown full-orbed at sight of thee—
May be forgiven with a quick remission;
For, thou divine fulfillment of all hope!
Thou all-dreamed completion of the vision!
I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall avail, [me;
Look straight at me, and let thy bright glance wound
Fetter me! gyve me! lock me in the gaol
Of thy delicious arms; make fast around me
The silk-soft manacles of wrists and hands,
Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy breast
Have not my right to hear thy beating heart;
The happy jasmine-buds that clasp thy waist
Are soft usurpers of my place and part;
If that fair girdle only there must shine,
Give me the girdle's life—the girdle mine!

Thy brow like smooth Bandhûka-leaves; thy cheek
Which the dark-tinted Manduk's velvet shows;
Thy long-lashed Lotus eyes, lustrous and meek;
Thy nose a Tila-bud; thy teeth like rows
Of Kunda-petals; he who pierceth hearts
Points with thy lovelinesses all five darts.

But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Supreme, forgive!
My heart is wise—my tongue is foolish still:
I know where I am come—I know I live—
I know that thou art Radha—that this will
Last and be heaven: that I have leave to rise
Up from thy feet, and look into thine eyes!

And, nearer coming, I ask for grace
Now that the blest eyes turn to mine;
Faithful I stand in this sacred place
Since first I saw them shine:
Dearest glory that stills my voice,
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!
Splendor of love, in whose sweet light
Darkness is past and nought;
Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,
Golden bloom of the garden of heaven!
Radha, enchantress! Radha, the queen!
Be this trespass forgiven—

In that I dare, with courage too much
 And a heart afraid,—so bold it is grown—
 To hold thy hand with a bridegroom's touch,
 And take thee for mine, mine own.*

*So they met and so they ended
 Pain and parting, being blended
 Life with life—made one forever
 In high love; and Jayadeva
 Hasteneth on to close the story
 Of their bridal grace and glory.*

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled*
 MANINIVARNANE CHATURACHATURBHUJO.)

SARGA THE ELEVENTH.

RADHIKAMILANE.
 SANANDADAMODARO.

THE UNION OF RADHA AND KRISHNA.

Thus followed soft and lasting peace, and griefs
 Died while she listened to his tender tongue,
 Her eyes of antelope alight with love;
 And while he led the way to the bride-bower
 The maidens of her train adorned her fair
 With golden marriage-cloths, and sang this song:

(*What follows is to the Music VASANTA and the Mode*
 YATI.)

Follow, happy Radha! follow,—
 In the quiet falling twilight—
 The steps of him who followed thee
 So steadfastly and far;

* Much here also is necessarily paraphrased.

Let us bring thee where the banjulas
Have spread a roof of crimson,
Lit up by many a marriage-lamp
Of planet, sun, and star:
For the hours of doubt are over,
And thy glad and faithful lover
Hath found the road by tears and prayers
To thy divinest side;
And thou wilt not now deny him
One delight of all thy beauty,
But yield up open-hearted
His pearl, his prize, his bride.

Oh, follow! while we fill the air
With songs and softest music;
Lauding thy wedded loveliness,
Dear Mistress past compare!
For there is not any splendor
Of Apsarases immortal —
No glory of their beauty rich —
But Radha has a share;
Oh, follow! while we sing the song
That fills the worlds with longing,
The music of the Lord of love
Who melts all hearts with bliss;
For now is born the gladness
That springs from mortal sadness,
And all soft thoughts and things and hopes
Were presages of this.

Then, follow, happiest Lady!
Follow him thou lovest wholly;
The hour is come to follow now
The soul thy spells have led;
His are thy breasts like jasper-cups,
And his thine eyes like planets;
Thy fragrant hair, thy stately neck,
Thy queenly sumptuous head;
Thy soft small feet, thy perfect lips,
Thy teeth like jasmine petals,

Thy gleaming rounded shoulders,
And long caressing arms,
Being thine to give, are his; and his
The twin strings of thy girdle.
And his the priceless treasure
Of thine utter-sweetness charms.

So follow! while the flowers break forth
In white and amber clusters,
At the breath of thy pure presence,
And the radiance on thy brow;
Oh, follow where the Asokas wave
Their sprays of gold and purple,
As if to beckon thee the way
That Krishna passed but now;
He is gone a little forward!
Though thy steps are faint for pleasure,
Let him hear the tattling ripple
Of the bangles round thy feet;
Moving slowly o'er the blossoms
On the path which he has shown thee,
That when he turns to listen
It may make his fond heart beat.

And loose thy jeweled girdle
A little, that its rubies
May tinkle softest music too,
And whisper thou art near;
Though now, if in the forest
Thou should'st bend one blade of Kusha
With silken touch of passing foot,
His heart would know and hear;
Would hear the wood-buds saying,
"It is Radha's foot that passes!"
Would hear the wind sigh love-sick,
"It is Radha's fragrance, this;"
Would hear thine own heart beating
Within thy panting bosom,
And know thee coming, coming,
His—ever,—ever—his!

*"Mine!"—hark! we are near enough for hearing—
"Soon she will come—she will smile—she will say
Honey-sweet words of heavenly endearing;
Oh, soul! listen; my Bride is on her way!"*

Hear'st him not, my Radha?
Lo, night bendeth o'er thee—
Darker than dark Tamâla-leaves—
To list thy marriage-song;
Dark as the touchstone that tries gold,
And see now—on before thee—
Those lines of tender light that creep
The clouded sky along:
Oh, night! that trieth gold of love,
This love is proven perfect!
Oh, lines that streak the touchstone sky,
Flash forth true shining gold!
Oh, rose-leaf feet, go boldly!
Oh, night!—that lovest lovers—
Thy softest robe of silence
About these bridals fold!

See'st thou not, my Radha?
Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,
Comes!—her eyes thick-painted
With soorma of the gloom—
The night that binds the planet-worlds
For jewels on her forehead,
And for emblem and for garland
Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom;
The night that scents her breath so sweet
With cool and musky odors,
That joys to spread her veil of shade
Over the limbs of love;
And when, with loving weary,
Yet dreaming love, they slumber,
Sets the far stars for silver lamps
To light them from above.

So came she where he stood, awaiting her
 At the bower's entry, like a god to see,
 With marriage-gladness and the grace of heaven.
 The great pearl set upon his glorious head
 Shone like a moon among the leaves, and shone
 Like stars the gems that kept her gold gown close:
 But still a little while she paused—abashed
 At her delight, of her deep joy afraid—
 And they that tended her sang once more this:

(*What follows is to the Music VARADI and the Mode
 RUPAKA.*)

Enter, thrice happy! enter, thrice desired!
 And let the gates of Hari shut thee in
 With the soul destined to thee from of old.

Tremble not! Lay thy lovely shame aside;
 Lay it aside with thine unfastened zone,
 And love him with the love that knows not fear,

Because it fears not change; enter thou in,
 Flower of all sweet and stainless womanhood!
 Forever to grow bright, forever new;

Enter beneath the flowers, oh, flower fair!
 Beneath these tendrils, Loveliest! that entwine
 And clasp, and wreath, and cling, with kissing stems;

Enter, with tender-blowing airs of heaven,
 Soft as love's breath and gentle as the tones
 Of lover's whispers, when the lips come close:

Enter the house of Love, oh, loveliest!
 Enter the marriage-bower, most beautiful!
 And take and give the joy that Hari grants.

Thy heart has entered, let thy feet go too!
 Lo, Krishna! lo, the one that thirsts for thee!
 Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

Then she, no more delaying entered straight:
 Her step a little faltered, but her face
 Shone with unutterable quick love; and—while

The music of her bangles passed the porch—
 Shame, which had lingered in her downcast eyes,
 Departed shamed* . . . and like the mighty deep,
 Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
 Uprose to drink her beams.

Here ends that Sarga of the Gīta Govinda entitled
 RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.)

Hari keep you! He whose might,
 On the King of Serpents seated,
 Flashes forth in dazzling light
 From the Great Snake's gems repeated:
 Hari keep you! He whose graces,
 Manifold in majesty,—
 Multiplied in heavenly places—
 Multiply on earth—to see
 Better with a hundred eyes
 Her bright charms who by him lies.

*What skill may be in singing,
 What worship sound in song,
 What lore be taught in loving,
 What right divined from wrong:
 Such things hath Jayadeva—
 In this his Hymn of Love,
 Which lauds Govinda ever,—
 Displayed; may all approve!*

THE END OF THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

* This complete anticipation (*salajjā lajjāpi*) of the line—

“Upon whose brow shame is ashamed to sit”

—occurs at the close of the Sarga, part of which is here perforce omitted, along with the whole of the last one.



PREFACE TO PEARLS OF THE FAITH.

It is a custom of many pious Muslims to employ in their devotions a three-stringed chaplet, each string containing thirty-three beads, and each bead representing one of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah," whenever this—among many other religious uses—is made of it. The Korân bids them "celebrate Allah with an abundant celebration," and on certain occasions—such as during the intervals of the Tarâwih night service in Ramadhân—the Faithful pass these ninety-nine beads of the rosary through their fingers, repeating with each "Name of God" an ejaculation of praise and worship. Such an exercise is called *Zikr*, or "remembrance," and the rosary *Masba'hah*.

In the following pages of varied verse I have enumerated these ninety-nine "beautiful names," and appended to each—from the point of view of an Indian Muhammedan—some illustrative legend, tradition, record, or comment, drawn from diverse Oriental sources; occasionally paraphrasing (as closely as possible) from the text of the Korân itself, any particular passage containing the sacred Title, or casting light upon it. In this way it seemed possible to present the general spirit of Islâm under a new and not unacceptable form; since almost every religious idea of the Korân comes up in the long catalogue of attributives. Tender, as well as terrible; lofty in morality, albeit grim and stern in dogma, the "Perspicuous Book" is

still, and must always be, replete with interest for Christendom, since, if Islâm was born in the Desert, with Arab Sabæanism for its mother and Judaism for its father, its foster-nurse was Eastern Christianity, and Muhammad's attitude toward Christ, and toward the religion which bears His name, is ever one of profound reverence and grateful recognition. Nor are the differences between the older and younger creed really so great as their similitudes in certain aspects. The soul of Islâm is its declaration of the unity of God: its heart is the inculcation of an absolute resignation to His will. Not more sublime, therefore, in religious history appears the figure of Paul the tent-maker, proclaiming the "Unknown God" at Athens, than that of the camel-driver Muhammad, son of Abdallah and Amînah, abolishing all the idols of the Arabian Pantheon, except their chief—ALLAH TA'ALAH, "God the Most High,"—and under that ancient and well-received appellation establishing the oneness of the origin, government, and life of the universe. Thereby that marvelous and gifted Teacher created a vast empire of new belief and new civilization, and prepared a sixth part of humanity for the developments and reconciliations which later times will bring. For Islâm must be conciliated: it can not be thrust scornfully aside or rooted out. It shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and it will contribute its eventual portion to

"that far-off divine event,
Toward which the whole creation moves."

Composed amid Scotch mountains during a brief summer-rest from politics, and with no library near at hand for references, my book has need to ask indul-

gence from the learned. It does but aim, however, to suggest (in poetic form) juster thoughts than sometimes prevail of Islâm, of its founder, and of its votaries,—employing the language of one among them, and thinking with his thoughts, since this alone permits the necessary sympathy.

I have thus at length finished the Oriental Trilogy which I designed. In my “Indian Song of Songs” I sought to transfer to English poetry a subtle and lovely Sanskrit idyll of the Hindu theology. In my “Light of Asia” I related the story and displayed the gentle and far-reaching doctrines of that great Hindoo prince who founded Buddhism. I have tried to present here, in the simple, familiar, and credulous but earnest spirit and manner of Islâm—and from its own points of view—some of the thoughts and beliefs of the followers of the noble Prophet of Arabia.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

GLENGYLE, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
September, 1882.



1.



“ALLAH!” BI-SMI-’LLAH! SAY THAT GOD IS ONE,
LIVING, ETERNAL; AND BESIDES HIM NONE.

PEARLS OF THE FAITH.

2.

AR-RAHMAN.

*Say Ar-Rahmân! "The Merciful" Him call;
For He is full of mercy unto all.*

Once on a day, in Paradise,
Discourse indignant did arise
Amongst the Angels, seeing how
The sons of Adam sinned below;
Albeit Allah's grace had sent
Prophets with much admonishment.
"Heedless and guilty race," they cried,
"Whose penitence is set aside
At each temptation! Truth and Right
Ye know not!" Then a wondrous light
Fell on their brows—a mighty word
Sounded—the Presence of the Lord
Spake: "Of your number choose ye two
To go among mankind and do
'Justice and Right,' teaching them these."
Therewith, from those bright companies,
Harût went and Marût went down
On earth, laying aside their crown
Of rays, and plumes of rainbow feather;
And on the judgment-seat together
Many long years they sate, and wrought
Just judgment upon each cause brought.

Until, before that justice-seat
There came a woman, fair and sweet,
So ravishing of form and mien
That great Soharah, who is queen
Of the third planet, hath not eyes
As soft, nor mouth made in such wise.
And one whom she did wrong, besought
Sentence against her: she had nought
Of plea, but in her dazzling grace
Stood fearless in the audience-place;
Consuming hearts with hot desire
By subtle Beauty's searching fire.
Then said Harût, forgetting Heaven,
"Pardon to such must, sure, be given."
Whispered Marût, "If thou wilt be
Leman of mine, thou shalt go free."
And for her love those two contended,
Till the false scene was sorely ended
With earthquake, and with lightning flash
And rolling thunder's wrathful crash,
Midst which the city and the folk
Passed from their ken, and a Voice spoke,
"Come unto judgment, ye who called
Allah too merciful!"

Appalled
Harût lay and Marût lay prone
In Paradise, before the Throne;
Hearing that doom of God, which said:
"Until My trumpet calls the dead,
Dwell on the earth, where ye have learned
The just may unto sin be turned."

*Merciful One and just! we bless
Thy name, and crave forgiveness.*



3.

AR-RAHEEM.

*Say Ar-Raheem! call Him "Compassionate,"
For He is pitiful to small and great.*

'Tis written that the serving-angels stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.
Quicker than thought His high commands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them speed;
Bearing the word of power from star to star
Some hither and some thither, near and far.
And unto these nought is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond His pity, which embraceth all,
Because His eye beholdeth all which are;
Sees without search, and counteth without care.
Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing-place
Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's grace;
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Thus it is written; and moreover told
How Gabriel, watching by the Gates of gold,
Heard from the Voice Ineffable this word
Of twofold mandate uttered by the Lord;
"Go earthward! Pass where Solomon hath made
His pleasure-house, and sitteth there arrayed,
Goodly and splendid—whom I crowned the king—
For at this hour My servant doth a thing
Unfitting: out of Nisibis there came
A thousand steeds with nostrils all aflame
And limbs of swiftness, prizes of the fight;
Lo! these are led, for Solomon's delight,

Before the palace, where he gazeth now
 Filling his heart with pride at that brave show;
 So taken with the snorting and the tramp
 Of his war-horses, that Our silver lamp
 Of eve is swung in vain, Our warning Sun
 Will sink before his sunset-prayer's begun;
 So shall the people say, 'This King, our lord,
 Loves more than long-maned trophies of his sword
 Than the remembrance of his God?' Go in!
 Save thou My faithful servant from such sin."

"Also, upon the slope of Arafat,
 Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat,
 Toileth a yellow ant who carrieth home
 Food for her nest, but so far hath she come
 Her worn feet fail, and she will perish, caught
 In the falling rain; but thou, make the way nought,
 And help her to her people in the cleft
 Of the black rock."

Silently Gabriel left
 The Presence, and prevented the king's sin,
 And help the little ant at entering in.

*Oh, Thou whose love is wide and great,
 We praise Thee, "The Compassionate."*

4.

AL-MALIK.

*Call Him "Al-Mâlik," King of all the kings,
 Maker and Master of created things.*

The Sultan of Damascus found asleep
 The potter Ebn Solûl,
 And bore him to the palace, where he waked
 In garments beautiful.

Consider! if a king should call thee "friend,"
And lead thee to his court,
Roofed large with lazulite, and pavemented
With flow'rs, on green floors wrought;

If he should bid thee sit at meat; and spread
A table, served so fine
There lacked not any pleasant food or fruit
But came at call of thine;

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp
To shine where thy feet tread; [gems,
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with
For curtains to thy bed;

If for thy heats he bade soft zephyrs blow;
Sent, at thy thirst, sweet rains;
And filled the groves with minstrels, gaily garbed,
To charm thee with their strains;

If, past the confines of his palace-grounds,
He showed thee spacious seas,
Where, wafted o'er the dancing foam, might sail
Thou and thine argosies;

If, for society in that fair place,
He gave glad companies,
Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss
Of beauty's lips and eyes;

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways
Of wondrous living things;
And lovely pleasure of all ornaments
That Nature's treasure brings:

Coral and pearl; turkis and agate stones
Milk-white or rosy-veined;
Amber and ivory; jade; shawls wove with gold,
Scarfs with sea-purple stained;

If the king gave thee these, and only wrote,
 Upon his inner door:
 "Serve me and honor me and keep my laws,
 And thus live evermore

In better bliss, when ye shall pass here by,—
 As surely pass ye must:—"—
 Who is there would not praise that monarch's name
 With forehead in the dust?

* * * * *

Lo! but He doeth this—Allah our King,
 His sky is lazulite;
 His earth is paved with emerald-work; its stores
 Are spread for man's delight;

His sun by day, His silver stars by night,
 Shine for our sakes, His breeze
 Cools us and wafts our ships; His pleasant lands
 Are girdled with the seas

Which send the rain, and make the crystal bridge
 Whereby man roams at will
 From court to court of Allah's pleasure-house;
 Seeing that writing still

Upon the inner gate—which all must pass—
 "Love me and keep my laws
 That ye may live, since there is greater life
 Beyond these darkened doors."

* * * * *

If Ebn Solûl, the potter, loved Him not
 Whose kindness was so strong;
 If Ebn Solûl kept not the palace laws,
 Had not that Sultan wrong?

*Oh, Sovereign Giver of good things,
 We praise thee, "Mâlik," King of kings.*

5.

ALLAH-AL-KUDDUS.

*Allah-al-Kuddûs—the “Holy One” He is;
But purify thy speech, pronouncing this;*

For even Israfil,
Who waits in Heaven still
Nearest the Throne, and hath the voice of sweetness,
Before his face doth fold
The wings of feathered gold,
Saying “Al-Kuddûs”; and in supreme completeness

Of lowly reverence stands,
Laying his angel-hands
Over his lips, lest Allah’s holiest name
Be lightly breathed on high;
And that white mystery
Pass, as if that and others were the same.

Iblîs¹—’tis written—when
He heareth among men
The name of “Allah” spoken, shrinks and flies;
But at the sound of this,
Uttered in realms of bliss,
The Djins and angels, in their ranks, arise.

And what believer dares
Begin his morning prayers
Without “wuzu’th”—th’ ablution? who is seen
His Korân to rehearse
But hath in mind its verse,
“Let none me touch, save such as are made clean?”

Lo! if with streams or sands
Ye lave the earnest hands

¹ Cf. Korân, cxiv. chapter “Of Men.”

Lifted in prayer; and if ye wash the mouth
 Which reads the sacred scroll,
 Dare ye with sullied soul
 Meditate this dread word, that shrines the truth

Of Allah's purity?
 Bethink! His great eyes see
 The hearts of men unto their inmost core;
 Make clean your hearts within;
 Cast forth each inmost sin;
 Then with bowed brows, say this name, and adore.

*Forgive, Thou Pure One!—Whom we bless—
 Of our good deeds the sinfulness.*

6.

ALLAH-AS-SALAM.

*Thou Who art "Peace," and unto peace dost bring,
 Allah-as-Salâm! we praise Thee, Judge and King!*

When th' unshunned Day arriveth, none of men shall
 doubt it come;
 Into Hell some it will lower, and exalt to Heaven
 some.

When the earth with quakenings quaketh, and the moun-
 tains crumble flat,
 Quick and dead shall be divided threefold; on this
 side, and that,

The Companions of the right hand (ah! how joyful
 they will be!)
 The Companions of the left hand (oh! what misery to
 see!)

Such, moreover, as of old time, loved the truth and
taught it well,
First in faith, they shall be foremost in reward: the
rest to Hell!

But those souls attaining Allah,—ah, the Gardens of
good cheer
Kept to lodge them! yea, besides the “Faithful,” many
will be there.

Lightly lying on soft couches, beautiful with brodered
gold,
Friends with friends, they shall be served by youths
immortal, who will hold

Akwâb, abareek—cups and goblets—brimming with
celestial wine—
Wine which hurts nor head nor stomach—this and
fruits of Heaven which shine

Bright, desirable; and rich flesh of what birds they
relish best;
Yea, and feasted, there shall soothe them damsels fair-
est, stateliest;—

Damsels having eyes of wonder, large black eyes like
hidden pearls,
Lulu'l-maknûn, Allah grants them, for sweet love,
those matchless girls.

Never in that Garden hear they speech of folly, sin, or
dread;
Only “Peace”—*As-Salâm* only—that one word for
ever said,

“Peace! Peace! Peace!” and the Companions of the
right hand (ah! those bowers!)
They shall roam in thornless lote-groves, under mawz-
trees hung with flowers.

Shaded, fed by flowing waters; near to fruits which
 never cloy,
 Hanging always ripe for plucking; and at hand the
 tender joy

Of those maids of Heaven, the Houris: lo! to them
 We gave a birth
 Specially creating, lo! they are not as the wives of
 earth;

Ever virginal and stainless, how so often they embrace,
 Always young and loved and loving these are; neither
 is there grace

Like the grace and bliss the Black-eyed keep for you
 in Paradise,
 Oh, Companions of the right hand! Oh, ye others that
 were wise!¹

*Giver of peace! when comes that day,
 Set us within thy sight, we pray.*

7.

AL-MAUMIN.

*Al-Maumin! "Faithful," fast, and just is he,
 And loveth such as live in verity.*

Ibn Sâwa, Lord of Bahrien, in the field
 Captured a Sheikh, an Arab of the hills,
 Sayid-bin-Tayf; and the king's oath was passed
 That each tenth man of all the captives die
 Together with their chieftains, for the war
 Waxed fierce, and hearts of men were turned to flame.
 So led they Sayid forth before the camp
 At Azan; and a eunuch of the guard,

¹ Cf. Korân, lvi. chapter "Of the Inevitable."

Savage and black, stood with his haick uprolled
Back to the armpit, and the scimeter's edge
Naked to strike.

But suddenly the king
Inquired, "Art thou not he gave me to drink,
Hunting gazelles, before the war began?"
"Yea, I am he!" said Sayid.

Quoth the king,
"Ask not thy life; but ask some other boon,
That I may pay my debt."

Sayid replied,
"Death is not terrible to me who die
Red with this unbelieving blood of thine;
But there hath come a firstborn in my tent;
Fain would I see my son's face for a day,
Before mine eyes are sealed. Lend me my life,
To hold as something borrowed from thy hand,
Which I will bring again."

"Ay!" laughed the king,
"If one should answer for it with his own.
Show me thy hostage!"

"Let me stand his bond,"
Spake one on whom the lot of mercy fell—
Ishâk of Tayf, a gallant youth and fair—
"I am his sister's son; bind ye my arms,
And set free Sayid, that he ride at speed,
And see his firstborn's face, and come again."

So Sayid went free again, seeking his home.
But in the camp they mocked that faithful friend,
Saying, Lo! as a fool thou diest now,
Staking thy life upon an Arab's word.
Why should he haste, to abide the bitter blade?
Will the scared jackal try the trap again;
The hawk once limed return unto the snare?
Cry to the desert-wind to turn and come,
But call not Sayid."

Ishâk only smiled,
And said, "He is a Muslim, he will come!"

The days passed, Sayid came not, and they led
The hostage forth; for Ishâk now must die;
But still he smiled, saying, "Till sunset's hour
Slay me not, for at sunset he will come."

So fell it, for the sun had touched the palms,
And that black swordsman stood again in act
To strike, when Sayid's white mare, galloping in,
Drew steaming breath before the royal tent;
And Sayid, leaping from the saddle, kissed
His kinsman's eyes, and gently spake to all,
"*Labbayki!* I am here."

Then said the king,
"Never before was known a deed like this
That one should stake his life upon a word;
The other ride to death as to a bride.
Live, and be friends of Ibn Sâwa, but speak!
Whence learned ye these high lessons?"

Ishâk spake,
"We are believers in the book which saith,
'Fulfill your covenants, if ye covenant;
For God is witness! Break no word with men
Which God hath heard; and surely He hears all.'"¹

That verse the king bade write in golden script
Over the palace gate; and he and his
Followed the Faith.

Ya! Allah-al-Maumin!
In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.

¹ Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter "Of the Bee."



8.

MUHAIMIN.

*Call Him Muhaimin, "Help in danger's hour,"
Protector of the true who trust His power.*

The spider and the dove!—what thing is weak
If Allah makes it strong?
The spider and the dove!—if He protect,
Fear thou not foemen's wrong.

From Mecca to Medina fled our Lord,
The horsemen followed fast;
Into a cave to shun their murderous rage,
Muhammad, weary, passed.

Quoth Abu Bekr, "If they see, we die!"
Quoth Ebn Foheir, "Away!"
The guide Abdallah said, "The sand is deep,
Those footmarks will betray."

Then spake our Lord, "We are not four, but Five;
'He Who protects' is here.
Come! Al-Muhaimin now will blind their eyes;
Enter, and have no fear."

The band drew nigh; one of the Koreish cried,
"Search ye out yonder cleft,
I see the print of sandaled feet which turn
Thither, upon the left!"

But when they drew unto the cavern's mouth,
Lo! at its entering-in,
A ring-necked desert dove sate on her eggs;
The mate cooed soft within.

And right athwart the shadow of the cave
A spider's web was spread;
The creature hung upon her net at watch;
Unbroken was each thread.

"By Thammuz' blood," the unbelievers cried,
 "Our toil and time are lost;
 Where doves hatch and the spider spins her snare
 No foot of man hath crossed!"

Thus did a desert bird and spider guard
 The blessèd Prophet then;
 For all things serve their Maker and their God
 Better than thankless men.

*Allah-al-Muhaimin! shield and save
 Us, for his sake within that cave.*

9.

AL-HATHIM.

*Say Al-Hathim! He is the mighty one!
 Praise Him, and hear the great "Verse of the throne."*

"Allah! there is none other God but He,
 The living God, the Self-subsistent One;
 Weariness cometh not to Him, nor sleep;
 And whatso is belongs to Him alone
 In heaven and earth; who is it intercedes
 With Him, save if He please? He is aware
 What is before them, and what after them,
 And they of all His knowledge nothing share
 Save what He will vouchsafe. His throne's foundation
 Sits splendid, high above the earth and sky,
 Which to sustain gives Him no meditation:
 Mightiest He is, Supreme in Majesty."

*Ayatu'l-Koorsîy! this we Muslims grave
 On polished gem and painted architrave;
 But thou, write its great letters on thy heart,
 Lauding the Mighty One, whose work thou art.*

10.

AL-JABBAR.

*The "All-Compelling! golden is that verse,
Which doth His title—Al-Jabbâr—rehearse.*

Sura the nine and fiftieth: "Fear ye God,
Oh, true believers! and let every soul
Heed what it doth to-day, because to-morrow
The same thing it shall find gone forward there
To meet and make and judge it. Fear ye God,
For He knows whatsoever deeds ye do.
Be not as those who have forgotten Him,
For they are those who have forgot themselves;
They are the evil-doers: not for such,
And for the heritors of Paradise,
Shall it be equal; Paradise is kept
For those thrice blessed who have ears to hear.

Lo! had we sent "the Book" unto Our Hills,
Our hills had bowed their crests in reverence,
And opened to the heart their breasts of rock
To take Heaven's message. Fear ye Him who knows
Present, and Past, and Future; fear ye Him
Who is the Only, Holy, Faithful Lord,
Glorious and good, compelling to His will
All things, for all things He hath made and rules.

*So rules, Al-Jabbâr; make our wills
Bend, though more stubborn than the hills.*



11.

AL-MUTAKABBIR.

*Al-Mutakabbir! all the heavens declare
His majesty, Who makes them what they are.*

Azar, of Abraham the father, spake
Unto his son, "Come! and thine offerings make
Before the gods whose images divine
In Nimrûd's carved and painted temple shine.
Pay worship to the sun's great orb of gold;
Adore the queen-moon's silver state; behold
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl, in their might,
Those stars of glory, those high lords of light.
These have we wrought, as fitteth gods alone,
In bronze and ivory and chiseled stone.
Obey, as did thy sires, these powers of Heaven
Which rule the world, throned in the circles seven."

But Abraham said, "Did they not see the sun
Sink and grow darkened, when the days were done?
Did not the moon for them, too, wax and wane,
That they should pay her worship, false and vain?
Lo! all these stars have laws to rise and set,—
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl,—wilt thou yet
Bid me praise gods who humbly come and go,
Lights that a Greater Light hath kindled? No!
I dare not bow the knee to one of these;
My Lord is He who (past the sky man sees)
Waxeth and waneth not, Unchanged of all,
Him only 'God,' Him only 'Great,' I call."

*Well spak'st thou, Friend of Allah. None
Is "great" except the Greatest One.*



12.

THE CREATOR.

*Praise the "Creator!" He who made us live,
Life everlasting unto us can give.*

By the glorious Book We have sent! do they wonder
a warner is come

Out from among themselves? Do the misbelievers say
"This is a marvelous thing! What! when we are dead
and dust,

To live! to arise! See now, this hope is a hope far
away!"

But what the grave shall consume, and what of the
man it shall leave,

We know, for a roll is with Us where each soul's
order is set.

Will they call the truth a lie when it cometh to them,
and dwell

Wrangling and foolish and fearful, confounding the
matter? But yet

The heaven is above them to see how fair We have
builded its arch,

Painted it golden and blue, finished it perfect and
clear;

And the earth how We spread it forth, and planted
the mountains thereon;

And made all the manifold trees and the beautiful
blossoms appear.

Memorials are these to the wise, and a message to him
who repents;

Moreover We drop from the clouds the blessing of
water, the rain,

Whereby the cool gardens do grow, and the palms
soaring up to the sky

With their date-laden branches and boughs, one
over the other; and grain

To nourish the children of men. Lo! thus We have
 quickened dead clay
 On the bosom of earth, and beneath her: so, too,
 shall a quickening be.

* * * * *

What! deem they it wearied God to create?—that
 His power was spent?
 They are fools, and they darken their eyes to that
 which He willeth them see.
 We have fashioned man, and we know the thoughts of
 his innermost heart;
 We are closer to him than his blood, more near
 than the vein of his throat;
 At the right of ye all sits a watcher, a watcher sits at
 your left;
 And whatso each speaketh or thinketh, those two
 have known it and note.

*Al-Khâlik! Fashioner Divine!
 Finish Thy work and make us Thine!*



13.

AL-BARI.

*Al-Bâri! Moulder of each form and frame,—
 Pots praise the Potter, when we speak this name.*

Praise be to God, the Designer, Builder of earth and
 of Heaven!
 Fashioned His Angels He hath, making them mes-
 sengers still;
 Two wings to some and four wings to some, and to
 some He hath given
 Six and eight silver wings, making what marvels
 He will.

Verily mighty is He, and what He bestoweth of blessing
 None can withhold; and none what He withholdeth
 can send;
 Children of men! remember the mercies of Allah toward ye,
 Is there a Maker save this, is there another such
 Friend?

*Nowhere another one we see,
 Wondrous "Artificer!" like Thee.*

14.

AL-MUZAWWIR.

*Al-Muzawwir! the "Fashioner!" say thus;
 Still lauding Him who hath compounded us.*

When the Lord would fashion men,
 Spake He in the Angels' hearing,
 "Lo! Our will is there shall be
 On the earth a creature bearing
 Rule and royalty. To-day
 We will shape a man from clay."

Spake the Angels, "Wilt Thou make
 Man who must forget his Maker,
 Working evil, shedding blood,
 Of thy precepts the forsaker?
 But Thou knowest all, and we
 Celebrate Thy majesty."

Answered Allah, "Yea! I know
 What ye know not of this making;
 Gabriel! Michael! Israfil!
 Go down to the earth, and taking
 Seven clods of colors seven,
 Bring them unto Me in Heaven."

Then those holy Angels three
Spread their pinions and descended;
Seeking clods of diverse clay,
That all colors might be blended;
Yellow, tawny, dun, black, brown,
White and red, as men are known.

But the earth spake, sore afraid,
"Angels, of my substance take not;
Give me back my dust, and pray
That the dread Creator make not
Man, for he will sin, and bring
Wrath on me and suffering."

Therefore empty-handed came
Gabriel, Michael, Israfil,
Saying, "Lord! Thy earth imploreth
Man may never on her dwell;
'He will sin and anger thee,
Give me back my clay!' cried she."

Spake the Lord to Azrael,
"Go thou, who of wing art surest.
Tell my earth this shall be well;
Bring those clods, which thou procurest
From her bosom, unto Me;
Shape them as I order thee."

Thus 'tis written how the Lord
Fashioned Adam for His glory,
Whom the Angels worshipèd,
All save Iblîs; and this story
Teacheth wherefore Azrael saith,
"Come thou!" at man's hour of death.

*Allah! when he doth call us, take!
We are such clay as Thou did'st make:*

15.

AL-GHAFFAR.

*Al-Ghaffâr, the "Forgiver," praise thereby
Thy Lord who is so full of clemency.*

Once, it is written, Abraham, "God's Friend,"
Angered his Lord; for there had ridden in
Across the burning yellow desert-flats
An aged man, haggard with two days' drouth,
The waterskin swung from his saddle-fork
Wrinkled and dry; the dust clove to his lids,
And clogged his beard; his parched tongue and black
lips
Moved to say, "Give me a drink," yet uttered nought;
And that gaunt camel which he rode upon,
Sank to the earth at entering of the camp,
Too spent except to lay its neck along
The sand, and moan.

To whom when they had given
The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond-drops
Of sparkling life, that wayworn Arab laved
The muzzle of his beast, and filled her mouth;
Then westward turned with bloodshot, worshipping
eyes,
Pouring forth water to the setting orb:
Next, would have drunk, but Abraham saw, and said,
"Let not this unbeliever drink, who pours
God's gift of water forth unto the sun,
Which is but creature of the living Lord."

But while the man still clutched the precious jar,
Striving to quaff, a form of grace drew nigh,—
Beauteous, majestic. If he came afoot,
None knew, or if he glided from the sky.
With gentle air he filled a gourd and gave
The man to drink, and Abraham—in wrath
That one should disobey him in his tents—

Made to forbid; when full upon him smote
 Eyes of divine light, eyes of high rebuke—
 For this was Michael, Allah's messenger:
 "Lo! God reproveth thee, thou Friend of God!
 Forbiddest thou gift of the common stream
 To this idolater, spent with the heat,
 Who, in his utmost need, watered his beast,
 And bowed the knee in reverence, ere he drank?
 Allah hath borne with him these three-score years,
 Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and made
 His household fruitful and his herds increase;
 And find'st thou not patience to pity him
 Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end,
 Since none save He wotteth what end will come,
 Or who shall find the light. Thou art rebuked!
 Seek pardon! for thou hast much need to seek."

Thereat the angel vanished, as he came;
 But Abraham, with humbled countenance,
 Kissed reverently the heathen's hand, and spake—
 Leading him to the chief seat in the tent—
 "God pardon me, as He doth pardon thee!"

*Long-suffering Lord! ah, who should be
 Forgiven, if Thou wert as we?*

16.

AL-KAHHAR.

*Al-Kahhâr—call Him "Dominant," the King,
 Who maketh, knoweth, ruleth everything.*

The "Chapter of the Cattle:"¹ Heaven is whose,
 And whose is earth? Say Allah's, that did choose
 On His own might to lay the law of mercy.
 He, at the Resurrection, will not lose

¹ Cf. Korân, vi. chapter "Of cattle,"

One of His own. What falleth, night or day,
Falleth by His Almighty word alway.

Wilt thou have any other Lord than Allah,
Who is not fed, but feedeth all flesh? Say!

For if He visit thee with woe, none makes
The woe to cease save He; and if He takes
Pleasure to send thee pleasure, He is Master
Over all gifts; nor doth His thought forsake

The creatures of the field, nor fowls that fly;
They are "a people" also: "These, too, I
Have set," the Lord saith, "in My book of record;
These shall be gathered to Me by and by."

With Him of all things secret are the keys;
None other hath them, but He hath; and sees
Whatever is in land, or air, or water,
Each bloom that blows, each foam-bell on the seas.

Nor is there any little hidden grain
Swelling beneath the sod, nor in the main
Any small fish or shell, nor of the earth
Green things or dry things upon hill or plain,

But these are written in th' unerring Book:
And what ye did by day, and when ye took
Your slumbers, and the last sleep; then to Him
Is your return, and the account's there!—look!

*Al-Kahhâr! All-embracing One!
Our trust is fixed on Thee alone.*



17.

THE BESTOWER.

*Praise "the Bestower:" unto all that live
He giveth, and He loveth those who give.*

The Imâm Ali, Lion of the Faith,
Have ye not heard his giving? What he had
The poor had, for he held his gold and goods
As Allah's almoner. Ali it was
Who in the Mecca mosque at evening prayer—
Being entreated by some needy one—
Would not break off, yet would not let the man
Ask him in vain for what he asked of God,
Favor and aid; wherefore—amid the words—
He drew his emerald, carved with Allah's praise,
From his third finger, giving it; and prayed
With face unturned.

If he had pieces ten,
He succored fivescore; if one dinar, then
Into ten dirhems he divided that,
And fed ten "people of the bench." Our Lord
(On whom be peace!) in all men's hearing said,
"This is the Prince of Givers!"

Once it fell,
Being sore hungered in his house, he cried,
"Fatmeh! thou daughter of the Prophet of God,
Find me to eat, if thou hast any food."
And Fatmeh said, "Father of Hassan! here
Not a dry date is left—not one—I swear
By Him besides Whom is none other God;
But in the corner of the tomb I laid
Six silver akchas: take them, if thou wilt,
And buy thee in the market food, and bring
Fruits for our boys, Hassan and Hussain." Thus
Ali departed. On his way he spied
Two Mussulmans, of whom one rudely hailed
The other, crying, "Pay thy debt, or come

Unto the prison where the smiter waits."
And he who owed had nought, and wept amain,
Sighing, "Alas the day!" But Ali asked,
"What is thy debt, my brother?" Then he moaned,
"Six akchas, for the lack of which the chains
Must load me." "Nay!" spake Ali, "they are here;
Take them and pay the man, and go in peace."
So went that debtor free, but Ali came
Empty in hand and belly home again
Unto his door, where Fatmeh and the sons,
Hassan and Hussain, seeing him approach,
Ran joyous forth, crying, "He bringeth us
Dates now, and honey, and new camels' milk;
Soon shall we feast." But when they saw his cloth
Hang void, and troubled eyes, and heard him say,
"Upon my road I met a poorer man
Who, for six akchas, should have borne the chains;
To him I gave them, and I bring ye nought,"
Then the lads wept; but Fatmeh smiled and spake:
"Well hast thou done, oh, servant of the Lord!
Weep not, ye sons of Ali, though we fast;
Who feedeth Allah's children, feasts His own:
He, the 'Bestower,' will provide for us."

But Ali turned, heart-sore because the boys
Lacked meat, and Fatmeh's lovely eyes were sunk
Hollow with hunger. "I will go," thought he,
"Unto the blessed Prophet; for, if one
Be burdened with a thousand woes, his word
Dismisses them and makes the sorrow joy."
So bent he mournful steps thither, to tell
The Lord Muhammad of this strait, when—lo!
An Arab in mid path encountered him,
Of noble bearing, with a chieftain's mien,
Leading a riding-camel by her string,
Black, with full teeth, the best beast ever foaled.
"Buy Wurdah!—buy my desert rose," quoth he;
"One hundred akchas make her thine, so thou
Shalt own the best in Hedjas, or at choice
Sell her at double money." Ali said,

"The beast is excellent! Fain would I buy,
But have not in my scrip thy price." "Go to,"
The Sheikh replied; "take her, and bring thy gold,
When Allah pleaseth, to the western gate;
I will await thee."

Ali nodded; took
The nose-string, turning to the left to seek
The camel merchants that should buy the beast;
Whom at the very entry of the khan
Another Arab in the desert garb,
Lordly and gracious like his fellow, met,
And quick saluted, saying, "Peace with thee!
God send thee favor! Wilt thou sell me now
Thy riding-camel with the great stag-eyes?
Here be three hundred akehas counted down,
Silver and gold, good money! Such an one
I sought, but found not, till I saw thee here."
"If thou wilt buy," quoth Ali, "be it so!"
And thereupon that Bedawee counted out
Dinars and dirhems—little suns and moons
Of glittering gold and silver—in his cloth,
And took the beast; but Ali, with one piece
Bought food and fruits, and, hastening home again,
Heard his lads laugh with joy to see the store
Poured forth;—white cakes and dates and amber
grapes—

And smiled himself to mark Fatmeh's soft eyes
Gladden; then, having eaten, blessed the Lord,
Giver of gifts, "Bestower."

So, once more

Made he to go unto the western gate
To pay his seller; but upon the street
The Prophet met him. Lightly smiled our Lord,
(On whom be comfort!) lightly questioned he,
Saying, "Oh, Ali! who was he did sell
Thy riding-camel, and to whom didst thou
Sell her again?" Quoth Ali, "Only God
Knoweth, except thou knowest! Spake our Lord,
"Yea, but I know! That was great Gabriel,
Chief messenger of Heaven, from whom thou bought'st;

And he to whom thou sold'st was Israfil,
His heavenly fellow; and that beast did come
Forth from the pleasure-fields of Paradise,
And thither back is gone; for—look! my son,
Allah hath recompensed thee fifty times
The goodly deed thou didst, giving thine all
To free the weeping debtor. Oh, He sees
And measures and bestows; but what is kept,
Beyond gifts here for kindly hearts that love,
God only wotteth, and the Eternal Peace."

*Bestower! grant us grace to see
Our gain is what we lose for Thee.*

18.

AL-RAZZAK.

*Al-Razzâk! the "Provider!" thus again
Praise Him who, having formed thee, doth sustain.*

By the high dawn,
When the light of the sun is strong!
By the thick night,
When the darkness is deep and long!
He hath not forsook thee, nor hated!
By His mercies, I say,
The life which will come shall be better
Than the life of to-day.

In the latter days
The Lord thy "Provider" shall give;
When thou knowest His gift
Thou wilt not ask rather to live;
Look back! thou wert friendless and frameless,
He made thee from nought;

Look back! thou wert blinded and wandering,
 To the light thou art brought!
 Consider! shall Allah forego thee
 Since thus He hath wrought?¹

*The favor of thy Lord perpend,
 And praise His mercies without end.*

19.

AL-FATTA'H.

*Al-Fattâ'h! praise the "Opener!" and recite
 The marvels of that "Journey of the Night."*²

Our Lord Muhammad lay upon the hill
 Safâ, whereby the holy city stands,
 Asleep, wrapped in a robe of camels' wool.
 Dark was the night—that Night of Grace—and still;
 When all the seven spheres, by God's commands,
 Opened unto him, splendid and wonderful!

For Gabriel, softly lighting, touched his side,
 Saying, "Rise, thou enwrapped one! Come and see
 The things which be beyond. Lo! I have brought
 Borak, the horse of swiftness; mount and ride!"
 Milk-white that steed was, with embroidery
 Of pearls and emeralds in his long hair wrought.

Hoofed like a mule he was, with a man's face;
 His eyes gleamed from his forelock, each a star
 Of lucent hyacinth; the saddle-cloth
 Was woven gold, which priceless work did grace:
 The lightning goeth not so fast or far
 As those broad pinions which he fluttered forth.

¹ Cf. Korân, xciii. chapter "Of the Forenoon."

² Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter "Of the Night Journey."

One heel he smote on Safâ, and one heel
On Sinai—where the dint is to this day.
Next at Jerusalem he neighed. Our Lord,
Descending with th' Archangel there, did kneel
Making the midnight prayer; afterwards they
Tethered him to the Temple by a cord.

“Ascend!” spake Gabriel; and behold! there fell
Out of the sky a ladder bright and great,
Whereby, with easy steps, on radiant stairs,
They mounted—past our earth and heaven and hell—
To the first sphere, where Adam kept the gate,
Which was of vaporous gold and silvery squares.

Here thronged the lesser Angels: some took charge
To fill the clouds with rain and speed them round,
And some to tend live creatures; for what's born
Hath guardians there in its own shape: a large
Beauteous white cock crowed matins, at the sound
Cocks in a thousand planets hailed the morn.

Unto the second sphere by that white slope
Ascended they, whereof Noah held the key;
And twofold was the throng of Angels here;
But all so dazzling glowed its fretted cope,
Burning with beams, Muhammad could not see
What manner of celestial folk were there.

The third sphere lay a thousand years beyond
If thou should'st journey as the sun-ray doth,
But in one *Fâtihah* clomb they thitherward.
David and Solomon in union fond
Ruled at the entrance, keeping Sabaoth
Of ceaseless joy. The void was paven hard

With paven work of rubies—if there be
Jewels on earth to liken unto them
Which had such color as no goldsmith knows—
And here a vast Archangel they did see,
“Faithful of God” his name, whose diadem
Was set with peopled stars; wherefrom arose

Lauds to the glory of God, filling the blue
With lovely music, as rose-gardens fill
A land with essences; and young stars, shaking
Tresses of lovely light, gathered and grew
Under his mighty plumes, departing still
Like ships with crews and treasure, voyage-making.

So came they to the fourth sphere, where there sate
Enoch, who never tasted death; and there
Behind its portal awful Azrael writes;
The shadow of his brows compassionate
Made night cross all worlds; our Lord felt fear,
Marking the stern eyes and the hand which smites,

For always on a scroll he sets the names
Of newborn beings, and from off the scroll
He blotteth who must die; and holy tears
Roll down his cheeks, recording all our shames
And sins and penalties; while of each soul
Monker and Nakir reckon the arrears.

Next, at the fifth sphere's entry, they were 'ware
Of a door built in sapphire, having graven
Letters of flashing fire, the faith unfolding,
"THERE IS NO GOD SAVE GOD." Aaron sate there
Guarding the "region of the wrath of Heaven;"
And Israfil behind, his trumpet holding.

His trumpet holding—which shall wake the dead
And slay the living—all his cheek puffed out,
Bursting to blow; for none knows Allah's time,
Nor when the word of judgment shall be said:
And darts, and chains of flame, lay all around,
Terrible tortures for th' ungodly's crime.

When to the sixth sphere passed they, Moses sped
Its bars of chrysoprase, and kissed our Lord,
And spake full sweet, "Prophet of Allah! thou
More souls of Ismael's tribes to truth hast led,
Than I of Isaak's." Here the crystal sword
Of Michael gave the light they journeyed through.

But at the seventh sphere that light which shone
Hath not an earthly name, nor any voice
Can tell its splendor, nay, nor any ear
Learn, if it listened; only he alone
Who saw it, knows how there th' elect rejoice,
Isa, and Ibrahim, and the souls most dear.

And he, the glorious regent of that sphere,
Had seventy thousand heads; and every head
As many countenances; and each face
As many mouths; and in each mouth there were
Tongues seventy thousand, whereof each tongue said,
Ever and ever, "Praise to Allah! praise!"

Here, at the bound, is fixed that lotus-tree
SEDRA, which none among the Angels pass; -
And not great Gabriel's self might farther wend:
Yet, led by presences too bright to see,
Too high to name, on paths like purple glass
Our Lord Muhammad journeyed to the end.

Alone! Alone! through hosts of Cherubim
Crowding the infinite void with whispering vans,
From splendor unto splendor still he sped;
Across the "Lake of Gloom" they ferried him,
And then the "Sea of Glory:" mortal man's
Heart can not hold the wonders witnessed.

So to the "Region of the Veils" he came,
Which shut all times off from eternity,
The bars of being where thought can not reach:
Ten thousand thousand are they, walls of flame
Lambent with loveliness and mystery,
Ramparts of utmost heaven, having no breach.

Then he saw God! our Prophet saw THE THRONE!—
Oh, Allah! let these weak words be forgiven!—
Thou, the Supreme, the "Opener," spake at last;
The Throne! the Throne! he saw; our Lord alone!
Saw it and heard!—but the verse falls from heaven
Like a poised eagle, whom the lightnings blast.

* * * * *

And Gabriel waiting by the tree he found;
 And Borak tethered to the Temple porch;
 He loosed the horse, and 'twixt its wings ascended.
 One hoof it smote on Zion's hallowed ground,
 One upon Sinai; and the day-star's torch
 Was not yet fading when the journey ended.

*Al-Fâttd'h! "Opener!" we say
 Thy name, and worship Thee alway.*

20.

AL-'ALIM.

*Al-'Alim! the "All-Knower!" by this word
 Praise Him Who sees th' unseen, and hears th' unheard.*

If ye keep hidden your mind, if ye declare it aloud,
 Equally God hath perceived, equally known is each
 thought:
 If on your housetops ye sin, if in dark chambers ye
 shroud,
 Equally God hath beheld, equally judgment is
 wrought.

He, without listing, doth know how many breathings
 ye make;
 Numbereth the hairs of your heads, wotteth the beats
 of your blood;
 Heareth the feet of the ant when she wanders by night
 in the brake;
 Counteth the eggs of the snake and the cubs of the
 wolf in the wood.

Mute the Moakkibât¹ sit this side and that side of men,
One on the right noting good, and one on the left
noting ill;
Each hath those Angels beside him who write with in-
visible pen
Whatso he doeth, or sayeth, or thinketh, recording
it still.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth
aright,
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on
the roll;
Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly
light,
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten
on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth
lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel and whispers, "For-
bear thy pen!
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him
and pray;
At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness
it then."²

*Al-'Alim! Thou Who knowest all,
With hearts unveiled on Thee we call.*

¹ These are the "Successors," or Angels of Record, who re-
lieve each other in the duty of registering human actions, &c.

² Cf. Korân, xiii. chapter "Of thunder."



21.

YAKBUZU WA YABSUTU.

*Yakbuzu wa Yabsutu! heaven and hell
He closeth and uncloseth—and doth well!*¹

In gold and silk and robes of pride
An evil-hearted monarch died;
Pampered and arrogant his soul
Quitted the grave. His eyes did roll
Hither and thither, deeming some
In that new world should surely come
To lead his spirit to a seat
Of state, for kingly merit meet.
What saw he? 'Twas a hag so foul
There is no Afrit, Djin, or Ghoul
With countenance as vile or mien,
As fearful, and such terrors seen
In the fierce voice and hideous air,
Blood-dripping hands and matted hair.
"Allah have mercy!" cried the king,
"Whence and what art thou, hateful thing?"
"Dost thou not know—who gav'st me birth?"
Replied the form; "thy sins on earth
In me embodied thus behold.
I am thy wicked work! Unfold
Thine arms and clasp me, for we two
In hell must live thy sentence through."

Then with a bitter cry, 'tis writ,
The king's soul passed unto the pit.

*Al-Kabiz! so He bars the gate
Against the unregenerate.*

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

22.

AL-BASIT.

*Yet He who shuts the gate, just wrath to wreak,
Unbars it, full of mercy, to the meek.*

There died upon the Miraj night,
A man of Mecca, Amru hight;
Faithful and true, patient and pure,
Had been his years; he did endure
In war five spear-wounds, and in peace
Long journeying for his tribe's increase;
And ever of his gains he gave
Unto poor brethern—kind as brave:
But these forsook, and age and toil
Drained the strong heart as flames drink oil;
Till, lone and friendless, gray and spent—
A thorn-tree's shadow for his tent,
And desert sand for dying-bed—
Amru the camel-man lay dead.

What is it that the Hadîth saith?
Even while the true eyes glazed in death,
And the warm heart wearied, and beat
The last drum of its long defeat,
An Angel, lighting on the sand,
Took Amru's spirit by the hand,
And gently spake, "Dear brother, come!
A sore road thou didst journey home;
But life's dry desert thou hast passed,
And Zem-Zem sparkles nigh at last,"
Then with swift flight those twain did rise
Unto the gates of Paradise,
Which opened, and the Angel gave
A golden 'granate, saying, "Cleave
This fruit, my brother!" But its scent
So heavenly seemed, and so intent,

So rapt was Amru, to behold
The great fruit's rind of blushing gold
And emerald leaves—he dared not touch,
Murmuring, “Oh, Mâlik! 'tis too much
That I am here, with eyes so dim,
And grace all fled.” Then bade they him
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly,
'Mid water-roses and white lily,
Under those lawns and smiling skies
That make delight in Paradise;
When, lo! the presence imaged there
Was of such comeliness, no peer
Among those glorious Angels stood
To Amru, mirrored in the flood.

“I! is it I?” he cried in gladness,
“Am I so changed from toil and sadness?”
“This was thy hidden self,” replied
The Angels. “So shalt thou abide
By our bright river evermore,
And in that fair fruit's secret core—
Which on the Tree of Life hath grown—
Another marvel shall be shown.
Ah, happy Amru! cleave!” He clove:—
Sweet miracle of bliss and love!
Forth from the pomegranate there grew,
As from its bud a rose breaks through,
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,
Whose black orbs long silk lashes shade,
Whose beauty was so rich to see
No verse can tell it worthily;
Nor is there found in any place
One like her for the perfect grace
Of soft arms wreathed and ripe lips moving
In accents musical and loving;
For thus she spake: “Peace be to thee,
My Amru!” Then, with quick cry, he:
“Who art thou, blessed one? What name
Wearest thou? Teach my tongue to frame

This worship of my heart." Said she,
 "Thy good deeds gave me being: see,
 If in my beauty thou hast pleasure,
 How the Most High doth truly treasure
 Joy for his servants. Murzieh I—
 She that doth love and satisfy—
 And I am made by Allah's hand
 Of ambergris and musk, to stand
 Beside thee, soothing thee, and tending
 In comfort and in peace unending."

So hand in hand, 'tis writ, they went
 To those bright bowers of high content.

*Al-Bâsit! thus He opens wide
 His mercies to the justified.*

23.

AL-KHAFIZ.

*Al-Khâfiz! the "Abaser!" praise hereby
 Him who doth mock at earthly majesty.*

Heard ye of Nimrûd? Cities fell before him;
 Shinar, from Accad to the Indian Sea,
 His garden was; as God, men did adore him;
 Queens were his slaves, and kings his vassalry.

Eminent on his car of carven brass, [wheel;
 Through foeman's blood nave-deep he drave his
 And not a lion in the river-grass,
 Could keep its shaggy fell from Nimrûd's steel.

But he scorned Allah, schemed a tower to invade Him;
 Dreamed to scale Heaven, and measure might with
 God;
 Heaped high the foolish clay wherefrom We made him,
 And built thereon his seven-fold house of the clod.

Therefore, the least Our messengers among,
 We sent;—a gray gnat dancing in the reeds:
 Into his ear she crept, buzzing,—and stung.
 So perished mighty Nimrūd and his deeds.

*Oh, Thou Abaser of all pride!
 Mighty Thou art, and none beside.*

 24.

AR-RAFI.

*Ar-Râfi! the "Exalter!" laud him so
 Who loves the humble and lifts up the low.*

Whom hath He chosen for His priests and preachers,
 Lords who were eminent, or men of might?
 Nay, but consider how He seeks His teachers,
 Hidden, like rubies unawarè of light.

Ur of the Chaldees! What chance to discover
 Th' elect of Heaven in Azar's leathern tent?
 But Allah saw His child, and friend, and lover,
 And Abraham was born, and sealed, and sent.

The babe committed to th' Egyptian water!
 Knew any that the tide of Nilus laved
 The hope of Israel there? Yet Pharaoh's daughter
 Found the frail ark, and so was Moses saved.

Low lies the Syrian town behind the mountain
 Where Mary, meek and spotless, knelt that morn,
 And saw the splendid Angel by the fountain,
 And heard his voice, "Lord Isa shall be born!"

Nay, and Muhammad (blessèd may he be!),
 Abdallah's and Amînah's holy son,
 Whom black Halîmah nursed, the Bedawee,
 Where lived a lonelier or a humbler one?

Think how *he* led the camels of Khadijah,
 Poor, but illumined by the light of Heaven;
 Mightier than Noah, or Enoch, or Elijah,
 Our holy Prophet, to Arabia given.

Man knew him not, wrapped in his cloth, and weeping
 Lonely on Hirâ all that wondrous night;
 But Allah for His own our Lord was keeping:—
 "Rise, thou enwrapped one!" Gabriel spake, "and
 write."

*Save God there is none high at all,
 Nor any low whom He doth call.*

25.

AL-MUHIZZ.

*Al-Muhizz! by this title celebrate
 The "Honorer" whose favor maketh great.*

Say "God," say "Lord of all!
 Kingdoms and kings Thou makest and unmakest,
 This one Thou takest, that one Thou forsakest;
 Alike are great and small;
 Into Thy hand they fall."

"In Thy dread hand they rest;
 Their nights and days, their waking and their sleeping,
 Their birth, and life, and death lie in Thy keeping;
 'Be thus' to each Thou say'st,
 And thus to be is best,

"Though it seem good or ill.
 Islâm!—to Thee our souls we do resign,
 Turning our faces to the blessed shrine;
 Seeking no honor still
 Save from Thy will."¹

*Al-Muhizz! only this we pray
 To learn Thy will and to obey.*

26.

AL-MUZIL.

*Oh, Al-Muzil! what if it be Thy will,
 Having made man, to lead him unto ill?*

Saith the Perspicuous Book: "All things which be are
 of God;

Neither, except by His word, falleth a leaf to the
 ground;

If He will open He openeth, and whom He hath
 blinded He blindeth,

Leading, misleading; to none liable, blameable,
 bound."²

Saith the Perspicuous Book: "Tied on the neck of a
 man

Hangeth the scroll of his fate, not a line to be gain-
 said or grudged;

When the trumpet of Israfil thunders, the Angels will
 show it and say,

Read there what thine own deeds have written;
 thyself by thyself shall be judged."³

¹ Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

² Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

³ Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter "Of the Night Journey."

Wilt thou be wiser than God who knoweth beginning
and end?

Wilt thou be juster than He whose balance is turned
by a sigh?

He sayeth, "It shall not be equal for the doers of right
and of wrong."

"It shall not be equal," He sayeth, "for them that
accept and deny."¹

*Al-Muzîl! lead us not astray!
Teach us to find the perfect way.*

27.

AS-SAMI'H.

*As-Samî'h! Oh, Thou hearer! none can be
So far, his crying doth not come to Thee.*

Writes in his Mesnevî, Jelâlu-'d-deen:
There came a man of Yaman, poor and old,
To Mecca, making pilgrimage; untaught,
A shepherd of the hills. Humble he trod
The six mikât, the stages of the Hadj;
Humbly indued the ihrâm, garb of faith
Which hath no seam; made due ablutions, kissed
The black stone; then three times with hastening feet
Circled the Kaabah, and four times paced
With slackened gait the tawâf, as is due,
(For such observances the Mollah taught).
But, when he bowed before the Holy Place,
Thus brake his soul from him, knowing no prayer,
Full of God's love, though ignorant of God:
"Oh, Master! Oh, my Sheikh! where tarriest Thou?
Show me Thy face that I may worship Thee,
May toil Thy servant, which I am in heart:
Ah! let me sew Thy shoes, anoint Thine hair,

¹ Cf. Korân, *eodem loco*.

Wash Thy soiled robes, and serve Thee daily up
My she-goats' freshest milk—I love Thee so!
Where hidest Thou, that I may kiss Thine hand,
Chafe Thy dear feet, and ere Thou takest rest—
In the gold sky, beside Thy sun, belike,
Among the soft-spread fleeces of Thy clouds—
Sweep out Thy chamber, oh, my joy, my King!”

Which hearing, they who kept the shrine, incensed,
Had haled him to the gateway, crying, “Dog!
What blasphemy is this thou utterest,
Saying such things of Him That hath no needs
Of nourishment, nor clothing, nor repose,
Nor hands, nor feet, nor any form or frame;
That thou, base keeper of a silly herd,
Shouldst proffer service to the All-Powerful?
Meet were it that we stone thee dead with stones,
Who art accursed and injurious.
Begone! these holy walls are not for thee.”

So, sore abashed, that shepherd made to go,
Silent and weeping; but our Prophet marked,
And with mild eyes smiled on the man; then spake
To those that drave him forth: “Ye, when ye pray
Outside this holy place, in distant lands,
Whither turn ye your faces?” Each one said,
“Unto the Kaabah.” “And when ye pray,
Within the blessed precincts, pilgrims here,
Which way lies Mecca?” “All is sacred here,”
They answered, “and it matters nought which way.”
“Lo, now ye reason well,” replied our Lord;
“Inside the Kaabah it matters nought
Whither men turn; and in the secret place
Of perfect love for God, words are as breath
And will is all. This simple shepherd's prayer
Came unto Allah's ears clearer than yours,
Nathless his ignorance, because his heart—
Not tongue, not understanding—uttered it.
Make room for God's poor lover nighest me;
Good fellowship hath any man with him

To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself
As doth a mother's when her babe lisps love."

Then were they sore ashamed in that hour.

*Hearer of hearts! As-Samî'h! so
Our love inspire, and Thine bestow.*

28.

AL-BAZIR.

*Al-Bazîr! Oh, Thou Seer! great and small
Live in Thy vision, which embraceth all.*

Were it one wasted seed of water-grass,
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,
He seeth if she find, and how she comes
On busy winglets to her hollow tree.
The seeing of His eyes should not be told,
Though all the reeds in all the earth were cut
To writing-sticks, and all the seven seas
Were seven times multiplied, flowing with ink,
And seventy Angels wrote. He beholds all
Which was, or is, or will be: yea, with Him
Is present vision of five secret things:
The Day of Judgment; and the times of rain
The child hid in the womb—its quickening,
And whether male or female;—what will fall
To-morrow (as ye know what did befall
Yesterday); and where every man shall die.¹

"Where every man shall die." Al Beidhâwi
Presenteth how there sate with Solomon
A prince of India, and there passed them by
Azrael, Angel of Death, on shadowy plumes;

¹ Cf. Korân, xxxi. chapter "Of Lokman."

With great eyes gazing earnestly, as one
Who wonders, gazing. And, because the prince
Sate with the king, he saw what the king saw,
The Djins and Angels, and saw Azrael
Fixing on him those awful searching eyes;
“What name, I pray thee, wears yon messenger?”
So asked he of the king; and Solomon
Made answer, “It is Azrael who calls
The souls of men.” “He seemed,” whispered the prince,
“To have an errand unto me;—bid now
That one among thy demon ministers
Waft me, upon the swiftest wing that beats,
To India, for I fear him.” Solomon
Issued command, and a swift Djin sprang forth
Bearing the prince aloft, so that he came
To Coromandel, ere the fruit—which fell
Out of the fig—had touched the marble floor.

Thereupon Azrael said to Solomon,
“I looked thus earnestly upon the man
In wonder, for my Lord spake, ‘Take his soul
In India.’ Yet behold he talked with thee
Here in Judæa! Now see! he hath gone
There where it was commanded, he should die.”

Then followed Azrael. In that hour the prince
Died of a hurt, sitting in India.

*With Thee, Lord, be the time and place,
So that we die in Thy dear grace.*

29.

AL-HAKIM.

*Al-Hâkim! think upon the Day of Doom,
And fear “the Judge” before Whom all must come.*

When the sun is withered up,
And the stars from Heaven roll;

When the mountains quake,
And ye let stray your she-camels,
Gone ten months in foal;
When wild beasts flock
With the people and the cattle
In terror, in amazement,
And the seas boil and rattle;
And the dead souls
For their bodies seek;
And the child vilely slain
Is bid to speak,
Being asked, "Who killed thee, little maid?
Tell us his name!"
While the books are unsealed,
And crimson flame
Flayeth the skin of the skies,
And Hell breaks ablaze;
And Paradise
Opens her beautiful gates to the gaze;—
Then shall each soul
Know the issues of the whole,
And the balance of its scroll.¹
Shall We swear by the stars
Which fade away?
By the Night drowned in darkness,
By the dead Day?
We swear not! A true thing is this;
It standeth sure,
He saw it and he heard, and Our word
Will endure!

* * * * *

When the sky cleaves asunder,
And the stars
Are scattered; and in thunder
All the bars

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxi. chapter "Of the Folding Up."

Of the seas burst, and all the graves are emptied
 Like chests upturned,
 Each soul shall see her doings, done and undone,
 And what is earned.
 The smiting, the smiting
 Of that Day!
 The horror, the splendor,
 Who shall say?¹
 The Day when none shall answer for his brother;
 The Day which is with God, and with none other.

*Al-Hâkim! Judge! Save by thy power,
 Who might abide that awful hour?*

30.

AL-HADIL.

*Al-Hâdil! Oh, "Just Lord!" we magnify
 Thy righteous Law, which shall the whole world try.*

God will roll up, when this world's end approacheth,
 The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky,
 Even as As-Sigill² rolleth up his record,
 And seals and binds it when a man doth die.

Then the false worshipers, and what they follow,
 Will to the pit, like "stones of hell," descend,
 But true believers shall hear Angels saying,
 "This is your day; be joyous without end."³

In that hour dust shall lie on many faces,
 And many faces shall be glad and bright;⁴
 Ye who believe, trust and be patient always,
 Until God judges, for He judges right.⁵

*Give us to pass before Thy throne
 Among the number of Thine own!*

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter "Of Cleaving Asunder."

² A name of the Angel of Registration.

³ Cf. Korân, xxi. chapter "Of the Prophets."

⁴ Cf. Korân, lxxx. chapter "Of the Frown."

⁵ Cf. Korân, x. chapter "Of Jonas."



31.

AL-LATIF.

*Dread is His wrath, but boundless is His grace,
Al-Latif! Lord! show us Thy "favoring" face!*

Most quick to pardon sins is He.
Who unto God draws near
One forward step, God taketh three
To meet, and quit his fear.

If ye will have of this world's show,
God grants, while Angels weep;
If ye for Paradise will sow,
Right noble crops ye reap.¹

*Ah, Gracious One, we toil to reap:
The soil is hard, the way is steep!*

32.

AL-KHABIR.

*Al-Khabir! Thou Who art "aware" of all,
By this name also for Thy grace we call.*

One morning in Medina walked our Lord
Among the tombs: glad was the dawn, and broad
On headstones and on footstones sunshine lay;
Earth seemed so fair 'twas hard to be away.
"Oh, people of the graves!" Muhammad said,
"Peace be with you. Your caravan of dead
Hath passed the defile, and we living ones
Forget what men ye were, of whom the sons,
And what your merchandise and where ye went;
But Allah knows these things! Be ye content

¹ Cf. Korân, xlii. chapter "Of Counsel."

Since Allah is 'aware.' Ah! God forgive
Those that are dead, and us who briefly live."

*Yea! pardon, Lord, since Thou dost know
To-morrow, now, and long ago.*

33.

AL-HALIM.

*Al-Hálím! "Clement" is our Lord above;
Magnify Allah by this name of love.*

Ye know the ant that creeps upon the fig,
The *dharra*, made so small,
Until she moveth in the purple seeds
She is not seen at all.

If, on the judgment-day, holding the scales—
When all the trial's done—
The Angel of the Balance crieth, "Lord!
The good deeds of this one

Outweigh his evil deeds, justly assessed,
By half one *dharra*'s weight;"
Allah will say, "Multiply good to him,
And open Heaven's gate!"

Not if thy work be worth a date-stone's skin
Shall it be overpast;
Thus it is written in the Sacred Book,¹
Thus will it be at last.

*Faithful and just, Al-Hálím! we
Take refuge in Thy clemency.*

¹ Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

34.

AL-'AZIZ.

*Al-'Aziz! "Strong and Sovereign" God, Thy hand
Is over all Thy works, holding command.*

Maker of all ye truly call the Strong and Sovereign
One,

Yet have ye read that verse which saith whereto His
work was done?

Open "the Book," and heedful, look what weighty
words are given

(The Chapter of Al-Akhâf) concerning Earth and
Heaven.

"The Heavens and Earth," Al-Akhâf saith, "and what-
so is between,

Think ye that We made these to be, and then—not to
have been?

Think ye We fashioned them in jest, without their
times, and plan,

And purpose? Nay! accurst are they who judge of
God by man."¹

*Oh, Higher, Wiser, than we know,
Let not Thy creatures judge Thee so.*

35.

AL-GHAFIR.

*He is the "Pardoner," and his Scripture hath—
"Paradise is for them that check their wrath,
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;
He loveth best him who himself controls."²*

Know ye of Hassan's slave? Hassan the son
Of Ali. In the camp at Ras-al-hadd

¹ Cf. Korân, xlvi. chapter "Of Al-Akhâf."

² Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

He made a banquet unto sheikhs and lords,
Rich dressed and joyous; and a slave bore round,
Smoking with new-cooked pillaw, Badhan's dish
Carved from rock-crystal, with the feet in gold,
And garnets round the rim; but the boy slipped
Against the tent-rope, and the precious dish
Broke into shards of beauty on the board,
Scalding the son of Ali. One guest cried,
"Dog! wert thou mine, for this thing thou shouldst
howl!"

Another, "Wretch! thou meritest to die."
And yet another, "Hassan! give me leave
To smite away this swine's head with my sword!"
Even Hassan's self was moved; but the boy fell
Face to the earth and cried, My "lord! 'tis writ,
'Paradise is for them that check their wrath.'"
"Tis writ so," Hassan said; "I am not wroth."
"My lord!" the boy sobbed on, "also 'tis writ,
'Pardon the trespasser.'" Hassan replied,
"Tis written—I remember—I forgive."
"Now is the blessing of the Most High God
On thee, dear Master!" cried the happy slave,
"For He—'tis writ—*'loves the beneficent.'*"
"Yea! I remember, and I thank thee, slave,"
Quoth Hassan;—"better is one noble verse
Fetched from 'the Book,' than gold and crystal brought
From Yaman's hills. Lords! he hath marred the dish,
But mended fault with wisdom. See, my slave!
I give thee freedom, and this purse to buy
The robe and turban of a Muslim freed."

*Al Ghâfir! pardon us, as we
Forgive a brother's injury.*



36.

ASH-SHAKIR

*“Grateful”—Ash-Shâkir—is He; praise Him so
Who thanketh men for that He did bestow.*

So much hast thou of thy hoard
As thou gavest to thy Lord;
Only this will bring thee in
Usance rich and free from sin:
Send thy silver on before,
Lending to His sick and poor.
Every dirhem dropped in alms
Touches Allah's open palms,
Ere it fall into the hands
Of thy brother. Allah stands
Begging of thee, when thy brother
Asketh help. Ah! if another
Proffered thee, for meat and drink,
Food upon Al-Kâuthar's brink,¹
Shining Kâuthar which doth flow
Sweet as honey, cool as snow,
White as milk, and smooth as cream,
Underneath its banks, which gleam—
Green and golden chrysolite,
In the Gardens of delight,
Whence who drinks never again
Tasteth sorrow, age, or pain—
Who would not make merchandise,
Buying bliss in Paradise,
Laying up his treasure where
Stores are safe and profits clear?
But ye lend at lower cost,
Whilst Ash-Shâkir offers most,
Good returning seven times seven,
Paying gifts of earth with Heaven.

*Allah, Who dost reward so well,
What maketh man in sin to dwell?*

¹ Cf. Korân, cviii.

37.

AL-HALI.

*Al-Halî! Oh, believers, magnify
By this great name, Allah, our Lord "Most High."*

He willed, and Heaven's blue arch vaulted the air;
"Be!" said He—Earth!¹ and the round earth was
made;
See! at the hour of late and early prayer
The very shadows worship Him, low laid.

*Most High! the lengthening shadows teach
Morning and evening prayer to each.*

38.

AL-KABIR.

*Praise Him, Al-Kabîr, seated on "the Throne,"
The "Very Great," the High-exalted One.*

Seven Heavens Allah made:
First "Paradise," the *Jennat-al-Firdaus*:
The next, *Al-Huld*, "Gate of Eternity;"
The third, *Dar-as-Salâm*, the "Peaceful House;"
The fourth, *Dar-al-Kurâr*, "Felicity;"
The fifth was *Aidenn*, "Home of Golden Light;"
The sixth, *Al-Na'hâm*, "Garden of Delight;"
The seventh, *Al-Hilliyûn*, "Footstool of the Throne;"
And, each and every one,
Sphere above sphere, and treasure over treasure,
The great decree of God made for reward and pleasure.

Saith the Perspicuous Book;¹
"Look up to Heaven! look!

¹ Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter "Of the Bee."

² Cf. Korân, lxvii. chapter "Of the Kingdom."

Dost thou see flaw or fault
 In that vast vault,
 Spangled with silvery lamps of night,
 Or gilded with glad light
 Of sunrise, or of sunset, or warm noon?
 Rounded He well the moon?
 Kindled He wisely the red Lord of Day?
 Look twice! look thrice, and say!"

Thy weak gaze fails;
 Eyesight is drowned in yon abyss of blue;
 Ye see the glory, but ye see not through:
 God's greatness veils
 Its greatness by its greatness—all that wonder
 Lieth the lowest of those Heavens under,
 Beyond which Angels view
 Allah, and Allah's mighty works, asunder;
 The thronged clouds whisper of it when they
 thunder.

*Allah Kabîr! in silence we
 Meditate on Thy majesty.*

39.

AL-HAFIZ.

*Al-Hâfiz! Oh, "Preserver!" succor us
 Who, humbly trustful, cry unto Thee thus.*

By the Sky and the Night star!
 By Al-Târek the white star!
 Shining clear—
 When darkness covers man and beast—
 To proclaim dawn near,
 And the gold sun hastening from the east,
 We have set a guard upon you, every one;
 Be ye not afraid!
 Of seed from loins, and milk from bosom-bone,
 Ye were made:

We are able to remake you, when ye die,
 For cold death
 Cometh forth from Us, as warm life cometh
 And gift of breath.
 Do the darkness and the terror plot against you?
 We also plan;
 They that love you are stronger than your haters,
 Trust God, oh, man!¹

*"Ya Hâfiz!" on your doors ye grave;
 In your hearts, too, these Scriptures have!*

40.

AL-MUKIT.

*Praise Al-Mukit, the great "Maintainer!" He
 Made us, and makes our sustenance to be.*

The chapter of "the Inevitable:"² We gave
 The life ye live; why doubt ye We can save
 What once hath been from wasting—if We will—
 When, like dry corn, man lieth in his grave?

Did ye cause seed to grow or was it We,—
 Wherefrom spring all the many lives that be?
 Who stirred the pulse which couples man and maid,
 And in the fruit hid that which forms the tree?

Ye go afield to scatter grain, and then
 Sleep, while We change it into bread for men;
 Have ye bethought why seed should shoot, not sand,
 Granite, or gravel? Why the gentle rain

Falleth so clean and sweet from out Our sky,
 Which might be salt and black and bitter? Why
 The soft clouds gather it from off the seas
 To spread it o'er the pastures by and by?

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxvi. chapter "Of the Night Star."

² Korân, lvi.

The flame ye strike rubbing Afâr and Markh,¹
Have ye considered that strange yellow spark?

Did ye conceive such marvel, or did We
Grant it, to warm and cheer men in the dark?

Not now, but when the soul comes to the neck,
The meaning of those mercies each shall reckon.

Then are We nearest, though ye see it not;
Can ye that summoned spirit order back?

*Nay, Al-Mukit! in life and death
Thine are we: Truth Thy Scripture saith.*

41.

YA HASIB.

*Laud Him as "Reckoner," casting up th' account,
And making little merits largely mount.*

Give more than thou takest:
If one shall salute thee,
Saying, "Peace be upon thee,"
The salute which thou makest,
Speak it friendlier still,
As beseemeth good will;
Saying, "Peace, too, and love
From Allah above
Be with thee:"—for heard
Is each brotherly word;
And it shall not be lost
That thou gavest him most.¹

*Ya Hasib! praise to Thee; for all
Our good deeds needs must be so small.*

¹ The woods used by the ancient Arabs to kindle fire.

² Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

42.

AL-JAMIL.

*Al-Jamil! "the Benign;" ah, name most dear,
Which bids us love worship without fear.*

Too much ye tremble, too much fear to feel
That yearning love which Allah's laws reveal;
Too oft forget—your troubled journey through—
He who is Power, is Grace and Beauty too,
And Clemency, and Pity, and Pure Rest,
The Highest and the Uttermost and Best;
Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see
Than any loveliness on land or sea
By bard or lover praised, or famed in story;
For these were shadows of His perfect glory;
Which is not told, because, who sees God near
Loseth the speech to speak, in loving fear,
So joyous is he, so astonished.

Hath there come to ye what the Dervish said,
At Kaisareya, in the marble shrine,
Who woke from vision of the love divine?
"I have seen Allah!" quoth he—all aglow
With splendor of the dream which filled him so—
"Yea! I have paced the Garden of Delight,
And heard and known!"

"Impart to us thy light,"
His fellows cried.

He paused, and smiled, and spake:
"Fain would I say it, brothers, for your sake,
For I have wandered in a sphere so bright,
Have heard such things, and witnessed such a sight,
That now I know whither all Nature turns,
And what the love celestial is which burns,
At the great heart of all the world, ensuring
That griefs shall pass and joy be all enduring.

Yet ask me not! I am as one who came
 Where, among roses, one bush, all aflame
 By fragrant crimson blossoms, charged the air
 With loveliness and perfume past compare.
 Then had I thought to load my skirt with roses,
 That ye might judge what wealth that land discloses;
 And filled my robe, plucking the peerless blooms;
 But Ah! the scent so rich, so heavenly, comes;
 So were my senses melted into bliss
 With the intoxicating breath of this;
 I let the border of my mantle fall—
 The roses slipped! I bring ye none at all.”

*Brothers! with other eyes must we
 Behold the Roses on that Tree.*

43.

ALLAH-AL-KARIM.

*Allah-al-Karîm! Bountiful Lord! we bless
 By this good name Thy loving kindnesses.*

Oh, man! what hath beguiled,
 That thou shouldst stray
 From the plain easy way
 Of Allah's service, being Allah's child?
 When thou wert not,
 And when thou wast a clot,
 He did foresee thee, and did fashion thee
 From heel to nape,
 Giving thee this fair shape,
 Composing thee in wondrous symmetry—
 More than thy mother—in the form thou wearest;
 Nearer to thee than what on earth is nearest.
 Kinder than kin is He—
 Wilt thou forgetful be?¹

*Ya Karîm! since Thou lovest thus,
 Quicken, ah, quicken love in us.*

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter “Of Cleaving Asunder.”

44.

ALLAH-AL-RAKIB.

*Allah-al-Rakīb! praise ye "the Watchful One,"
Who noteth what men do and leave undone.*

The book of the wicked is in Sijjîn,
A close-writ book:
A book to be unfolded on the Awful Day,
The day whereto men would not look.

What Sijjîn is
Who shall make thee know?
The Black Gaol. Under *Jehannum*,
Under *Lathâ*, the "red glow,"
Under *Hutamah*, "the fires which split;"
Beneath *Sa'hîr*, the "Yellow Hell,"
And scorching *Sakar*, lieth it,
And *Jahîm*, where devils dwell:
Lower from light and bliss
Than *Hâwiyeh*, "the abyss:"
Sijjîn is this.

But the books of the righteous are in Hilliyûn,
And what shall make thee see
The glory of that region, nigh to God
Where those records be?
Joy shall their portion: they shall lie
With the light of delight upon their faces,
On soft seats reclining
In peaceful places;
Drinking wine, pure wine, sealed wine,
Whose seal is musk and rose;
Allayed by the crystal waves that shine
In Tasmîn, which flows [drink.¹
From the golden throne of God:—at its brink Angels

*Oh, "Watcher!" grant our names may be
In that Book lying near to Thee.*

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxiii. chapter "Of Short Weight."

45.

ALLAH-AL-MUJIB.

*Allah-al-Mujib, Who biddest men to pray,
And hearest prayer; thus praise we Thee always.*

Our Lord the Prophet (peace to him!) doth write—
Sura the seventeenth, intituled “Night:”—
“Pray at the noon, pray at the sinking sun,
In night-time pray; but most when night is done,
For daybreak’s prayer is surely borne on high
By Angels changing guard within the sky.”
And in another verse, “Dawn’s prayer is more
Than the wide world with all its treasured store.”

Therefore the Faithful, when the growing light
Gives to discern a black hair from a white.
Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mecca-way,
Recite *Al-Fâtihah* while ’tis scarce yet day:
Praise be to Allah, Lord of all that live.
Merciful King and Judge, to Thee we give
Worship and honor! Succor us and guide
Where those have walked who rest Thy Throne be-
side;
The way of peace, the way of truthful speech,
The way of righteousness. So we beseech.”
He who saith this, before the east is red,
A hundred prayers of Azan hath he said.

Hear now this story of it—told, I ween,
For your soul’s comfort by Jelalu’-d-deen
In the great pages of the *Mesnevî*;
For therein, plain and certain shall ye see
How precious is the prayer at break of day
In Allah’s ears, and in his sight alway
How sweet are reverence and gentleness
Done to his creatures:—“Ali” (whom I bless!),
The son of Abu Talib—he, surnamed
“Lion of God,” in many battles famed,

The cousin of our Lord the Prophet (grace
 Be his!), uprose betimes one morn, to pace,
 As he was wont, unto the mosque, wherein
 Our Lord (bliss live with him!) watched to begin
Al-Fâtihah. Darkling was the sky, and strait
 The lane between the city and mosque-gate,
 By rough stones broken and deep pools of rain;
 And therethrough toilfully, with steps of pain,
 Leaning upon his staff an old Jew went
 To synagogue, on pious errand bent;
 For those be "People of the Book," and some
 Are chosen of Allah's will who have not come
 Unto full light of knowledge; therefore, he,
 Ali, the Caliph of proud days to be—
 Knowing this good old man, and why he stirred
 Thus early, ere the morning mills were heard—
 Out of his nobleness and grace of soul
 Would not thrust past, though the Jew blocked the
 whole

Breadth of the lane, slow hobbling. So they went,
 That ancient first; and, in soft discontent,
 After him Ali, noting how the sun
 Flared near, and fearing prayer might be begun;
 Yet no command upraising, no harsh cry
 To stand aside, because the dignity
 Of silver hairs is much, and morning praise
 Was precious to the Jew, too. Thus their ways
 Wended the pair; great Ali, sad and slow,
 Following the greybeard, while the east, aglow,
 Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue,
 And the Muezzin's call came, "*Illahu!*
Allah-il-Allah!"

In the mosque, our Lord
 (On whom be peace) stood by the mimbar-board,
 In act to bow and *Fâtihah* forth to say.
 But, while his lips moved, some strong hand did lay
 Over his mouth a palm invisible,
 So that no voice on the assembly fell.
Ya! Rabbi' lalamîna—thrice he tried
 To read, and thrice the sound of reading died,

Stayed by this unseen touch. Thereat amazed,
 Our Lord Muhammad turned, arose, and gazed,
 And saw—alone of all within the shrine—
 A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine
 Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,
 Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown:
 Gabriel he knew, the Spirit who doth stand
 Chief of the Sons of Heav'n, at God's right hand;
 "Gabriel! why stay'st thou me?" the Prophet said,
 "Since at this hour *the Fâtihah* should be read."
 But the bright Presence, smiling, pointed where
 Ali toward the outer gate drew near,
 Upon the threshold shaking off his shoes,
 And giving "alms of entry," as men use.
 "Yea!" spake th' Archangel, "sacred is the sound
 Of morning praise, and worth the world's great round,
 Though earth were pearl and silver; therefore I
 Stayed thee, Muhammad, in the act to cry,
 Lest Ali, tarrying in the lane, should miss,
 For his good deed, its blessing and its bliss."
 Thereat the Archangel vanished, and our Lord
 Read *Fâtihah* forth beneath the mimbar-board.

*Us, too, Mujib! in hearing keep;
 Better is prayer than food or sleep!*

46.

AL-WASI'H.

*"All-comprehending One," Al-Wasi'h! we
 By this name also praise and honor Thee.*

Turn, wheresoe'er ye be, to Mecca's stone,
 For this is holy, and your Lord doth hear;
 Thitherwards turn!—so hath all Islâm one
 Heart to its thought and harbor of its prayer.

But Allah's house eastwards and westwards lies,
 Northwards and southwards. He is everywhere:
 Whithersoever way ye bend your eyes,
 Face to face are ye with Al-Wasi'h there.

It is not righteousness to kneel aright
 Fronting the *Kiblah*; but to rightly hold
 Of God, and of His judgment, and the bright
 Bands of His Angels; and what truth is told

In the sure Korân by God's holy Prophet;
 To succor orphans, strangers, suppliants, kin;
 Your gold and worldly treasure—to give of it
 Ransom for captives, alms which mercy win:

To keep your covenants when ye covenant;
 Your woes and sufferings patiently to bear,
 Being the will of God:—this is to front
 Straight for the *Kiblah*: this is faith and fear.

*Abounding Lord! in every place
 Is built the Mecca of Thy grace.*

47.

AL-HAKIM.

*Al-Hâkim! Judge of all the judges! show
 Mercy to us and make us justice know.*

Only one Judge is just, for only One
 Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts alone
 Are guilty or are guiltless. That which lied
 Was not the tongue—he is a red dog tied.

And that which slew was not the hand ye saw
 Grasping the knife—she is a slave whose law
 The master gives, seated within the tent;
 The hand was handle to the instrument;

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

The dark heart murdered. Oh, believers! leave
Judgment to Heaven—except ye do receive
Office and order to accomplish this;
Then honorable, and terrible, it is.

The Prophet said:¹ “At the great day of doom
Such fear on the most upright judge shall come
That he shall moan, ‘Ah! would to God that I
Had stood for trial, and not sate to try!’”

He said: “The Angels of the Scales will bring
Just and unjust who judged before Heaven’s King,
Grasping them by the neck; and, if it be,
One hath adjudged his fellows wickedly,

“He shall be hurled to hell so vast a hight
’Tis forty years’ fierce journey ere he light;
But if one righteously hath borne the rod,
The Angels kiss those lips which spake for God.”

*Lord! make us just, that we may be
A little justified with Thee*

48.

AL-WADOOD.

*“The Loving”—Al-Wadood! ah, title dear,
Whereby Thy children praise Thee, free of fear.*

Sweet seem your wedded days; and dear and tender
Your children’s talk; brave ’tis to hear the tramp
Of pastured horses; and to see the splendor
Of gold and silver plunder; and to camp

With goats and camels by the bubbling fountain;
And to drink fragrance from the desert wind,
And to sit silent on the mighty mountain;
And all the joys which make life bright and kind.

¹ Cf. the Mishkât-al-Mâsâbih.

But ye have heard of streams more brightly flowing
Than those whereby ye wander; of a life
Glorious and glad and pure beyond earth's knowing;
Love without loss, and wealth without the strife.

Lo! we have told you of the golden Garden
Kept for the Faithful, where the soil is still
Wheat-flour and musk and camphire, and fruits
harden
To what delicious savor each man will

Upon the Tooba tree; which bends its cluster
To him that doth desire, bearing all meat;
And of the sparkling fountains which out-luster
Diamonds and emeralds, running clear and sweet,

Tasmîn and Salsabîl whose lucent waters
Are rich, delicious, undistracting wine;
And of the Houris, pleasure's perfect daughters,
Virgins of Paradise, whose black eyes shine

Soul-deep with love and langor, having tresses
Night-dark, with scents of the gold-blooming date
And scarlet roses; lavishing caresses
That satisfy, but never satiate;

Whose looks refrain from any save their lover
Whose peerless limbs and bosoms' ivory swell
Are like the ostrich-egg which feathers cover
From stain and dust, so white and rounded well:

Dwelling in marvelous pavilions, builded
Of hollow pearls, wherethrough a great light shines—
Cooled by soft breezes and by glad suns gilded—
On the green pillows where the Blest reclines.

A rich reward it shall be, a full payment
For life's brief trials and sad virtue's stress,
When friends with friends, clad all in festal raiment,
Share in deep Heaven the Angels' happiness;

Nay, and full payment, though ye give those pleasures,
Which make life dear, to fight and die for faith,
Rendering to God your wives and flocks and treasures,
That He may pay you tenfold after death.

For, if the bliss of Paradise, transcending
Delights of earth, should win ye to be bold,
Yet know, this glory hath its crown and ending
In Allah's grace, which is the Joy untold,

The Utmost Bliss. Beyond the Happy River
The justified shall see God's face in Heaven,
Live in His sweet good will,¹ and taste forever
Al-Wadood's² love, unto His children given.

*Yea! for high Heaven's felicity
Is but the shadow, Lord, of Thee.*

49.

AL-MAJID.

*Al-Majîd! Glorious Lord upon the Throne.³
With this great name we praise Thee, Sovereign One!*

By the Heavens, walled with silver signs and towers!
By the Promised Day!
By the Witness and the Witnessed; and the Way
Of righteousness!—this glorious Book of ours
Lieth treasured up in Heaven,
As 'twas given
On the mighty "Night of Powers;"
And its easy bond is this,
The which to keep is bliss:

¹ Cf. Korân, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

² Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Zodiacal Signs."

³ Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Celestial Signs."

*"None save Glorious Allah serve;
 Never from His precepts swerve
 Honor teacher, father, mother;
 Unto him who is thy brother,
 Unto kindred, friends also,
 Orphans, suppliants, sad ones, show
 Gentleness and help; to each
 Speak with kind and courteous speech.
 Give in alms that thou may'st spare,
 And be constant in thy prayer."*¹

*Allah al-Majîd! Thy favor grant,
 That we may keep this covenant.*

50.

AL-BAHITH.

*Al-Bâhith! Opener of the tombs! we praise
 Thy power, which unto life the dead can raise.*

Iblis spake to Abraham:
 "What is this thy Lord hath told thee?
 Shall the Resurrection be
 When the moldering clods enfold thee!
 Nay! and if a man might rise,
 Buried whole, in heedful wise,
 See yon carcase, tempest-beaten—
 Part the wandering fox hath eaten,
 Part by fishes hath been torn,
 Part the sea-fowl hence have borne;
 Never back those fragments can
 Come to him who was a man."

Abraham spake unto his Lord:²
 "Show me how is wrought this wonder;
 Can Thy resurrection be
 When a man's dust lies asunder?"

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

² Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

“Art thou therefore not believing,”
Allah said, “because deceiving
Iblis fills with lies thy heart?”
“Nay,” he answered, “but impart
Knowledge, Mightiest One and Best!
That my heart may be at rest.”

God said: “Take, thou doubting one!
Four birds from among My creatures;
Sever each bird’s head, and so
Mingle feathers, forms, and features,
That the fragment shall not be
Knowable to such as ye.
Into four divide the mass,
Then upon the mountains pass,
On four peaks a portion lay,
And, returning homeward, say,
‘By the name and power of God—
Who hath made men of the clod,
And hath said the dead shall rise—
Birds! fly hither in such wise
As ye lived.’ And they shall come,
Perfect, whole, and living, home.”

Thereupon Al-Khalil took
A raven, eagle, dove, and cock;
From their bodies shore the heads,
Cut the four fowl into shreds,
Mingled all their mass together,
Blood and bone, and flesh and feather;
Then, dividing this four-wise,
Laid it where four peaks did rise
Two to south and two to north.
Then the dove’s head held he forth,
Crying, “Come!” Lo! at the word
Cooed at his feet the slaughtered bird.
“Come, raven!” spake he: as he spoke,
On glossy wing, with eager croak,
Flew round the raven. Then he said,
“Return! thou cock.” The cock obeyed.

Lastly the eagle summoned he,
Which circling came, on pinions free,
Restored and soaring to the sky,
With perfect plumes and undimmed eye.
So in the Holy Book 'tis writ
How Abraham's heart at rest was set.

*Why should we fear to yield our breath,
To Thee that art the Lord of Death?*

51.

ASH-SHAHID.

*Ash-Shahîd! God is "Witness!" and He took
Witness of us, ye people of the Book!*

The spirits of the Prophets came at morn
To Sinai, summoned by their Lord's command,
Singers and seers;—those born and those unborn,
The chosen souls of men, a solemn band.

The noble army ranged, in viewless might,
Around that mountain peak which pierces heaven;
Greater and lesser teachers, sons of light;
Their number was ten thousand score and seven.

Then Allah took a covenant with His own,
Saying, "My wisdom and My word receive;
Speak of me unto men, known or unknown,
Heard or unheard; bid such as will, believe."

"And there shall come apostles, guiding ye,
Jesus, Muhammad: follow them and aid!
Are you resolved, and will you war for Me!"
"We are resolved, oh, Lord of all!" they said.

“Bear witness, then!” spake Allah, “souls most dear,
I am your Lord and ye heralds of Mine.”
Thenceforward through all lands His Prophets bear
The message of the mystery divine.¹

*Allah-ash-Shahîd! make us hear
The errand that Thy children bear.*

52.

YA HAKK.

*Oh, Thou, the Truth! when so Thy name we call,
All's said that need be said, sith Thou art all.*

Truth and all truth He is! Serve Him alone
Who hath none other by nor near His Throne;
Unto all sins is Allah's pardon given
Except what giveth Him partners in Heaven,²
Being Apart, Exalted, Truth and Light,
Only and wholly—hold thou this aright!

*Ya Hakk! true God! never with Thee
Can other or can equal be.*

53.

ALLAH-AL-WAKIL.

*Alai kul shay Wakîl!³ Guardian of all!
By this name trustfully on Thee we call.*

Verily God is guard!
What other hath created you, and made
Men gone before, and earth's foundations laid
So broad and hard,

¹ Cf. Korân, iii. chapter “Of Imran's Family.”

² Cf. Korân, iv. chapter “Of Women.”

³ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter “Of the Heifer.”

To be your dwelling-place;
 And Heaven's star-jeweled face
 Arched for your roof-top; and the tender rain
 Sent down at the due season, whereby grain
 Groweth, and clustered gold
 Of dates, and grapes that hold
 The purple and the amber honey-juice?
 These for your use
 Your Lord and "Agent" gave.
 Make Him no peers, nor other guardian have.

*Allah-al-Wakil! Thy wards are we;
 Have us in Thy fidelity.*

54.

AL-KAWI.

*Thou mighty One! Whose mercy hath upraised
 Mankind to praise Thee, be Thou hereby praised!*

Consider them that serve
 The false gods, how they lay in golden dishes
 Honey and fruits and fishes
 Before their idols; and the green fly comes,
 Shoots through the guarded gates, and hums
 Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will;
 And none of these great gods the thief can kill,
 So swift she is and small:
 And none of all
 Can make one little fly, for all their state;
 So feeble are they, and so falsely great.¹
 Ye people of the stocks and stones! herein
 A parable is set against your sin.
 But Allah high doth rule
 Whose hand made all things, being Powerful."

*Al-Kawi! King of power and might!
 Be Thy hand o'er us day and night!*

¹ Cf. Koran, xxii. chapter "Of Believers."

55.

ALLAH-AL-MATEEN.

*Allah-al-Mateen! "Firm" is our Lord and fast;
Praise Him Who doth uphold Thee to the last.*

By the Angels ranged in ranks,
And the Rain-cloud Drivers,
And the Reciters of the word, "Thy God is one,"
Firm is our Lord!
Of the heavens the tent-pole,
Al-Watad; and of earth
Habl-al-Mateen, the sure Cord:¹
By this thy soul
Holdeth, from birth:
Fast is the cord, and sure;
They only shall endure
Who dwell beneath the mighty tent upholden
By *Al-Watad*,² the Golden.

*Stay of Thy servants, Al-Mateen!
In Thee is strong deliverance seen.*

56.

AL-WALI.

*Al-Walî! Nearest of all friends, and Best,
So praise your Lord, Whose help is mightiest.*

Close is He always to His faithful ones,
But closer dwelt they in the times of old.
Hath it come to ye what Al-Baidhâwî
Presenteth of the days of Abraham,
Whom Allah called His "Friend," and like a friend
Softly entreated,³ stooping out of Heaven

¹ Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of the Family of Imran."

² Cf. Korân, lxxviii. chapter "Of the Information."

³ Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

To help and comfort him so dear to God?
 Ofttimes the Angels of his Lord would light
 Familiarly, with folded wings, before
 The curtain of his tent, conversing there;
 Ofttimes, on thorny flats of wilderness,
 Or in the parched pass, of the echoing cave,
 The very voice of God would thrill his ears;
 And he might answer, as a man with man,
 Hearing and speaking things unspeakable.
 Wherefore, no marvel that he gave his son
 At Allah's bidding, and had back his son—
 Patient and safe—when the wild goat came down
 And hung amid the nebbuk by his horns,
 On Thabir, nigh to Mecca, in the vale
 Of Mina;¹ and the knife of Abraham
 Reddened with unwept blood.

There had fall'n drought

Upon the land, and all the mouths he fed
 Hungered for meal; therefore Al-Khalil sent
 Messengers unto Egypt—to a lord
 Wealthy and favorable, having store
 Of grain and cattle by the banks of Nile.
 "Give unto Abraham," the message said,
 "A little part for gold, yet more for love—
 (As he had given, if the strait were thine)
 Meal of the millet, lentil, wheat, and bean,
 That he and his may live; for drought hath come
 Upon our fields and pastures, and we pine."
 Spake the Egyptian lord, "Lo! now ye ask
 O'ermuch of me for friendliness, and more
 Than gold can buy, since dearth hath also come
 Over our fields, and nothing is to spare.
 Yet had it been to succor Abraham,
 And them that dwell beneath his tent, the half
 Of all we hold had filled your empty sacks.
 But he will feed people we wot not of,
 Poor folk, and hungry wanderers of the waste:
 The which are nought to us, who have of such,

¹ Cf. Korân, xxxvii. chapter "Of the Ranged."

If there were surplusage. Therefore return;
Find food elsewhere!"

Then said the messengers
One to another, "If we shall return
With empty sacks, our master's name, so great
For worship in the world, will suffer shame,
And men will say he asked and was denied."
Therefore they filled their sacks with white sea-sand
Gathered by Gaza's wave, and sorrowfully
Journeyed to Kedar, where lay Abraham,
To whom full privately they told this thing,
Saying, "We filled the sacks with snow-white sand,
Lest thy great name be lessened 'mongst the folk,
Seeing us empty-handed; for the man
Denied thee corn; since thou wouldst give, quoth he,
To poor folk and to wanderers of the waste,
And there are hungry mouths enough by Nile."

Then was the heart of Abraham sore, because
The people of his tribe drew round to share
The good food brought, and all the desert trooped
With large-eyed mothers and their pining babes,
Certain of succor if the sheikh could help.
So did the spirit of Al-Khalil sink
That into swoon he fell, and lay as one
Who hath not life. But Sarai, his wife—
That knew not—bade her maidens bring a sack,
Open its mouth, and knead some meal for cakes.
And when the sack was opened, there showed flour,
Fine, three times bolted, whiter than sea-sand;
Which in the trough they kneaded, rolling cakes,
And baking them over the crackling thorns;
So that the savor spread throughout the camp
Of new bread smoking, and the people drew
Closer and thicker, as ye see the herds
Throng—horn, and wool, and hoof—at watering-time,
When after fiery leagues, the wells are reached.

But Abraham, awaking, smelled the bread:
"Whence," spake he unto Sarai, "hast thou meal,

Wife of my bosom? for the smell of bread
 Riseth, and lo! I see the cakes are baked."
 "By God! Who is the only One," she said,
 "Whence should it come save from thy friend who sent,
 The lord of Egypt?" "Nay!" quoth Abraham,
 And fell upon his face, low-worshiping,
 "But this hath come from the dear mighty hands
 Of Allah—of the Lord of Egypt's lords—
 My 'Friend,' and King, and Helper; now my folk
 Shall live and die not. Glory be to God!"

*He that hath Allah for a friend,
 To want and woe hath put the end.*

57.

AL-HAMID.

*Rich to reward your Lord is; oh, do ye
 Praise Al-Hamîd, the "Ever-praiseworthy!"*

Praise Him by alms; and when ye help believers,
 Mar not your gifts with grudging word or will:
 Since ye at Allah's hands are free receivers,
 Freely bestow. A garden on a hill

Is as a likeness of that fair compassion
 Shown for the sake of God: the heavy rain
 Descendeth, and the dew: and every fashion
 Of good seed springs tenfold in fruit and grain.

The likeness of the evil heart, bestowing
 That men may praise, is as the thin-clad peak,
 Wherefrom the rain washes all soil for growing,
 Leaving the hard rock naked, fruitless, bleak.

Say, will ye plant on rock or plenteous garden?
 Grow nought, or grow green vines that shade afford?
 Forgive your brethren as ye ask for pardon;
 Give as ye have received, and praise your Lord!¹

*Allah-al-Hamîd! what tongue can tell
 Thy goodness, ever-laudable?*

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

58.

AL-MUHSI.

*Al-Mûhsi! The "Accountant!" laud Him so
Who reckoneth up the deeds men do below.*

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

When Earth shall quake with quaking,¹
And cast her burden forth
Of corpses; and live men
Shall ask—with terror shaking—
"What aileth Earth?" that day
She shall reply, and say
That which her Lord commands:
And men shall come in bands,
This side and that side, ranged to show
Their works, and the account to know.
And he that wrought of good a red ant's weight
Shall see it writ:
And who did evil, aye! as the skin of a date,
Shall witness it.

*Al-Muhsi! dread Accountant! look
In mercy on our judgment-book.*

59.

AL-MUBDI.

*Al-Mubdî! praise Him by this holy name,
Who gave to all the spark which lights life's flame.*

Whence came ye; and the people of the groves;
The streams, the seas, the wilderness, the air;
Beasts, fishes, fowl; each with their lives and loves,
Each glad to be, each in its kind so fair?

¹ Cf. Korân, xcix, chapter "Of the Earthquake."

"Begotten of their like?" Yea! but "their like,"
 Who did devise that, and the hidden charm
 Whereby—as flame from torch to torch doth strike—
 The light of life shines on, bright, joyous, warm?

Al-Mubdi hath devised it! His decree
 In the beginning shaped and ordered each,
 Saying to all these things foreseen, "So be!"
 And so they were, obeying Allah's speech.

*Al-Mubdî! "Great Beginner!" take
 Our praises, for life's pleasant sake!*

60.

AL-MU'HID.

*He made life—and He takes it—but instead
 Gives more; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hîd!*

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort faithful friends

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow;
 And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
 Weeping at my feet and head;
 I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your cries and prayers;
 Yet I smile, and whisper this—
 "I am not that thing you kiss;
 Cease your tears, and let it lie;
 It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
 For its last bed in the grave,
 Is a tent which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,

Is a cage from which, at last,
 Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
 Love the inmate, not the room;
 The wearer, not the garb; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye;
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
 Out of which the pearl is gone;
 The shell is broken, it lies there;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of His treasury,
 A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good!
 Now Thy grace is understood;
 Now my heart no longer wonders
 What *Al-Barsakh*¹ is, which sunders
 Life from death, and death from Heaven;
 Nor the "Paradises Seven"
 Which the happy dead inherit;
 Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
 Toward the Throne, "green birds and white,"
 Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!
 Now the long, long darkness ends,
 Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
 While the man whom ye call "dead"
 In unbroken bliss instead
 Lives, and loves you; lost, 'tis true
 By any light which shines for you;

¹ Cf. Korân, xxiii. chapter "Of Believers."

But in light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is nought.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death—
Now I see—is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life center.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above:
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"La Allah illa Allah! Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

*He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.*

61.

AL-MO'HYI.

*Al-Mo'hyî! the "Quickener!" hereby
Praise Him whom Angels praise eternally.*

"And of His signs is this,"¹ saith the Great Book;
"Under the angry sun the slain earth—look!—"

¹ Cf. Korân, xli. chapter "Of Signs Explained."

Dries up the dust; dies every growing thing;
 Then blow we breaths of southern wind which bring
 Rain-dropping clouds, and see! the dead earth lives,
 And stirs, and swells; and every herb revives.
 So shall the dead be quickened by His breath,
 This is Al-Mo'hyi's sign," the Great Book saith.

*Oh, thou believer! shall it be
 'He saves the green thing, and not thee?*

62.

AL-MUMIT.

*He quickeneth, but "He killeth": blessèd they
 Who may abide in trust that final day!*

Yea! some have found right good to hear the sum-
 mons of their Lord,
 And gone as glad as warriors proud, who take up spear
 and sword
 At sounding of the song of fight; as light of heart as
 those
 For whom the bride unveileth her mouth of pearl and
 rose.

Jelalu-'d-'Din, Er-Rumi, the saint of Balkh, the son
 Of him surnamed "Flower of the Faith," this was a
 chosen one,
 To whom Death softly showed himself, Heaven's gentle
 call to give;
 For what word is it bids us die, save that which made
 us live?

Sick lay he there in Konya; 'twas dawn; the golden
 stream
 Of light, new springing in the east, on his thin lips
 did gleam—

Those lips which spake the praise of God all through
his holy years,
And murmured now, with faith and hope unchanged,
the morning prayers.

Then one who watched beside his bed, heard at the
inner gate
A voice cry, "*Aftah!* 'open!' from far I come, and
wait
To speak my message to Jelâl—a message that will
bring
Peace and reward to him who lies the *Fâtihah* mur-
muring."

Thereat the watcher drew the bar which closed the
chamber-door,
Wondering and 'feared, for ne'er was heard upon this
earth before
Accents so sweet and comforting, nor ever eyes of men
Saw presence so majestical as his who entered then.

Entered with gliding footsteps a bright celestial youth,
Splendid and strange in beauty, past words to speak
its truth:
Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn
gaze,
By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery rays.

"What is thy name?" the watcher asked, "that I may
tell my lord,
Thou fair and dreadful messenger! whose glance is as
a sword;
Whose face is like the Heaven unveiled; whose tender
searching voice
Maketh the heart cease beating, but bids the soul
rejoice."

"Azrael ana," spake the shape, "I am the Spirit of
Death;
And I am sent from Allah's throne to stay thy master's
breath."

"Come in! come in! thou Bird of God," cried joyously
Jelâl,

"Fold down thy heavenly plumes and speak!—Islâm!
what shall be, shall."

"Thou blessed one!" the Angel said, "I bring thy
time of peace;

When I have touched thee on the eyes, life's latest
ache will cease;

God bade me come as I am seen amid the heavenly
host,

No enemy of awful mold, but he who loveth most."

"Dear Angel! do what thou art bid," quoth Jelâl,
smilingly,

"God willing, thou shalt find to-day a patient one
in me;

Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in such
wise!"

With that he bowed his saintly brow,—and Azrael
kissed his eyes.

*Al-Mumît! "Slayer!" send him thus
In love, not anger, unto us.*

63.

AL-HAIY.

*Praise Him, Al-Haiy! the "Ever-living" King,
Who to eternal life His own doth bring.*

Saith the Book: "Count not as dead¹
Such as for the Faith have bled;
Stark and red their bodies lie,
But their souls are in the sky,
Resident with God, who grants
All for which the spirit pants.

² Cf. Korân, chapter iii "Of Imran's Family.

Joyful are they, resting there
 Free from sorrow, pain, or fear;
 Watching us who, left in life,
 Are not quit, as yet, of strife;
 But shall soon attain, to share
 Allah's mercies, and declare—
 Side by side with those—that He
 Showeth grace eternally,
 And withholdeth not the pay
 At the ending of the day.

*Ya-Haiy! Thou ever-living Lord,
 Be ours such work and such reward.*

64.

AL-KAIYUM.

*Magnify Him, Al-Kaiyum; and so call
 The "Self-subsisting" God who judgeth all.*

When the trumpet shall sound,
 On that day,¹
 The wicked, slow-gathering,
 Shall say,
 "Is it long we have lain in our graves?
 For it seems as an hour!"
 Then will Israfil call them to judgment;
 And none shall have power
 To turn aside, this way or that;
 And their voices will sink
 To silence, except for the sounding
 Of a noise, like the noise on the brink
 Of the sea, when its stones
 Are dragged with a clatter and hiss
 Down the shore, in the wild breaker's roar:
 The sound of their woe shall be this!

¹ Cf. Korân, xx. chapter. "Of T. H."

Then they who denied
 That He liveth Eternal, "Self-made,"
 Shall call to the mountains to crush them;
 Amazed and afraid.

Thou Self-subsistent, Living Lord!
Thy grace against that day afford.

65.

AL-WAJID.

Al-Wâjid! praise hereby that Watchful One
Whose eyes see all things underneath the sun.

By the Ten holy eves and the Dawns of gold!¹
 By the One and the Manifold!
 By the deepening of the Darkness of the night!
 (And these be oaths of might:)
 Hast thou considered what with Ad God wrought,
 And whereunto He brought
 Proud Iram of the pillared throne,
 Whose like no other land did own;
 And Thamûd's race, which hewed houses of rocks;
 And Pharaoh, strong for shocks
 As is a tent with tent-pegs driven deep?²
 Lo! these their haughty state did keep,
 And multiply their wickedness;
 Till Allah, who long-suffering hath,
 Laid upon them the scourges of His wrath.

Verily, as a "watchtower" is your Lord.
 Lo! if ye knew this, would ye shut your hoard
 When the poor cry; devour the weak; and love
 Your riches more than treasures stored above?

¹ Cf. Korân, lxxxix. chapter "Of Daybreak."

² The Arabic word *Wata'd* bears this signification.

Ho! when the earth's bones crack,
 And, rank on rank, the angels gather,
 And hell's black gates fly back,
 How will each say, "Would God in life's fair weather,
 I had bethought me of this storm of hell!"

But then it shall be well
 For thee, thou soul! to-day uncomforted,
 Who know'st that Allah sees;
 And patiently awaitest till He please
 Call thee to comfort, praising Him and praised.
 Joyous thou shalt be raised
 To Paradise, hearing His angels say,
 "Enter, and be exceeding glad to-day!"

*Al Wâjid! "Watcher!" save by grace,
 Who shall attain that happy place?*

66.

AL-I'HLAS.

*Wâhid! The "One!" ye faithful, say herein
 Sura Al-I'hlâs,¹ cleansing souls from sin.*

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

Say: "He is God alone,
 Eternal on the Throne.
 Of none begotten, and begetting none,
 Who hath not like unto Him any one!"²

*Ya Wâhid! Holy! Only! we
 Thus do declare Thy unity.*

¹ This name is given to the Sura as "clearing one's self" from heresy.

² Cf. Korân, cxii. chapter "Of Unity."

67.

AS-SAMAD.

*As-Samad! the eternal! by this name
Laud Him who will be, was, and is the same.*

Of Heaven's prodigious years man wotteth nought:
The "Everlasting!"—hast thou strained thy thought
Searching that depth, which numbs the seeking mind
As too much light the eager gaze doth blind?
The years of men are measured by the sun,
And were not, until he his course begun;
And will not be, when his gold dial dies:
But God lived while no sun shone in the skies;
And shall be living when all worlds are dead:
Yet hereof, though ye see the truth is said,
Ye take no more the meaning than one takes
Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes
His thirst, from rillet running to the sea

Behind—before ye, shines Eternity,
Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,
Which is so deep the glance goes never through,
Though nothing stays save depth; so is it seen
That Allah must be ever, and hath been;
Seen, but not comprehended—for man's wit
Knows this, yet knows—not understanding it.

Mete ye not Allah's times by man's: life gives
No measure of the Life Divine which lives
Unending, uncommenced, having no stay
Of yesterday, to-morrow, or to-day;
Being forever one unbroken Now
Where past and future come not.

Heard'st thou how,

What time fair Zion was given to sword and flame,
Ozair¹ the Jew upon his camel came
Over those hills which ring the sea of Lot,²
So that one footstep and—ye see her not,

¹ Identified by some commentators with Ezra of Scripture.

² The Dead Sea.

And then another—and the city comes
Full upon view with all her milk-white domes.
But the Chaldean now had spoiled the place,
And desolate and waste was Zion's face,
Her proud abodes unpeopled, and her ways
Heaped with charred beams and lintels. Ozair says,
"Oh Lord! who promised to Jerusalem
Comfort and peace; and for her sons, to them
A glad return, how shall Thy word be kept
When fire and steel over these roofs have swept,
And she, that was a queen, lies dead and black,
A smoking ruin, where the jackals pack?
A hundred years were not enough to give
Life back to Zion! Can she ever live?"

But while he spake, the Angel of the Lord
Laid on his doubting front a fiery sword,
And Ozair in that lonely desert spot
Fell prone, and lay—breathing and moving not—
One hundred years, while the great world rolled on,
And Zion rose, and mighty deeds were done.
And when the hundred years were flown, God said,
"Awake, Ozair! how long hast tarried,
Thinkest thou, here?" Ozair replied, "A day,
Perchance, or half." The awful Voice said, "Nay!
But look upon thy camel." Of that beast
Nought save white bones was left: no sign, the least,
Of flesh, or hair, or hide: the desert grass
Was matted o'er its shanks, and roots did pass
From a gnarled fig-tree through the eye-pits twain,
And in and out its ribs grew the vervain,
But 'mid the molderings of its saddle-bags
And crimson carpet, withered into rags,
A basket, full of new-picked dates, stood there
Beside a cruse of water, standing where
He set them fresh, twice fifty years ago;
And all the dates were golden with the glow
Of yestreen's sunset, and the cruse's rim
Sparkled with water to the very brim.

“Ozair!” the awful Voice spake, “look on these!
 He maketh and unmaketh what shall please;
 Saves or destroys, restores or casts away;
 And centuries to Him are as a day;
 And cities all as easy to revive
 As this thy camel here, which now shall live.”

Thereon the skull and bones together crept
 From tangled weed and sand where they had slept;
 The hide and hair came, and the flesh filled in,
 The eyes returned their hollow pits within,
 The saddle-bags upon its haunches hung,
 The carpet on the saddle-horns was flung,
 The nose-rope from the muzzle fell. The beast
 Rose from its knees, and would have made to feast
 On the green herbage where its bones had lain,
 But that it heard bells of a caravan
 Coming from Kedron, and with glad cry roared.
 Then Ozair looked, and saw—newly restored—
 Zion's fair walls and temples, and a crowd
 Of citizens; and traffic rich and loud
 In her white streets; and knew time should not be
 Reckoned 'gainst Him who hath eternity.

As-Samad! Everlasting One!
Thy times are good: Thy will be done.

68.

AL-KADAR.

*Al-Kadar! He is “Providence!” hereby
 The Lord of all things living magnify.*

When ye say *Kismet*, say it wittingly,
 Oh, true believers! Under Allah's throne
 Place is not left for those accursèd three,
 “Destiny,” “Fortune,” “Chance.” Allah alone

Ruleth His children: *Kismet* ye shall deem
 Each man's "allotted portion," from of old
 Fixed for his part in the Eternal scheme
 By those great Hands which all the worlds enfold.

Sayeth "the Book": "There passeth no man's soul
 Except by God's permission, and the Speech
 Writ in the scroll determining the whole,
 The times of all men, and the times for each."¹

Also it sayeth: "If a man shall choose
 This world's reward, to him it shall be given;
 And if a man shall dare his life to lose
 For Paradise, he shall be paid in heaven."²

*Ya Kadar! "Ruler!" teach us still,
 Islâm, submission to Thy will.*

69.

AL-MUKTADIR.

*Al-Muktadir! the "Powerful!" by this
 Praise we the Word, whence cometh woe and bliss.*

Verily, all things—saith "the Book"³—We made,
 Decreeing; and Our bidding was one word,
 Quick, as the twinkling of an eye; and all,
 Whatever things men do, stands in scrolls,
 Where great and small alike are written down;
 And then shall surely come the Hour—the Hour!
 And bitter for the sinners it will be
 When they are dragged, upon their faces, down
 To hell, and taste the touch of fire; but sweet
 Will it be for the pious,—these shall sit
 'Mid streams and gardens in the seat of truth;
 Happy, near Muktadir, the Mighty One.

*Grant us that seat of truth to see
 Almighty Allah! nigh to Thee.*

¹ Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

² Cf. Koran, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

³ Cf. Korân, liv. chapter "Of the Moon."

70, 71.

MUKADDIM. MUWAKHIR.

*Mukaddim ! Muwakhir ! by these names still
Praise Him who hath forewarned, and doth fulfill.*

When the trumpet shall be ringing,
Then the threatened Day hath come,
Every soul to judgment bringing.¹

Each soul shall itself deliver
With two Angels, unto doom,
With a Witness and a Driver.

He that driveth shall say, "Vainly
Warned we thee, till this upholding
Of the veil: now thou seest plainly."

And the Witness by his side,
He shall say, a scroll unfolding,
"This is what I testified."

Loud shall sound th' award eternal:
"Hurl to hell the misbelievers,
Sinners, liars;—let infernal

"Torments seize perverse transgressors!"
Then will speak the wan deceivers,
Seeking pleas and intercessors.

But the awful Voice shall thunder,
"Wrangle not in Allah's hearing
Many a sign and many a wonder

"Did forewarn ye of repentance;²
Time is past for more forbearing;
Not with Us is change of sentence."

¹ Cf. Koran, l. chapter "Of K."

² The text is "I put forth unto you the menace."

Heaven shall say to Hell that morning,
 "Art thou full?" Hell shall inquire,
 "Hast thou others?" blackly yawning

With choked gullet. But believing
 Souls will see, brought nigh and nigher,
 Paradise's gates, receiving

Those to whom We promised Heaven.
 "Patient ones! forever striving
 Toward the Merciful! forgiven

Are your falterings; enter ye
 Into peace; now is arriving
 The great Day of eternity."

*Forewarner and Fulfiller! we
 Confess with dread Thine equity.*

72, 73, 74, 75.

AWWAL. AKHIR. THAHIR. BATIN.

*Awwal! Akhir! Thâhir! Batin! These four
 Be "Mothers of the Names";¹ thy Lord adore,
 Speaking such words as do Him truly call
 Essence and Substance, First and Last in all.*

Sura the seven and fiftieth:² there is writ
 The holy verse which keeps the charge of it:
 The verse which all the names of Allah holdeth
 As in one sky the silver stars all sit.

¹ These four divine titles are known by the technical appellation of "The Mothers of the Names," being regarded as fundamental and all-comprehensive.

² Cf. Korân, lvii. chapter "Of Iron," v. 3.

The chapter "of the Iron!"—and this script
Set on its forefront, as a hilt is tipped

With four-fold gold; or as a helm of steel
By some far-sparkling crest-gem is equipped.

"He is the First and Last"—this scripture shows—

"Outer and Inner, That which doth disclose,

And That which hides Itself; the Manifest,
The Secret; and all things and thoughts He knows."

"In six days earth and heaven He made alone,
Then reascended the Eternal Throne;

What entereth earth and issueth thence He sees,
And what goes up and down the sky is known"

"To Allah, who is nigh where'er ye be,
And whatsoever deeds ye do doth see;

His is the kingdom of the earth and heaven;
All things return to Allah finally."

Beginning! End! Without! Within!
We celebrate Thy praise herein.

76.

YA WALI.

*Laud Him who governs governors and kings,
Angels, and Djins, and men, and living things.*

Wot ye of Solomon's signet, graved of a sapphire in
gold,

Graved with the great name of God, writ on the blue
of the stone?

Wisdom and riches and power had he who that treasure
did hold:

Safe in the strength of the signet he sate on his ivory
throne.

Only King Solomon knew how the dread letters did
flow,
What was the breathing of *Aleph*, where came the
whispering *Yod*;
When he spake the ineffable Word, the sea-winds at
bidding would blow;
And the hills yield their iron, and jewels, and gold, at
the naming of God.

And out of the void of the sky, and up from the gulfs
and the capes,
And forth from the caverns of earth, and down from
the mountains of flame,
Flocked Demons with wonderful wings, and Ifreet of
horrible shape,
And Djins, with red eyes, made of fire; Divs, Peris,
and Giants, they came.

They came, at the call of *the name*, from Kâf, that
engirdles the seas;
From the gloom of the tombs in the graveyard, from
ruins on desolate ground;
From the pool and the marsh and the forest; from
poisonous blossoms and trees;—
Monstrous or dwarfish,—constrained, enchained,
subdued by a sound;

The sound of the title of Allah, spoken so as the
Angels speak:—
Nor spirits uncomely, only, and evil; ethereal
bands
Thronged down from their heavenly houses, the Great
King's service to seek,
Hearing that nameless Name which all things living
commands.

And the fowl and the beasts were fain to gather, each
creature by each,
When Solomon summoned hereby, pronouncing the
mystical words.

Moreover, their dumb mouths opened, and the fly and the bee had a speech;
And he knew the heart of the lions, and learned the mind of the birds.

Thus is it writ how he marched by Tayf from the Syrian land
Through the "Valley of Ants" and heard the cry of that people of clay,
"Hide ye! hide in the earth! for there passeth Solomon's band;
We are many and wise, but we die, if the king's foot cometh this way."

And he laughed, but leaped to the ground, and bowed his forehead and said,
"Oh, Lord God! grant me to learn from the ant the wit to be meek.
I am many and strong, and a king; yet Thou canst instantly tread
The pride of this earth to dust, and the strongest to Thee are but weak!"

Then he viewed the birds, and cried, "I see not amongst ye here
Al-Hudhud, the crested lapwing; what doth she to linger away?
Ill shall it fall for her, who seeketh us water clear,
If she find not a fountain for prayers before the ending of day!

But they tarried not long until the whirr of her speckled wings
Brought unto Solomon's feet the crested lapwing, who spake,
"I have seen a queen that is greater than any save thee, oh King!
In Seba she reigneth majestic, and glorious kingship doth make.

"There hath she a marvelous throne of silver, figured
with gold,
And the head of the throne is a moon in a jasper
and emerald curve,
For her people worship the moon." And Solomon answered, "Behold!
Little bird! if thou liest not, this queen shall the
Merciful serve!"

Thereafter the message went from the servant of God,
the king:

"Solomon, son of David, to Balkis, queen of the
south;

Peace be to them that follow the Name upon Solomon's
ring;

Yield thee, and worship Allah; cursed is the idolatrous
mouth."

Then Balkis sent him gifts, of gold bricks, yellow and
red;

And beautiful slaves five hundred, with amber and
musk; and a gem

Drilled with a crooked hole, which never a goldsmith
could thread;

And a topaz of price, unpierced, and a diamond
diadem.

He bade the sea-worm eat a way through the unpierced
stone;

And the little ant carry a thread through the ruby's
crooked drill.

"Doth she offer to Solomon gifts?" quoth he, on his
ivory throne,

"We are richer than Seba's kingdom! By Allah!"
said he, "I will

"That one of my slaves bring hither Queen Balkis'
jeweled seat;

Thereby she shall learn that the glory is ours, and
the knowledge and might."

Then Asaf, the wise, commanded, and a Djinn spread his
pinions fleet,
And brought the moon-throne thither, and set it
before them aright.

In a guarded house she had shut it, which a thousand
bowmen kept,
But when she was come to Salem, lo! Solomon the
king
Sate there on her own gold seat, and Balkis bowed her
and wept,
Saying, "I pray thee, teach me the Name on thy
signet ring!

"We have sinned against our souls, following lower
Lords;
Our kingdom we give, and our goods, and our lives,
and our spirits to thine."

* * * * *

Such worship had he of old who knew *Al-Wâlî's*
words
Which rule the rulers, and knew the sound of the
Name Divine.¹

*Ya Wâlî! Gracious Lord! impart
True knowledge of Thee, as Thou art.*

77.

AL-MUTAHALI.

*Praise Him, Al-Mutâhâlî! Whose decree
Is wiser than the wit of man can see.*

"Tis written in the chapter "of the Cave,"¹
An Angel of the Lord, a minister,

¹ Cf. Korân, xxvii. chapter "Of the Ant."

¹ Cf. Korân, xviii.

Had errands upon earth, and Moses said,
"Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn
God's ways with men." The Angel, answering, said,
"Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have
Knowledge to judge; yet if thou followest me,
Question me not, whatever I shall do,
Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship
On the seashore, wherefrom the Angel struck
Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown
The mariners? This is a strange thing wrought?"
"Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"
The Angel answered—"be thou silent now!"

Yet farther, and they met an Arab boy:
Upon his eyes with mouth invisible
The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze,
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.
Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent
Who did no wrong? This is a hard thing seen!"
"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,
Thou wouldst not bear with me? Question me not!"

Then came to a village, where there stood
A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof
Toppled to fall: the Angel thrust it down,
A ruin of gray stones, and lime, and tiles,
Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,
The little harvest of the cottage folk.
"What hire," asked Moses, "hadst thou for this deed,
Seeming so evil?"

Then the Angel said,
"This is the parting betwixt me and thee;
Yet will I first make manifest the things
Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord—
'Exalted above all reproach'—be praised.
The ship I broke serveth poor fisher-folk
Whose livelihood was lost, because there came
A king that way seizing all boats found whole;
Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy:

In two moons he had slain his mother's son,
 Being perverse; but now his brother lives,
 Whose life unto his tribe was more, and he
 Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:
 Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one
 That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones
 The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.
 This shall they find building their ruin up,
 And joy will come upon their house! But thou,
 Journey no more with me, because I do
 Nought of myself, but all by Allah's will."

*Al-Mutâhâl! Maker of men,
 Exalted art Thou past our ken.*

78.

AL-BARR.

*Praise Him, Al-Barr! Whose goodness is so great;
 Who is so loving and compassionate.*

Pity! for He is Pitiful;—a king
 Is likeliest Allah, not in triumphing
 'Mid enemies o'erthrown, nor seated high
 On stately gold, nor if the echoing sky
 Rings with his name, but when sweet mercy sways
 His words and deeds. The very best man prays
 For Allah's help, since feeble are the best;
 And never shall man reach th' angelic rest
 Save by the vast compassion of Heaven's King.
 Our Prophet once, Ayesha answering,
 Spake this: "I shall not enter that pure place,
 Even I, except through Allah's covering grace."
 Even our Lord (on him be peace!); oh, see!
 If *he* besought the Sovereign Clemency,
 How must we supplicate it? Truly thus
 Great need there is of Allah's grace for us,
 And that we live compassionate!

Hast seen

The record written of Salah-ud-Deen
The Sultan? How he met, upon a day,
In his own city on the public way,
A woman whom they led to die. The veil
Was stripped from off her weeping face, and pale
Her shamed cheeks were, and wild her dark fixed eye,
And her lips drawn with terror at the cry
Of the harsh people, and the rugged stones
Borne in their hands to break her flesh and bones;
For the law stood that sinners such as she
Perish by stoning, and this doom must be;
So went the wan adulteress to her death.
High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath
Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.
The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down
With lolling tongues: the camels moaned; a crowd
Pressed with their pitchers, wrangling high and loud,
About the tank; and one dog by a well,
Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,
Glaring upon the water out of reach,
And praying succor in a silent speech,
So piteous were its eyes. Which when she saw,
This woman from her foot her shoe did draw,
Albeit death-sorrowful, and looping up
The long silk of her girdle, made a cup
Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink
Until it touched the cool black water's brink;
So filled th' embroidered shoe, and gave a draught
To the spent beast, which whined, and fawned, and
quaffed
Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,
With such glad looks that all might understand
He held his life from her; then, at her feet
He followed close, all down the cruel street,
Her one friend in that city.

But the king,
Riding within his litter, marked this thing,
And how the woman, on her way to die,
Had such compassion for the misery

Of that parched hound: "Take off her chain, and place
 The veil once more above the sinner's face,
 And lead her to her house in peace!" he said.
 "The law is that the people stone thee dead
 For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,
 Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,
 Not heard upon thy trial; this brute beast
 Testifies for thee, sister! whose weak breast
 Death could not make ungentle. I hold rule
 In Allah's stead, who is 'the Merciful,'
 And hope for mercy; therefore go thou free—
 I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

*As we forgive—and more than we—
 Ya Barr! good God! show clemency.*

79.

AL-TAWWAB.

*Praise Him, Al-Tawwâb; if a soul repents,
 Seven times and seventy times thy Lord relents.*

At the gates of Paradise,
 Whence the angry Angels drave him,
 Adam heard in gentle wise
 Allah's whisper, which forgave him:
 "Go," it said, "from this fair place,
 Ye that sinned; yet not despairing;
 Haply there shall come a grace
 And a guidance; and in fearing
 Me, and following My will,
 Blessèd shall your seed be still."¹

Know ye not that God receives
 Gladly back the soul which grieves!
 Know ye not that He relents
 Ere the sinner well repents?

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer," v. 35.

Terribly His justice burns,
Easily His anger turns.¹

Spake our Lord: "If one draw near
Unto God—with praise and prayer—
Half a cubit, God will go
Twenty leagues to meet him so.
He who walketh unto God,
God will run upon the road,
All the quicker to forgive
One who learns at last to live."

*Ya Tawwâb! for Thy mercy's sake,
Us to sweet peace and pity take.*

80, 81.

GHAFOOR. MUNTAKIM.

*"Forgiver!" and "Avenger!" worship Him
By these two names, Ghafoor and Muntakim.*

Oh, Men, of dry clay molded,² as the potter molds
the jars;
Oh, Djins, that We have fashioned from the smokeless
fire of stars:

What terror of the Lord will ye abide?

He is Lord of east and west, He is Lord of south and
north;
And the seas obey the limits which He set them, pour-
ing forth:

What terror of the Lord will ye abide?

Their white pearls, large and small, are the handiwork
of Him;
And the ships, with towering sails, by His winds and
waters swim:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

¹ Cf. Koran, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

² Cf. Koran, lv. chapter "Of the Merciful."

But the earth and all her creatures shall die and be decayed;

Only the face of Allah will never change nor fade:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

The face of Allah ruling in glorious array;

For all things look unto Him, and He governs day by day:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

Yet will He find good leisure, ye twain! ye Djins and Men,

To judge you at the judgment, oh, Clay and Flame!
what then?

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

If ye can pass His gateways, east, west, and south and north—

Which shut in earth and heaven—hasten ye! pass ye forth:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

But Life and Death inclose ye; by no way shall ye pass;

A fence of flame shall stay ye, and a moat of molten brass:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

And when the sky is rended, red like a new-ripped hide,

There shall be no accusing, admitted or denied:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

No yea nor nay! no questions! the sinner's brand is sin;

Thereby shall he be known, and flung Hell's blazing walls within:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

Flung by the forelock and the feet: "'This Hell existed not,'

Ye said. Now broil! and when ye thirst, drink sulphur scalding hot:"

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

* * * * *

But sweet for him who was faithful, and feared the face of his God,

Are the Gardens of joy preparing, and the gates of the Golden Abode:

Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?

With leafy branching fruit-trees are set those Gardens twain,

And softly the streamlets warble, and brightly the fountains rain:

Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?

And the fruit of the Golden Gardens swings delicate, near to reach,

Where they rest on their 'broidered couches, hearing delightful speech:

Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

Therein are the shy-faced maidens, refraining their night-black eyes

From any save that glad lover whose joy is their Paradise:

Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

From any but that glad lover, that happy lord for whom

Their mouths of pearl rain kisses, their lips of ruby bloom.

Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

Shall the wages of righteous-doing be less than the promise given?

Nay! but by God, the Glorious, the debt shall be paid in heaven!

What bounty of their Lord shall they deny?

*Oh, man! fear Him, magnify him;
Al-Ghafoor and Al-Muntakim.*

82.

AL-RAWUF.

*Praise Him, Al-Rawûf, just and kind always,
Who knoweth how He made us of the clay.*

Say, "Lord of all, to Thee
Goeth our road;
Require not of our souls
Too much, dear God!
Thou wilt not! what was earned
Thou dost defray;
And what was done amiss
That we must pay;
But ah! be not extreme
With what's forgot,
With error, or small sin,
And load us not
With burdens which we can not carry, Lord!
But favor, help, forgiveness afford."¹

Tender his answers are:—
(The "Chapter of the Star."²
Ayat the Thirty-Third): "The heavens and earth
To Us pertain, and We
Will deal, assuredly,
Well with the good, but with the ill in wrath.

¹ Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

² Cf. Korân, liii.

Yet not for each offense,
 Errors of flesh or sense,
 Shall there be judgment, children of the loam!
 Our mercy reacheth far;
 We know ye what ye are,
 And knew ye while ye lay clots in the womb;
 Sin, and be sorry, and amend:
 Who seeketh God shall find him in the end."

*Ever indulgent Maker! we
 Praise for these words Thy clemency.*

83.

YA MALIK.

*King of all kingdoms! only Thou art crowned,
 Whose throne is heaven, and earth Thy footstool's round.*

Ya Mâlik! Ya Kuddûs! wa ya Salâm!
 Oh, King! Oh, Holy One! Oh, Peace-giver!
Ya Aziz! Ya Muhaimin! Ya Mûmin!
 Oh, Mighty! Oh, Protector! Faithful ever!
Ya Jabbâr! Oh, Thou Sovereign, All-compelling!
Ya Mutakabbir! Oh, Thou Lord excelling!
 Exalted art Thou over utmost praise;
 Accurst are those who graven idols raise
 Beside Thee; unto them fall plagues and shames!
 To Thee alone belong "the comely names."¹

*King of all kings! we celebrate
 With endless praise Thy glorious state.*

¹ Cf. Korân, lix. chapter "Of the Emigration."



84.

DHU'L JADAL WA'L IKRAM.

*Oh, "Lord of awfulness and honor! we
Lack wit and words in fitly naming Thee.*

All things shall die and decay; but the kingdom of
Allah endureth,
Changeless in honor and might, changeless in glory
and grace;
Blessèd be He who is Lord, possessed of all beauty and
greatness;
All things die and decay; only endureth His face.¹

*Dhu'l jalâl wa'l ikrâm! Thus ever
Praise we Thy Throne which fadeth never.*

85.

AL-MUKSIT.

*Al-Muksit! "Equitable!" Make us know,
As men have wrought, they shall be wrought with so.*

Three days before our Lord Muhammad passed,
They bore him to the mosque, where he uprose—
Painfully leaning upon Omar's neck—
The fever burning in his cheeks, his mouth
Dry with the wind of death, and that knit brow
Shadowed with Azrael's overhanging wings.
One thin hand on the mimbar-rail he laid,
Speaking sweet words of guidance, precious words,
The last which ever fell from those lit lips,
Teaching his Faithful.

Then he gazed around
And said, "Ye men of Mecca, where I lived,
Going and coming, testifying God,

¹ Cf. Korân, lv. chapter "Of the Merciful," vv. 26, 78.

I shall die soon; I pray ye answer me,
 Is there among ye here one I have wronged?
 I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name,
 That am a man and sinful; have I judged
 Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed
 Too hard in the amend? Let who saith 'Yea,'
 Make his 'Yea' good before my people here,
 And I will bare my back that he may smite.
 I have borne testimony for the truth,
 Not sparing sinners; speak, if there be here
 One visited unjustly; let him shame
 His Prophet now, telling the sin I wrought
 Before the assembly. I have gathered dues;
 Declare if I defrauded any here
 Buying or selling."

And no answer came,
 Except the sound of sobs and falling tears
 From stern breasts and the eyes of bearded men,
 Because our Lord would pass.

But one arose,
 A hamal, with his cord across his back
 And porter's knot, who cried, "Abdallah's son!
 Three drachms of silver owest thou to me
 For wood I bore thee after 'Ramadhan!'"

"Good friend, I thank thee," softly said our Lord,
 "Because thou didst demand thy money here,
 And not before the judgment-seat of God:
 Ill is it if men thither carry debts!"
 Therewith he paid his debt, kissing the hand
 Wherein the dirhems dropped; and so went home
 To die upon the lap of Ayesha,
 With glad face fixed on high, and holy lips
 That murmured, "Allah! pardon me my sins!"

Oh, ye believers! if our Lord did thus,
 Consider well! leave no unrighted wrongs
 Against the ill time when the Angels come,
 Monker and Nakir, gliding through the dark,
 And set ye up for question in the grave;

When Israfil his dreadful trumpet blows,
 Summoning to judgment; when the skies roll back
 Like a scorched scroll, and o'er the gulf of hell
 Al-Sirât stretches, "thinner than a hair
 And sharper than a sword," and yet to cross!
 Ah, then! what good one wrought, he hath help
 Even to a date-stone; what of ill he wrought,
 Of hindrance, to a date-stone; for your God
 Is righteous, and the distribution just.

*Oh, just "Distributor!" incline
 Our hearts to keep Thy laws divine.*

86.

AL-JAMI'H.

*Al-Jami'h! praise "the Gatherer," Who divides
 Evil and good unto their proper sides.*

Ye who believe, stand ye steadfast in justice,
 Witnessing true though it be to displease;
 Heed not your patrons, nor parents, nor kinsmen,
 Allah is nearer and richer than these.

Sit ye not down in the seat of the scornful,
 Hear not the tales which the hypocrites tell;
 On the day when His children are folded together
 Al-Jami'h shall scatter the sinners to hell.¹

*We take Thee for our Shepherd; keep
 Safe in the fold Thy foolish sheep.*

¹ Cf. Koran, iv. chapter "Of Women," v. 139.



87.

AL-GHANI.

*We praise Thee; but no need of praise Thou hast,
Al-Ghanî! in thy glory bright and vast.*

Mighty is He and forgiving.¹
One soul did He first create,
Then He made therefrom a mate:
And to help man in his living,
Gave him herds, each with the other,
Camels, oxen, goats, and sheep
Think how Allah wakes from sleep
The babe, close-folded in its mother!
In three darknesses He shrouds it;
Wonder upon wonder clouds it.
He is Maker: can ye see
All these tokens and still be
Thankless? Yet, if so ye are,
Not beholden to your care
Is Al-Ghanî: self-sufficing
Lives high Allah, recognizing
Gladly all His creatures' love
In a changeless peace above.
Judge ye each for each; with God
No man bears another's load.
Unto Him is your return,
Then shall every spirit learn
What it wrought, and what is due;
For He knows the hearts of you.

*Ah, Self-sufficing One! we seek
To praise Thee well, but words are weak.*

¹ Cf. Koran, xxxix. chapter "Of Troops."



88.

AL-MUGHNI.

*He is sufficient, and He makes suffice;
Praise thus again thy Lord, mighty and wise.*

God is enough! Thou, who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine: thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice! Oh thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam: thou wilt be satisfied.

By God's gold Afternoon!¹ peace ye shall have:
Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient: then the restful night!

*Al-Mughnî! best Rewarder! we
Endure; putting our trust in Thee.*

89, 90.

MU'HTI. MANI'H.

*Mu'htî and Mânî'h! Heaven Thou mad'st, and Hell,
Providing and withholding,—and didst well.*

When God fashioned Paradise,¹
Spake He unto Gabriel:
"See this place which We created,
Where the justified will dwell."
Gabriel said, "My Lord! I swear
By Thy glory, none of men
Ever of its joys shall hear
But will strive to enter in."

¹ Cf. Koran, ciii. chapter "Of the Afternoon."

² Cf. "The Mishkat-al-Masabih."

Round about His Paradise
 God set sorrows and denials;
 Laid the pathway steep and strait,
 Hard to find and full of trials.
 "Look again!" God said; and he
 Looked, and came, and sadly spake:
 "By Thy glorious majesty,
 Not one man will entrance make!"

Then the Lord created Hell,
 Set ablaze its ache and grieving;
 Saying unto Gabriel,
 "This is for the unbelieving."
 Gabriel looked and said, "I swear,
 By Thy splendor, not a mortal,
 When of hell-fire he shall hear,
 Ever will approach its portal."

Round about those awful gates
 Allah set soft sins and pleasures;
 Made the pathway broad and plain,
 Rich with joys and gifts and treasures.
 "Look again," said God; and he
 Saw; and spake, "Save by Thy blessing,
 Oh, my Lord! there will not be
 One that must not love transgressing."

*Lord of the two-fold roads, we pray
 Lead us upon the rightful way.*

91.

*"Propitious" is He unto those that show
 Compassion to His creatures; praise Him so.*

"No beast of earth, no fowl that flies with wings,"
 Smith the great Book, "but is a people, too;
 From Allah sprang their life, and unto Him
 They shall return; with such heed what ye do!"

There came before our Lord a certain one
Who said, "Oh, Prophet! as I passed the wood,
I heard the voice of youngling doves which cried,
While near the nest their pearl-necked mother cooed."

"Then in my cloth I tied those fledgelings twain,
But all the way the mother fluttered nigh;
See! she hath followed hither!" Spake our Lord:
"Open thy knotted cloth, and stand thou by."

But when she spied her nestlings, from the palm
Down flew the dove, of peril unafraid
So she might succor these. "Seest thou not,"
Our Lord said, "how the heart of this poor bird

"Grows, by her love, greater than his who rides
Full-face against the spear-blades? Thinkest thou
Such fire divine was kindled to be quenched?
I tell ye nay! Put back upon the bough

"The nest she claimeth thus. I tell ye nay!
From Allah's self cometh this wondrous love:
Yea! and I swear by Him who sent me here,
He is more tender than a nursing dove,

"More pitiful to men than she to these.
Therefore fear God in whatsoe'er ye deal
With the dumb peoples of the wing and hoof.
Yours are they; yet whene'er ye lift the steel

"To slay for meat, name first the name of God,
Saying 'Bi 'sm 'illah! God judge thee and me!
God give thee patience to endure to-day
The portion that He hath allotted thee.'

"So shall ye eat and sin not; else the blood
Crieth against you." Thus our Prophet spake,
And Islâm doeth it, naming God's name
Before the slaughter,—for that white dove's sake.

*By those dumb mouths be ye forgiven,
Ere ye are heard pleading with Heaven.*

92.

AZ-ZARR.

*Az-Zarr! "Harmful" He is to them that sin
Mocking the truth. Oh man! fear Him herein.*

Sheddâd, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,
Idolater, lord of the land and sea,
Hath it come to ye how he mocked at Heaven,
Saying the idols of the coast were best—
Sâkia that makes the rain, and Hafedha
The Thunderer, Razek who gives grain to men,
And Salema, lady of life and death?—
And how he sware an oath by those four gods,
Drinking the palm-wine deep at Hadramaut,
That he would build a better Paradise
Than Allah's, and be Lord and God therein;
With earthly Houris fairer than those maids
Wrought of the musk and ambergris, who have
The great immortal breasts and black-pearl eyes;
With sweeter streams the Salsabil,¹ and trees
Richer in fruit than Tooba:² this he sware,
Abiding not the judgment, nor the blasts
Of Israfil, nor weighing of the scales.
Wherefore he gave command that there be built
In Akhaf, on the hills, beyond the sand—
Within a hollow vale walled by wild peaks—
A pleasure-house—beautiful with white courts
Of leveled marble, and in every court
A fountain, sparkling from a tank inlaid
With amber, nacrè, coral; and around,
In every court cloisters of columns carved
With reeded shafts and frontals, wonderful
For beasts and bird and fish and leaf and flower.
And round about this pleasure-house he bade
A love'y garden bloom, terraced by lanes

¹ A stream of Paradise.

² The Tree of Happiness, which grows from Muhammad's pavilion in Paradise.

Bosky with blossoming trees and rose-thickets,
Where hidden streamlets murmured and gold fruit
Loaded the boughs, and all the air was balm.
He gave command, moreover, that there rise
Hard by, with streets and markets, a fair town
Peopled by ministers of pleasure, and walled
With ramparts of the rose and pomegranate;
Wherethrough there led a double folding gate,
Fashioned of fragrant woods, and set with stars
Of silver, opening downwards to the vale,
Inscribed "The Paradise of King Sheddad."

And when the house was made, and all the courts
Were girdled with the carven shafts, and cooled
With leaping fountains; and the roses, blown,
Filled the green vale with sweetness; and the town
Was heaped with grain and wine, and people moved
Busy and glad about its new fair streets,
Sheddad set forth. A shining line of spears
League-long, wound first upon the mountain-path;
And after them the camel-litters, decked
With silk and gold, and poles of silver, came
Bearing the Houris of his Paradise;
And next the Prince amid his lords: so clumb
The gay march up the sandy steeps, or streamed
Down the gray wadis. At the head of all
Rode one who held a flag of yellow silk,
Which had for its device, "*Amid his gods,
Sheddâd, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,
Unasked of Allah, wends to Paradise.*"

That night they entered at the silver gate,
Making bold cheer; and sweet the garden was,
And green the groves, and bright the pleasure-house
Lit with a thousand scented lamps, and loud
With dance and cymbal and the beat of drum.
But when the golden horseshoe of the moon
Waned in the west, there came into the sky
Three clouds; and one was white and had the shape
Of a winged angel; one was red and burned

Across the planets like a blazing sword;
And one, thick black, gathered around the head
Of a bare hollow mountain, seamed with gaps
And caverns, wherefrom — full upon their feast —
Brake, of a sudden, flame and cataracts
Of blood-red molten rock, with pitchy smoke
Veiling the heavens, and rain of blinding dust,
All pierced by livid lightning-spears, and driven
By fierce winds, hotter than the breath of hell;
Which sucked the streams, and parched the trees, and
dried

Life from the body, as a furnace draws
The moisture from the potter's clay, while earth
Rocked, quaking; and the thunder's vengeful voice
Rolled horrible from crag to crag, and mocked
The death-cry of those choked idolaters:
Whereof, when the sun rose, there breathed not one;
Nor any green thing lingered in the vale;
Nor road nor gate appeared; nor might a man
Say where the garden of King Sheddâd stood:
So were the ways uptorn, and that fair sin
Blotted from vision by the wrath of God.

Yet to this day there lurketh — lost to view
Of all men, hardly found by wandering wolf,
Spied seldom by the vulture's hungry eye —
The remnant of the garden of Iram.
Deep in the wilderness of Aden, hid
Behind wild peaks, and fenced with burning sands,
The perished relics of that pleasaunce lie
Which Sheddâd made, mocking the power of God:
And one who tended camels in the land,
Abdallah-Ebn-Kelâbah, seeking there
A beast estrayed, followed her footmarks up
Into a gorge, which split a cliff in twain
From sky to sand, dark as the heart of night,
With thickets at its mouth and jutting rocks.
Therethrough he pushed, and when the light once more
Glimmered and grew, he spied a hollow, shut
In the gaunt barren peaks, with black dust strewn,

And piled with cindery crags and bladdered slag,
In midst of which lay—plain to see—the bones
Of Sheddâd's city and his pleasure-house;
All with their withered gardens, and the gate
Rusted and ruined; and the cloistered courts
Swathed in the death-drift, and the marble tanks
Choked to their brims; the carven columns fall'n
Or thrust awry; the bright pavilions foul
With ashes, and with remnants of the dead:
For Ebn-Kelâbah passed into the place,
And saw the valley thronged with carcasses
Of men and women and the townspeople—
Not moldered, as is wont, to whitened bone,
But dried, by the hot blasts of that dread night,
Unto a life in death; the skin and flesh
Yet clinging, and the robes of festival
Still gay of color; all those sinful ones
Slain in their sin even where the whirlwind struck:
So that he saw the dancers as they fell
With dancing-dress and timbrels; and the ring
Of watchers round them; and the slaves who made
Their music; and the bearers bringing wine,
Each by his shriveled wineskin, dead and dry.
Also within the courts lay corpses slim,
Rich-clad and delicate, with jeweled necks,
The Houris of that ruined Paradise.
The sunken eyes stared, and the drawn lips grinned
Under dead rose-crowns, and the shapely limbs
Were grown too lean for the loose tarnished gold
Of armlet and of anklet; dusty lay
Strings of dulled jewels on their shrunken breasts;
And brimmed with dust the cups were which they
In stiff discolored fingers. In their midst [clasped
Sate, all agape, King Sheddâd, for a throne
Propped his dead form, and round the waist of it
A sword hung, in a belt of gold and silk,
Hilted with pearls and rubies. This he took—
The camel-man—and glided, terrified,
Back from that City of the Dead; and found
The night-black gorge, and groped his way, and brought

The sword and sword-hilt unto Hadramaut,
 Telling the dread things seen of Allah's wrath
 Wrought on the misbelievers; and their streets
 Wrecked, and their painted courts peopled with dead.
 Such awful end came on the men of Ad,
 Who made the House of Iram; and their lord.

But no foot since hath found that road again,
 Nor shall; till Israfil sets to his lips
 The trumpet, and Az-Zarr will bid him blow.

*Oh, Harmful unto mockers! we
 Know and adore Thy majesty.*

 93.

AN-NOOR.

*An-Noor! "The Light" that lightens all who live!
 By this great name to Allah glory give.*

Of earth and heaven God is the Light,¹
 As when a lamp upon a high
 Is set within a niche, and gleams
 From forth the glittering glass, and seems
 A star,—wide fall the rays of it:—
 So shines His glory, and 'tis lit
 With holy oil was never pressed
 From olive tree in east or west.
 It burneth without touch of flame,
 A light beyond all light: the same
 Guideth the feet of men, and still
 He leadeth by it whom He will.

*Light of the world! An-Noor! illumine
 Our darkling pathway to the tomb.*

¹ Cf. Koran, xxiv. chapter "Of Light."

94.

AL-HADI.

*Al-Hâdî! Lord! the way is hard, and we,
Thy creatures, have none other "Guide" than Thee.*

By many names and guides doth God
Lead men along the upward road;
He, unto each land under Heaven,
A prophet of its own hath given:
Hâd, Idris, Eyoob, Moses.—all
Upon the selfsame Lord did call;
Seeing there is no way besides
His way, the Guider of the guides;
Nor any light to mortals known
Except Al-Hâdî—His alone.

'Tis told, nigh to a city-gate
Four fellow-travelers hungry sate,
An Arab, Persian, Turk, and Greek;
And one was chosen forth, to seek
Their evening meal, with dirhems thrown
Into a common script; but none
Could with his fellows there agree
What meat therewith should purchased be.
"Buy *uzum*," quoth the Turk, "which food
Is cheaper, sweeter, or so good?"
"Not so," the Arab cried, "I say
Buy *aneb*, and the most ye may."
"Name not thy trash!" the Persian said,
"Who knoweth *uzum* or *aneb*?
Bring *anghur*, for the country's store
Is ripe and rich." The Greek, who bore
Their dirhems, clamored, "What ill thing
Is *anghur*? Surely I will bring
Staphylion green, *staphylion* black,
And a fair meal we shall not lack."
Thus wrangled they, and set to try
With blows what provend he should buy,

When, lo! before their eyes did pass,
 Laden with grapes, a gardener's ass.
 Sprang to his feet each man, and showed
 With eager hand, that purple load.
 "See *uzum!*" said the Turk; and "See
Anghur!" the Persian; "what should be
 Better?" "Nay, *aneb! aneb 'tis!*"
 The Arab cried. The Greek said, "This
 Is my *staphylion!*" Then they bought
 Their grapes in peace.
 Hence be ye taught!

*But unto us Thy changeless name
 Is Allah—praisèd be the same.*

95, 96.

AL-AZALI. AL-BAKI.

*Al-Azali! Al-Bâkî! praise to Thee
 Who wast before Beginning, and will be
 After the Ending. From Thy mercy came
 Man's breath, and unto Thee returns the same.*

Al Aarâf¹ saith—the seventh of "the Book:"—
 In the Beginning God from Adam took
 All who should be his seed, and bade them bear
 Witness upon themselves, putting His fear
 And knowledge in the hearts of all to be,
 As salt is set in all the waves of the sea.
 A countless, nameless, throng there gathered they,
 That unborn multitude; and God did say,
 "Testify! Am I not your Lord?" And those
 Replied, "Yea, Lord! we testify!" Propose
 Never, then, Man! to say, "we did not have
 Guidance;" it shall be answered, "Allah gave
 With life that light which leadeth to the grave."

¹ Cf. Korân, chapter vii. verse 172.

And in the chapter of "Ya Sin"¹ it saith—
 Read in the Muslim's ear at hour of death:²—
 A blast! and then another blast! and, lo!
 At summons of the trumpet, all shall go
 Forth from their grave-beds, thronging once again
 Unto their Lord; and some, in fear and pain,
 Shall cry, "Woe, woe! what waketh us? Is this
 God's word come true?" and some, in joy and bliss,
 Shall say, "Now, praise to God! His prophets spake
 Truth unto us." For all mankind shall wake
 Together, at the trumpet; and shall wend
 Together, to the Judgment, in the end.

And no soul shall be wronged in that dread place
 For aught not wrought; nor any soul find grace
 Except for what it wrought; and there shall fall
 Endless delight in Paradise on all
 Who kept that witness! happy they shall be
 Reclining with sweet consorts, 'neath the Tree
 Which bears all fruits, and groweth by the Throne.
 And they shall hear the Lord say to His own,
 "PEACE!"—they shall hear the Merciful say so.

But to the sinners shall be thundered, "Go!
 Divide herefrom! did not ye testify?"
 "Yea, dreadful Lord!"—thus shall they make reply,
 Descending into Hell.

*Thy mercy send,
 Thou, the Beginning and the End!*

¹ Korân, chapter xxxvi.

² This Sura is recited at the deathbeds of Muhammedans.



97.

AL-WARITH.

*Inheritor! all things proceed from Thee,
And re-committed to Thy hands shall be.*

The chapter of Al-Hajar:¹ There is nought
But from the treasury of God was brought;
Such and so much He lends them; winds and waters;
Have ye the store of these things, or of aught?

Did ye set in the sky the starry band,
Or pile the mountain peaks upon the land?
Verily He hath made and will unmake them,
And all these shall return into His hand.

"Oh, Rose!" the Dewdrop said, "whence didst thou
spring,
That art so sweet and proud and fair a thing?"
"From dust I sprang," she said, "and ere to-morrow
Back to the dust I shall be moldering."

"Oh, Dewdrop!" said the Rose, "where didst thou gain
This light, that like a gem on me hath lain?"
"A cloud," he said, "uplifted me from ocean,
And I must trickle to the deep again."

The Bulbul heard. "Oh, Allah's rose!" it said,
"The air is fragrant with thee, being dead;
Oh, Allah's Dewdrop! ere the sea did suck thee,
She was the fairer; be thou comforted!"

For saith the chapter of Al-Hajar: "Tell
My servants I have made the heavens well,
And the earth well, and with a steadfast purpose;
And Paradise is Mine, and Mine is Hell."²

*Inheritor! all things are Thine;
Al-Warith! Oh, Thou might Divine!*

¹ Cf. Koran, chapter xv. verse 21.

² Cf. Koran, xv. vv. 49, 85.

98.

AL-RASCHID.

*Earth knows, heaven shows; the holy scriptures say,
How righteous and "unerring" is thy way.*

"We sent it down upon the 'Night of Power,'¹
The Book which 'doth declare.'
In all the year that night is best: one hour
Thereof in praise and prayer,

"Is worth a thousand days of joy; for then
The Angels bear commands,
Bringing the will of Al-Rachîd to men;
Descending on all lands.

"Peace ruleth till the rising of that dawn,
While Allah doth ordain
How many souls those twelve moons shall be born,
How many shall attain

"His mercy; for the books are brought of these,
And each account is cast;
And Allah maketh 'the allowances,'
Accepting souls at last."

Thus spake our Lord, and Ayesha replied,¹

"Oh, Prophet! are there none
Accepted, save by mercy?" "None!" he cried,
"By God! I say not one!"

"Not thou!—not even thou!—*thou* not to go,
Unquestioned, into heaven,
Who walked with Allah's Angels, and below
Taught us the message given?"—

¹ Cf. Koran, xevii. chapter "Of Power."

² Cf. the Mishkat-el-Mâsâbih.

He drew his cloth across his bended face
 And thrice he spake to her:
 "Except God's mercy cover me with grace,
 I shall not enter there!"

*Oh, Al-Raschid! and if not he,
 Increase to us Thy clemency.*

 99.

AZ-ZABOOR.

*Oh, loving-kind, "long-suffering" Lord! once more
 We praise Thee, magnifying Az-Zaboor.*

Patient is Allah, and He loveth well
 The patient, saith "the Book,"¹ and such as dwell
 In kindness, asking pardon of their sins
 Each dawn, and pardoning the blameable.

Islâm! this is the Faith! thyself resign,
 Soul, mind, and body, to the will divine;
 The kingdom and the glory and the power
 Are God's, and God's the government,—not thine!

There is no God but God! and He is All;
 And whatso doth befall ye doth befall
 By His decree; therefore, with fear and love
 Upon His glorious names devoutly call.

*Allah! His holy will be done!
 Islâm!—we bow before His throne.*

¹ Cf. Korân, iii. v. 15, chapter "Of Imran's Family."



NOTES TO PEARLS OF THE FAITH.

Page 195, line 17.—One version of this legend says that Soharah (or Zoharah) herself, the spirit of the planet Venus, descended to tempt the two Angels. Harût and Marût are fabled to be confined still in the vicinity of Babel, where a man may go to learn sorcery of them, hearing their voices, but never seeing their forms.

Page 197, line 20.—Gabriel, or Jibrail, is called in Arabian theology *Rû'h-el-Amîn*, "the Faithful Spirit," or *Rû'h-el-Kuddûs*, "the Holy Spirit." It was he who delivered the Korân to Muhammad.

Page 197, line 27.—A commentator on this legend writes: "Some say that Solomon brought these horses, being a thousand in number, from Damascus and Nisibis, which cities he had taken; others say that they were left him by his father, who took them from the Amalekites; while others, who prefer the marvelous, pretend that they came up out of the sea, and had wings. However, Solomon, having one day a mind to view the horses, ordered them to be brought before him, and was so taken up with them that he spent the remainder of the day, till after sunset, in looking on them; by which means he almost neglected the prayer, which ought to have been said at that time, till it was too late: but when he perceived his omission, he was so greatly concerned at it, that ordering the horses to be brought back, he killed them all as an offering to God, except only a hundred of the best of them. But God made him ample amends for the loss, by giving him dominion over the winds."

Page 198, line 11.—Arafat is a mountain near Mecca, so named from the tradition that Adam, upon his repentance, was reunited there to Eve, after a separation of two hundred years.

Page 201, line 1.—Isrâfil is one of the Archangels, who will sound the last trumpet at the resurrection. He has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

Page 201, line 13.—Iblîs, "He who despairs," is Shaitân, or Satan, who fell from Heaven on account of arrogantly refusing to pay reverence to Adam at the creation, when all the other Angels worshiped the first man.

Page 201, line 21.—*Wuzû'h*, or washing (either with actual water, or by imitating the process with sand, &c.), must precede all those prayers which are *farz*, or “incumbent.” These are commenced in a standing attitude, *Kiyâm*, the thumbs touching the lobes of the ears and the face turning toward Mecca.

Page 202, line 19.—The “Companions of the right hand” are so called because they will have the book of their good deeds put into their right hands in token of salvation; while evil-doers will have their scroll of condemnation, at the last day, thrust into their left hands.

Page 203, line 1.—“Such, moreover, as of old time,” &c. These are the early prophets and holy teachers in all nations. The text of the Koran calls them “the leaders, the leaders!” that emphatic repetition denoting their dignity, and the assurance of their prominence in the final reward.

Page 203, line 31.—“Mawz-trees.” The original word *talk* may mean either the plantain, or that acacia which has small round golden blossoms.

Page 204, line 5.—Sale has a citation upon these privileged attributes of the Houris. “Allah has created them purposely of finer materials than the females of this world, and subject to none of those inconveniences which are natural to the sex. Some understand this passage of the beatified women; who, though they died old and ill-favored, shall yet all be restored to their youth and beauty in Paradise.”

Page 204, line 23.—“At Azan.” The time of the call to prayer, and especially after the sun has begun to decline.

Page 208, line 5.—“And spider.” One of the *Sûras* of the Korân, the 29th, is named after this insect.

Page 208.—“The Verse of the Throne.” This (which is often engraved on seal rings in the East) is so called from the word *Koorstîy*, “the chair or throne” of Allah, which occurs in the sublime passage cited. In the judgment of Muhammedans the “Throne-Verse” is one of the noblest portions of the Korân, surpassing in majesty of diction all other human compositions. It is taken from the 2d *Sûra*, verse 256, and is rendered very exactly, as below, by Mr. Redhouse (to whose most learned and laborious article in the “Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,” January, 1880, my in indebtedness has been extremely great):—

“God, save whom there is no God, is the Living, the Self-existing One. Drowsiness overcometh Him not, nor sleep. Unto Him belongeth whatever is in the heavens, and whatever is in the earth. Who is he that shall make intercession with Him,

save by His permission? He knoweth whatever is before them, and whatever is behind them; and they comprehend not a single matter of His knowledge, save only that which He hath willed. His firmament spans the heavens and the earth, the preservation whereof doth not distress Him. And He is the Most High, the Most Supreme."

N. B.—Each chapter of the Korân is called a *Sûra*, a term signifying a course of bricks in a wall; and the *Sûras* are divided into '*âyât*, verses, or more literally "signs."

Page 209.—This *Sûra*, 59, is known as the chapter "Of the Emigration."

Page 210, line 1.—The Muslim doctors call the scriptural Terah, the father of Abraham, by the name of Azar. This was also the title of the god of the planet Mars. Abraham's father is moreover styled Zarah in the Talmud, and Athar also, by Eusebius.

Page 210, line 25.—"Friend of Allah." The Muslims so denominate Abraham, *Al-Khalîl*.

Page 212.—This is suggested from *Sûra* 35, the chapter "Of the Angels," or "Of the Originator." The Archangel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Muhammad, on the night of his journey to Heaven, having no less than three hundred pairs of wings!

Page 213, line 23.—"Michael," or Mikâ'il. The Archangel here named was especially the guardian of the Jews. The Israelites of Mecca told Muhammad that they would have received his Korân, if Michael instead of Gabriel had revealed it.

Page 214, line 19.—"Azrâel." The Archangel of Death.

Page 215, line 1.—"God's Friend." *Vide* note on page 210, line 25.

Page 218, line 16.—"People of the bench." This was the name given to the poor persons whom the Prophet sustained by alms every day, and who used to wait for his gifts, sitting upon the bench outside Muhammad's house at Medina.

Page 221.—The very remarkable *Sûra* quoted here, entitled sometimes "The Brightness," came to the prophet thus: "It is related that no revelation having been vouchsafed to Muhammad for several days, in answer to some questions put to him by the Koreish, because he had confidently promised to resolve them the next day, without adding the exception, *if it please God*, or because he had repulsed an importunate beggar, or else because a dead puppy lay under his seat, or for some other reason, his enemies said that God had left him: whereupon this chapter was sent down for his consolation."

Page 222.—“The Journey of the Night.” “It is a dispute,” writes Sale, “among the Muhammedan divines, whether their Prophet’s night-journey was really performed by him corporally, or whether it was only a dream or vision. Some think the whole was no more than a vision; and allege an express tradition of Moâwiyah, one of Muhammad’s successors, to that purpose. Others suppose he was carried bodily to Jerusalem, but no farther; and that he ascended thence to Heaven in spirit only. But the received opinion is, that it was no vision, but that he was actually transported in the body to his journey’s end; and if any impossibility be objected, they think it a sufficient answer to say, that it might easily be effected by an omnipotent agent.”

Page 223, line 27.—“One *Fâtihah*.” The name of the opening prayer of Muhammedans.

Page 224, line 18.—“Monker and Nakîr” are the two Angels who conduct “the examination of the Tomb.” They come to a man directly he is laid in his grave, and catechise him as to his faith. If he repeats quickly and gladly the formula of Islâm, they cause him to repose in peace; but if he is uncertain or heterodox, they belabor him with iron clubs, till his cries are so bitter that they are heard all through the earth, except by men and Djins. Then the two black Ministers press the clay down upon the corpse, and leave it to be wasted and consumed till the time of resurrection.

Page 229, line 15.—“*Hadîth*.” The traditional sayings which supplement the Korân.

Page 229, line 24.—“*Zem-Zem*.” This is the holy well at Mecca, within the sacred precincts, believed to be that very spring which was revealed to Hagar when she fled with Ishmael.

Page 231.—This legend of Nimrûd is alluded to in Sûra 21 of the Korân, entitled the “Chapter of Prophets.”

Page 233, line 3.—“Black Halîmah.” The Prophet was suckled by a Bedouin foster-nurse.

Page 233, line 10.—“*Hirâ*.” A wild and solitary mountain near Mecca.

Page 235, line 5.—“*Mikât*.” These are the last six stages on the journey to Mecca. The *i’hrâm*, or “garb of sanctity,” consists of two wrappers without seams, one bound round the waist, the other passed over the shoulders. The *Tawâf* is the seven-fold circuit of the Kaabah, made three times quickly, and four times slowly, by all pilgrims.

Page 239, line 2.—“Ye let stray your she-camels.” Nothing is held more valuable among the goods of an Arab than a she-camel near to foaling.

Page 239, line 12.—“Who killed thee, little maid?” This alludes to the ancient practice of infanticide among the Arabs, which Muhammad strenuously denounced.

Page 239, line 29.—“He saw it and he heard.” Alluding to the Prophet and his journey to Heaven.

Page 243, line 7.—“*Al-Akháf*” is the plural of *Hekf*, and signifies “lands which lie in a winding or narrow boundary,” specially applied to a district in the province of Hadramaut.

Page 245, line 14. “*Al-Káuthar*.” This word signifies *abundance*, especially of *good*, and thence *the gift of wisdom and prophecy*. Or it may mean *abundance of wealth, followers*, and the like. It is here used of a river in Paradise, whence the water is derived into Muhammad’s pond, of which the blessed are to drink before their admission. According to a tradition of the Prophet, this river, wherein his Lord promised him abundant good, is sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, cooler than snow, and smoother than cream; its banks are of chrysolites, and those who drink of it shall never thirst.

Page 247, line 20.—“*Al-Tárek*” is the “star that appears” by night, *i.e.*, the morning star.

Page 249, line 5.—“When the soul comes to the neck.” A Koránic phrase for the last gasp of death.

Page 251, line 14.—“The roses on that tree.” In the mystic language of the East, the rose is the symbol of that Divine beauty which is the object of the soul’s love.

Page 252, line 16.—*Hilliyún*.” This means literally “exalted places.”

Page 252, line 27.—“*Tasmín*.” A stream in Paradise, so called because it waters the highest regions there.

Page 253, line 12.—“*Al-Fátihah*.” This is the 1st chapter of the Korán, which is also a prayer, and held in great veneration by the Muhammedans, who give it many honorable titles; as the chapter of *prayer*, of *praise*, *thanksgiving*, of *treasure*, &c. They regard it as the quintessence of the whole Korán, and often repeat it in their devotions both public and private, as Christians do the Lord’s Prayer.

Page 254, line 16.—“The morning mills.” At daybreak in Eastern countries almost the first sound of awaking domestic life is the noise of the stones used to grind meal.

Page 254, line 31.—“The time for prayer,” says Professor Palmer, “is called from the minarets of the mosques by Muezzins or criers, in the following words:—‘God is great’ (4 times); ‘I bear witness that there is no God but God’ (twice); ‘I bear witness that Muhammad is the apostle of God’ (twice); ‘Come hither to prayers’ (twice); ‘Come hither to salvation’ (twice); ‘God is just!’ ‘There is no other God than God!’ In the early morning the Muezzin adds, ‘Prayer is better than sleep!’”

Page 257 (note).—“The *Mishkât-al-Másâbîh*.” The book of the conversations of the Prophet.

Page 259, line 19.—*Lailat-al-Kadr*, “The Night of Power,” was that on which the Koran was declared to have been revealed.

Page 271, line 24.—“*Al-Barsakh*.” The Korân says, “Behind them shall be a bar, until the day of resurrection.” Upon this Sale writes: “The original word *barsakh*, here translated ‘bar,’ primarily signifies any partition, or interstice, which divides one thing from another; but is used by the Arabs not always in the same, and sometimes in an obscure sense. They seem generally to express by it what the Greeks did by the word Hades; one while using it for the place of the dead, another while for the time of their continuance in that state, and another while for the state itself. It is defined by their critics to be the interval or space between this world and the next, or between death and the resurrection; every person who dies being said to enter into *Al-Barsakh*. The commentators on this passage expound it as a barrier, or invincible obstacle, cutting off all possibility of return into the world, after death.”

Page 271, line 28.—“Birds.” If the departed person was a believer, the Muslims say two Angels meet his soul, and convey it to Heaven, that its place there may be assigned, according to its merit and degree. They distinguish the souls of the Faithful into three classes: the first of prophets, whose souls are admitted into Paradise immediately; the second of martyrs, whose spirits, according to a tradition of Muhammad, rest in the crops of green birds which eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise; and the third of other believers, concerning the state of whose souls before the resurrection there are various opinions. Some say they stay near the sepulchres, with liberty, however, of going wherever they please; which they confirm from Muhammad’s manner of saluting the dead, alluded to elsewhere.

Page 277, line 5.—The “ten holy eyes” are the first ten nights of the sacred month of *Dhu ’l Hejje*.

Page 277, line 11.—“Iram” was the name of the palace and pleasure-garden built by Sheddâd, son of Ad, in the desert of Aden. The story is related on another page.

Page 277, line 13.—The Thamudites of the Hadramaut having killed their prophet, were utterly destroyed by tempests, and their city depopulated.

Page 287, line 23.—“Al-Hudhud.” The Arab historians, Sale says, tell us that Solomon, having finished the temple of Jerusalem, went in pilgrimage to Mecca, where, having stayed as long as he pleased, he proceeded toward Yaman; and leaving Mecca in the morning, he arrived by noon at Sanan, and being extremely delighted with the country, rested there; but wanting water to make the ablution, he looked among the birds for the lapwing, called by the Arabs *al Hudhud*, whose business it was to find it; for it is pretended she was sagacious or sharp-sighted enough to discover water underground, which the devils used to draw, after she had marked the place by digging with her bill: they add, that this bird was then taking a tour in the air, whence, seeing one of her companions alighting, she descended also, and having had a description given her by the other of the city of Saba, whence she was just arrived, they both went together to take a view of the place, and returned soon after Solomon had made the inquiry which occasioned what follows.

“It may be proper to mention here what the Eastern writers fable of the manner of Solomon’s traveling. They say that he had a carpet of green silk, on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand on, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy, to shade them from the sun.”

Page 288, lines 25–28.—“The sea-worm and the ant.” The legend is that Solomon used the *teredo* to bore his topaz, and, by filling the winding hole of the ruby with sugar and water, tempted an ant to draw a silk thread through it.

Page 300, line 37.—“Monker and Nakîr.” These are the two Angels who visit the dead immediately after burial, and having set them upright in the grave, question them as to their faith and actions, as before described.

Page 301, line 4.—“Al-Sirât.” The narrow bridge which all must cross from this to the next world, “finer than a hair and sharper than a razor.”

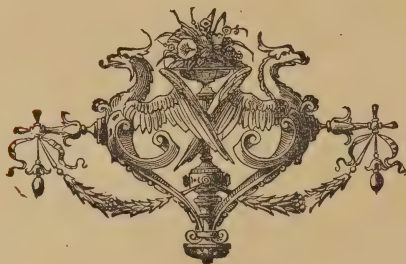
“This bridge,” it is written, “is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns; which will, however, be no impediment to the good, for they shall pass with wonderful ease and swiftness, like lightning or the wind, Muhammad and his Muslims leading the way; whereas the wicked, what with the slipperiness and

extreme narrowness of the path, the entangling of the thorns, and the extinction of the light, which directed the former to Paradise, will soon miss their footing, and fall down headlong into hell, which is gaping beneath them."

"Muhammad seems to have borrowed this from the Magians, who teach that on the last day all mankind will be obliged to pass a bridge called Pûl Chînavad, that is, *the strait bridge*, leading directly into the other world; on the midst of which the Angels appointed by God will stand, who will require of every one a strict account of his actions. The Jews speak likewise of the bridge of hell, which they say is no broader than a thread.

Page 302, line 9.—"Three darknesses." The body, the womb, and the amnion.

Page 305, line 31.—This is the origin of the *Hallal*, a custom of Muslim hunters and butchers, who pronounce the formula of excuse and pity before slaying any animal.



MISCELLANEOUS ORIENTAL POEMS.

THE RAJPOOT WIFE.

Sing something, Jymul Rao! for the goats are gathered
And no more water is to bring; [now,
The village-gates are set, and the night is gray as yet,
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee:—sing!

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts
and lingers,

Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six; [gle,
And the girls sit in a tangle, and hush the tinkling ban-
While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks.

And vain of village praise, but full of ancient days,
He begins with a smile and with a sigh—

“Who knows the babul-tree by the bend of the Ravee?”
Quoth Gunesh, “I!” and twenty voices, “I!”

“Well—listen! there below, in the shade of bloom and
bough,

Is a musjid of carved and colored stone; [man!—
And Abdool Shureef Khan—I spit, to name that
Lieth there, underneath, all alone.

“He was Sultan Mahmood's vassal, and wore an Amir's
In his green hadj-turban, at Nungul. [tassal
Yet the head which went so proud, it is not in his shroud;
There are bones in that grave,—but not a skull!

“And, deep drove in his breast, there moulders with the
A dagger, brighter once than Chundra's ray; [rest
A Rajpoot lohar whet it, and a Rajpoot woman set it
Past the power of any hand to tear away.

"'Twas the Ranee Neila true, the wife of Soorj Dehu,
Lord of the Rajpoots of Nourpoor;
You shall hear the mournful story, with its sorrow and
its glory,
And curse Shureef Khan,—the soor!"

All in the wide Five-Waters was none like Soorj Dehu,
To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so
true?

Like Indus, through the mountains came down the
Muslim ranks,
And town-walls fell before them as flooded river-banks;

But Soorj Dehu the Rajpoot owned neither town nor
wall;
His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that covers all;

His seat of state the saddle; his robe a shirt of mail;
His court a thousand Rajpoots close at his stallion's tail.

Not less was Soorj a Rajah because no crown he wore
Save the grim helm of iron with sword-marks dinted
o'er;

Because he grasped no sceptre save the sharp tulwar,
made
Of steel that fell from heaven,—for 'twas Indra forged
that blade!

And many a starless midnight the shout of "Soorj Dehu"
Broke up with spear and matchlock the Muslim's
"Illahu."

And many a day of battle upon the Muslim proud
Fell Soorj, as Indra's lightning falls from the silent
cloud.

Nor ever shot nor arrow, nor spear nor slinger's stone,
Could pierce the mail that Neila the Ranee buckled on:

But traitor's subtle tongue-thrust through fence of steel
can break;
And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta'en
awake.

Then at the noon, in durbar, swore fiercely Shureef
Khan
That Soorj should die in torment, or live a Mussulman.

But Soorj laughed lightly at him, and answered, "Work
your will!
The last breath of my body shall curse your Prophet
still."

With words of insult shameful, and deeds of cruel kind,
They vexed that Rajpoot's body, but never moved his
mind.

And one is come who sayeth, "Ho! Rajpoots! Soorj is
bound;
Your lord is caged and baited by Shureef Khan, the
hound.

"The Khan hath caught and chained him, like a beast,
in iron cage,
And all the camp of Islam spends on him spite and
rage;

"All day the coward Muslims spend on him rage and
spite;
If ye have thought to help him, 'twere good ye go to-
night."

Up sprang a hundred horsemen, flashed in each hand
a sword;
In each heart burned the gladness of dying for their
lord;

Up rose each Rajpoot rider, and buckled on with speed
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his
steed.

But unto none sad Neila gave word to mount and ride;
Only she called the brothers of Soorj unto her side,

And said, "Take order straightway to seek this camp
with me;
If love and craft can conquer, a thousand is as three.

"If love be weak to save him, Soorj dies—and ye re-
turn,
For where a Rajpoot dieth, the Rajpoot widows burn."

Thereat the Ranee Neila unbraided from her hair
The pearls as great as Kashmir grapes Soorj gave his
wife to wear,

And all across her bosoms—like lotus-buds to see—
She wrapped the tinsel'd sari of a dancing Kunchenee;

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts
and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a queen,
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mien.

Only one thing she carried no Kunchenee should bear,
The knife between her bosoms;—ho, Shureef! have a
care!



Thereat, with running ditty of mingled pride and pity,
Jymul Rao makes the six wires sigh;
And the girls with tearful eyes note the music's fall
and rise,
And the boys let the fire fade and die.

All day lay Soorj the Rajpoot in Shureef's iron cage.
All day the coward Muslims spent on him spite and
rage.

With bitter cruel torments, and deeds of shameful kind,
They racked and broke his body, but could not shake
his mind.

And only at the Azan, when all their worst was vain,
They left him, like dogs slinking from a lion in his pain.

No meat nor drink they gave him through all that burn-
ing day,
And done to death, but scornful, at twilight-time he lay.

So when the gem of Shiva uprose, the shining moon,
Soorj spake unto his spirit, "The end is coming soon.

"I would the end might hasten, could Neila only know—
What is that Nautch-girl singing with voice so known
and low?

"Singing beneath the cage-bars the song of love and
fear
My Neila sang at parting!—what doth that Nautch-
girl here?

"Whence comes she by the music of Neila's tender
strain,
She, in that shameless tinsel?—Oh, Nautch-girl, sing
again!"

"Ah, Soorj!"—so followed answer—"here thine own
Neila stands,
Faithful in life and death alike,—look up, and take my
hands:

"Speak low, lest the guard hear us;—to-night, if thou
must die,
Shureef shall have no triumph, but bear thee company."

So sang she like the Koil that dies beside its mate;
With eye as black and fearless, and love as hot and great.

Then the Chief laid his pale lips upon the little palm,
And sank down with a smile of love, his face all glad
and calm;

And through the cage-bars Neila felt the brave heart
stop fast,
"Oh, Soorj!"—she cried—"I follow! have patience to
the last."

She turned and went. "Who passes?" challenged the
Mussulman;
"A Nautch-girl, I."—"What seek'st thou?"—"The
presence of the Khan;

"Ask if the high chief-captain be pleased to hear me
sing;"
And Shureef, full of feasting, the Kunchenee bade bring.

Then, all before the Muslims, aflame with lawless wine,
Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine;

And all before the Muslims, wagging their goatish
chins,
The Rajpoot Princess set her to the "bee-dance" that
begins,

*"If my love loved me, he should be a bee,
I the yellow champak, love the honey of me."*

All the wreathèd movements danced she of that dance;
Not a step she slighted, not a wanton glance;

In her unveiled bosom chased th' intruding bee,
To her waist—and lower—she! a Rajpoot, she!

Sang the melting music, swayed the langorous limb:
Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes waxed
dim.

From his finger Shureef loosed an Ormuz pearl—
“By the Prophet,” quoth he, “’tis a winsome girl!

“Take this ring; and ’prithee, come and have thy pay,
I would hear at leisure more of such a lay.”

Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o’er the plain,
Glared at the tent-purdah—never glared again!

Never opened after unto gaze or glance,
Eyes that saw a Rajpoqt dance a shameful dance;

For the kiss she gave him was his first and last—
Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

At her feet he wallowed, choked with wicked blood;
In his breast the katar quivered where it stood.

At the hilt his fingers vainly—wildly—try,
Then they stiffen feeble;—die! thou slayer, die!

From his jeweled scabbard drew she Shureef’s sword,
Cut atwain the neck-bone of the Muslim lord.

Underneath the starlight,—sooth, a sight of dread!
Like the Goddess Kali, comes she with the head,

Comes to where her brothers guard their murdered
chief;
All the camp is silent, but the night is brief.

At his feet she flings it, flings her burden vile;
“Soorj! I keep my promise! Brothers, build the pile!”

They have built it, set it, all as Rajpoots do,
From the cage of iron taken Soorj Dehu;

In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the while.

Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured—
“Soorj, we burn together: Oh, my love, my lord!”

In the flame and crackle dies her tender tongue,
Dies the Ranee, truest, all true wives among.

At the morn a clamor runs from tent to tent,
Like the wild geese cackling when the night is spent.

"Shureef Khan lies headless! gone is Soorj Dehu!
And the wandering Nautch-girl, who has seen her,
who?"

This but know the sentries, at the "breath of dawn"
Forth there fared two horsemen, by the first was borne

The urn of clay, the vessel that Rajpoots use to bring
The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gungas' holy spring.

KING SALADIN.

Long years ago—so tells Boccaccio
In such Italian gentleness of speech
As finds no echo in this northern air
To counterpart its music—long ago,
When Saladin was Soldan of the East,
The kings let cry a general crusade;
And to the trysting-plains of Lombardy
The idle lances of the North and West
Rode all that spring, as all the spring runs down
Into a lake, from all its hanging hills,
The clash and glitter of a hundred streams.

Whereof the rumor reached to Saladin;
And that swart king—as royal in his heart
As any crownèd champion of the Cross—
That he might fully, of his knowledge, learn
The purpose of the lords of Christendom,
And when their war and what their armament,
Took thought to cross the seas to Lombardy.
Wherefore, with wise and trustful Amirs twain,

All habited in garbs that merchants use,
With trader's band and gipsire on the breasts
That best loved mail and dagger, Saladin
Set forth upon his journey perilous.

In that day, lordly land was Lombardy!
A sea of country-plenty, islanded
With cities rich; nor richer one than thee,
Marble Milano! from whose gate at dawn—
With ear that little recked the matin-bell,
But a keen eye to measure wall and foss—
The Soldan rode; and all day long he rode
For Pavia; passing basilic, and shrine,
And gaze of vineyard-workers, wotting not
Yon trader was the Lord of Heathenesse.
All day he rode; yet at the wane of day
No gleam of gate, or ramp, or rising spire,
Nor Tessin's sparkle underneath the stars
Promised him Pavia; but he was 'ware
Of a gay company upon the way,
Ladies and Lords, with horses, hawks, and hounds;
Cap-plumes and tresses fluttered by the wind
Of merry race for home. "Go!" said the king
To one that rode upon his better hand,
"And pray these gentles of their courtesy
How many leagues to Pavia, and the gates
What hour they close them?" Then the Saracen
Set spur, and being joined to him that seemed
First of the hunt, he told the message—they
Checking the jangling bits, and chiding down
The unfinished laugh to listen—but by this
Came up the king, his bonnet in his hand,
Theirs doffed to him: "Sir Trader," Torel said
(Messer Torello 'twas, of Istria),
"They shut the Pavian gate at even-song,
And even-song is sung." Then turning half,
Muttered, "Pardie, the man is worshipful,
A stranger too!" "Fair lord!" quoth Saladin,
"Please you to stead some weary travelers,
Saying where we may lodge, the town so far
And night so near." "Of my heart, willingly,"

Made answer Torel, "I did think but now
To send my knave an errand—he shall ride
And bring you into lodgment—oh! no thanks,
Our Lady keep you!" then with whispered hest
He called their guide and sped them. Being gone,
Torello told his purpose, and the band,
With ready zeal and loosened bridle-chains,
Rode for his hunting-palace, where they set
A goodly banquet underneath the planes,
And hung the house with guest-lights, and anon
Welcomed the wondering strangers, thereto led
Unwitting, by a world of winding paths;
Messer Torello, at the inner gate,
Waiting to take them in—a goodly host,
Stamped current with God's image for a man
Chief among men, truthful, and just, and free.

Then he, "Well, met again, fair sirs! Our knave
Hath found you shelter better than the worst:
Please you to leave your selles, and being bathed,
Grace our poor supper here." Then Saladin,
Whose sword had yielded ere his courtesy,
Answered, "Great thanks, Sir Knight, and this much
blame,

You spoil us for our trade! two bonnets doffed,
And travelers' questions holding you afield,
For those you give us this." "Sir! not your meed,
Nor worthy of your breeding; but in sooth
That is not out of Pavia." Thereupon
He led them to fair chambers decked with all
Makes tired men glad; lights, and the marble bath,
And flasks that sparkled, liquid amethyst,
And grapes, not dry as yet from evening dew.

Thereafter at the supper-board they sat;
Nor lacked it, though its guest was reared a king,
Worthy provend in crafts of cookery,
Pastel, pasticchio—all set forth on gold,
And gracious talk and pleasant courtesies,
Spoken in stately Latin, cheated time
Till there was none but held the stranger-sir,
For all his chapman's dress of cramasie,

Goodlier than silks could make him. Presently
Talk rose upon the Holy Sepulchre:
"I go myself," said Torel, "with a score
Of better knights—the flower of Pavia—
To try our steel against King Saladin's.
Sirs! ye have seen the countries of the Sun,
Know you the Soldan?" Answer gave the king,
"The Soldan we have seen—'twill push him hard
If, which I nothing doubt, you Pavian lords
Are valorous as gentle;—we, alas!
Are Cyprus merchants making trade to France—
Dull sons of Peace." "By Mary!" Torel cried,
"But for thy word, I ne'er heard speech so fit
To lead the war, nor saw a hand that sat
Liker a soldier's in the saber's place;
But sure I hold you sleepless!" Then himself
Playing the chamberlain, with torches borne,
Led them to restful beds, commending them
To sleep and God, Who hears—Allah or God—
When good men do his creatures charities.

At dawn the cock, and neigh of saddled steeds,
Broke the king's dreams of battle—not their own,
But goodly jennets from 'Torello's stalls,
Caparisoned to bear them; he their host
Up, with a gracious radiance like the sun,
To bid them speed. Beside him in the court
Stood Dame Adalieta; comely she,
And of her port as queenly, and serene
As if the braided gold about her brows
Had been a crown. Mutual good-morrow given,
Thanks said and stayed, the lady prayed her guest
To take a token of his sojourn there,
Marking her good-will, not his worthiness;
"A gown of miniver—these furbelows
Are silk I spun—my lord wears ever such—
A housewife's gift: but those ye love are far;
Wear it as given for them." Then Saladin—
"A precious gift, Madonna, past my thanks;
And—but thou shalt not hear a 'no' from me—
Past my receiving; yet I take it; we

Were debtors to your noble courtesy
Out of redemption—this but bankrupts us.”
“Nay, sir,—God shield you!” said the knight and dame.
And Saladin, with phrase of gentillesse
Returned, or ever that he rode alone,
Swore a great oath in guttural Arabic,
An oath by Allah—startling up the ears
Of those three Christian cattle they bestrode—
That never yet was princelier-natured man,
Nor gentler lady;—and that time should see
For a king's lodging quittance royal repaid.

It was the day of the Passaggio:
Ashore the war-steeds champ'd the burnished bit;
Afloat the galleys tugged the mooring-chain:
The town was out; the Lombard armorers—
Red-hot with riveting the helmets up,
And whetting axes for the heathen heads—
Cooled in the crowd that filled the squares and streets
To speed God's soldiers. At the none that day
Messer Torello to the gate came down,
Leading his lady;—sorrow's hueless rose
Grew on her cheek, and thrice the destrier
Struck fire, impatient, from the pavement-squares,
Or ere she spoke, tears in her lifted eyes,
“Goest thou, lord of mine?” “Madonna, yes!”
Said Torel, “for my soul's weal and the Lord
Ride I to-day: my good name and my house
Reliant I intrust thee, and—because
It may be they shall slay me, and because,
Being so young, so fair, and so reputed,
The noblest will entreat thee—wait for me,
Widow or wife, a year, and month, and day;
Then if thy kinsmen press thee to a choice,
And if I be not come, hold me for dead;
Nor link thy blooming beauty with the grave
Against thine heart.” “Good, my lord!” answered she,
“Hardly my heart sustains to let thee go;



Thy memory it can keep, and keep it will,
 Though my one lord, Torel of Istria,
 Live, or——" "Sweet, comfort thee! San Pietro
 speed!

I shall come home: if not, and worthy knees
 Bend for this hand, whereof none worthy lives,
 Least he who lays his last kiss thus upon it,
 Look thee, I free it——" "Nay!" she said, "but I,
 A petulant slave that hugs her golden chain,
 Give that gift back, and with it this poor ring:
 Set it upon thy sword-hand, and in fight
 Be merciful and win, thinking of me."
 Then she, with pretty action, drawing on
 Her ruby, buckled over it his glove—
 The great steel glove—and through the helmet bars
 Took her last kiss;—then let the chafing steed
 Have its hot will and go.

But Saladin,
 Safe back among his lords at Lebanon,
 Well wotting of their quest, awaited it,
 And held the Crescent up against the Cross.
 In many a doughty fight Ferrara blades
 Clashed with keen Damasc, many a weary month
 Wasted afield; but yet the Christians
 Won nothing nearer to Christ's sepulchre;
 Nay, but gave ground. At last, in Acre pent,
 On their loose files, enfeebled by the war,
 Came stronger smiter than the Saracen—
 The deadly Pest: day after day they died,
 Pikeman and knights-at-arms; day after day
 A thinner line upon the leaguered wall
 Held off the heathen:—held them off a space;
 Then, over-weakened, yielded, and gave up
 The city and the stricken garrison.

So to sad chains and hateful servitude
 Fell all those purple lords—Christendom's stars,
 Once high in hope as soaring Lucifer,
 Now low as sinking Hesper: with them fell
 Messer Torello—never one so poor
 Of all the hundreds that his bounty fed

As he in prison—ill-entreated, bound,
Starved of sweet light, and set to shameful tasks;
And that great load at heart to know the days
Fast flying, and to live accounted dead.
One joy his gaolers left him—his good hawk;
The brave, gay bird, that crossed the seas with him:
And often, in the mindful hour of eve,
With tameless eye and spirit masterful,
In a feigned anger pecking at his hand,
The good gray falcon made his master cheer.

One day it chanced Saladin rode afield
With shawled and turbaned Amirs, and his hawks—
Lebanon-bred, and mewed as princes lodge—
Flew foul, forgot their feather, hung at wrist,
And slighted call. The Soldan, quick in wrath,
Bade slay the cravens, scourge the falconer,
And seek some wight who knew the heart of hawks,
To keep it hot and true. Then spake a Sheikh—
“There is a Frank in prison by the sea,
Far-seen herein.” “Give word that he be brought,”
Quoth Saladin. “and bid him set a cast:
If he hath skill, it shall go well for him.”

Thus by the winding path of circumstance
One palace held, as prisoner and prince,
Torello and his guest: unwitting each,
Nay and unwitting, though they met and spake
Of that goshawk and this—signors in serge,
And chapmen crowned, who knows?—till on a time
Some trick of face, the manner of some smile,
Some gleam of sunset from the glad day gone,
Caught the king's eye, and held it. “Nazarene!
What native art thou?” asked he. “Lombard I,
A man of Pavia.” “And thy name?” “Torel,
Messer Torello called in happier times,
Now best uncalled.” “Come hither, Christian!”
The Soldan said, and led the way, by court
And hall and fountain, to an inner room
Rich with king's robes: therefrom he reached a gown,

And "Know'st thou this?" he asked. "High lord! I
might

Elsewhere," quoth Torel, "here 'twere mad to say
Yon gown my wife unto a trader gave
Who shared our board." "Nay, but that gown is this,
And she the giver, and the trader I,"
Quoth Saladin; "I! twice a king to-day,
Owing a royal debt and paying it."
Then Torel, sore amazed, "Great lord, I blush,
Remembering how the Master of the East
Lodged sorriely." "It's Master's Master thou!"
Gave answer Saladin, "come in and see
What wares the Cyprus traders keep at home;
Come forth and take thy place, Saladin's friend."
Therewith into the circle of his lords,
With gracious mien the Soldan led his slave;
And while the dark eyes glittered, seated him
First of the full divan. "Orient lords,"
So spake he,—“let the one who loves his king
Honor this Frank, whose house sheltered your king;
He is my brother:" then the night-black beards
Swept the stone floor in ready reverence,
Agas and Amirs welcoming Torel:
And a great feast was set, the Soldan's friend
Royally garbed, upon the Soldan's hand,
Shining the bright star of the banqueters.

All which, and the abounding grace and love
Shown him by Saladin, a little held
The heart of Torel from its Lombard home
With Dame Adalieta: but it chanced
He sat beside the king in audience,
And there came one who said, "Oh, Lord of lords,
That galley of the Genovese which sailed
With Frankish prisoners is gone down at sea."
"Gone down!" cried Torel. "Ay! what reck's it, friend,
To fall thy visage for?" quoth Saladin;
"One galley less to ship-stuffed Genoa!"

"Good my liege!" Torel said, "it bore a scroll
Inscribed to Pavia, saying that I lived;
For in a year, a month, and day, not come,
I bade them hold me dead; and dead I am,
Albeit living, if my lady wed,
Perchance constrained." "Certes," spake Saladin,
"A noble dame—the like not won, once lost—
How many days remain?" "Ten days, my prince,
And twelvescore leagues between my heart and me:
Alas! how to be passed?" Then Saladin—
"Lo! I am loath to lose thee—wilt thou swear
To come again if all go well with thee,
Or come ill speeding?" "Yea, I swear, my king,
Out of true love," quoth Torel, "heartfully."
Then Saladin, "Take here my signet-seal;
My admiral will loose his swiftest sail
Upon its sight; and cleave the seas, and go
And clip thy dame, and say the Trader sends
A gift, remindful of her courtesies."

Passed were the year, and month, and day; and passed
Out of all hearts but one Sir Torel's name,
Long given for dead by ransomed Pavians:
For Pavia, thoughtless of her Eastern graves,
A lovely widow, much too gay for grief,
Made peals from half a hundred campaniles
To ring a wedding in. The seven bells
Of Santo Pietrò, from the nones to noon,
Boomed with bronze throats the happy tidings out;
Till the great tenor, overswelled with sound,
Cracked itself dumb. Thereat the sacristan,
Leading his swinkèd ringers down the stairs,
Came blinking into sunlight—all his keys
Jingling their little peal about his belt—
Whom, as he tarried, locking up the porch,
A foreign signor, browned with southern suns,
Turbaned and slippered, as the Muslims use,
Plucked by the cope. "Friend," quoth he—'twas a tongue
Italian true, but in a Muslim mouth—
"Why are your belfries busy—is it peace
Or victory, that so ye din the ears

Of Pavian lieges?" "Truly, no liege thou!"
 Grunted the sacristan, "who knowest not
 That Dame Adalieta weds to-night
 Her fore-betrothed,—Sir Torel's widow she,
 That died i' the chain?" "To-night!" the stranger said.
 "Ay, sir, to-night!—why not to-night?—to-night!
 And you shall see a goodly Christian feast
 If so you pass their gates at even-song,
 For all are asked."

No more the questioner,
 But folded o'er his face the Eastern hood,
 Lest idle eyes should mark how idle words
 Had struck him home. "So quite forgot!—so soon!—
 And this the square wherein I gave the joust,
 And that the loggia, where I fed the poor;
 And yon my palace, where—oh, fair! oh, false!—
 They robe her for a bridal. Can it be?
 Clean out of heart, with twice six flying moons,
 The heart that beat on mine as it would break,
 That faltered forty oaths. Forced! forced!—not false—
 Well! I will sit, wife, at thy wedding-feast,
 And let mine eyes give my fond faith the lie."

So in the stream of gallant guests that flowed
 Feastward at eve, went Torel; passed with them
 The outer gates, crossed the great courts with them,
 A stranger in the walls that called him lord.
 Cressets and colored lamps made the way bright,
 And rose-leaves strewed to where within the doors
 The master of the feast, the bridegroom, stood,
 A-glitter from his forehead to his foot,
 Speaking fair welcomes. He, a courtly lord,
 Marking the Eastern guest, bespoke him sweet,
 Prayed place for him, and bade them set his seat
 Upon the dais. Then the feast began,
 And wine went free as wit, and music died—
 Outdone by merrier laughter: only one
 Nor ate nor drank, nor spoke nor smiled; but gazed
 On the pale bride, pale as her crown of pearls,
 Who sate so cold and still, and sad of cheer,
 At the bride-feast.

But of a truth, Torel
Read the thoughts right that held her eyelids down,
And knew her loyal to her memories.
Then to a little page who bore the wine,
He spake, "Go tell thy lady thus from me:
In mine own land, if any stranger sit
A wedding-guest, the bride, out of her grace,
In token that she knows her guest's good will,
In token she repays it, brims a cup,
Wherefrom he drinking she in turn doth drink;
So is our use." The little page made speed
And told the message. Then that lady pale—
Ever a gentle and a courteous heart—
Lifted her troubled eyes and smiled consent
On the swart stranger. By her side, untouched,
Stood the brimmed gold; "Bear this," she said, "and
pray
He hold a Christian lady apt to learn
A kindly lesson." But Sir Torel loosed
From off his finger—never loosed before—
The ring she gave him on the parting day;
And ere he drank, behind his veil of beard
Dropped in the cup the ruby, quaffed, and sent—
Then she, with sad smile, set her lips to drink,
And—something in the Cyprus touching them,
Glanced—gazed—the ring!—her ring!—Jove!—how
she eyes
The wistful eyes of Torel!—how, heart-sure,
Under a l guise knowing her lord returned
She springs to meet him coming!—telling all
In one great cry of joy.

Oh, me! the rout,
The storm of questions! stilled, when Torel spake
His name, and, known of all, claimed the Bride Wife,
Maugre the wasted feast, and woeful groom.
All hearts but his were light to see Torel;
But Adalietta's lightest, as she plucked
The bridal-veil away. Something therein—
A lady's dagger—small, and bright, and fine—
Clashed out upon the marble. "Wherefore that?"

Asked Torel; answered she, "I knew you true;
And I could live, so long as I might wait:
But they — they pressed me hard! my days of grace
Ended to-night — and I had ended too,
Faithful to death, if so thou hadst not come."

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT.

Upon a day in Ramadan —
When sunset brought an end of fast,
And in his station every man
Prepared to share the glad repast —
Sate Mohtasim in royal state,
The pillaw smoked upon the gold;
The fairest slave of those that wait
Mohtasim's jeweled cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
With turquoise set along the brim,
A lid of amber closed it up;
'Twas a great king that gave it him.
The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
Stirred in wild honey and pomegranate,
With snow and rose-leaves cooled the drink,
And bore it where the Caliph sate.

The Caliph's mouth was dry as bone,
He swept his beard aside to quaff: —
The news-reader beneath the throne,
Went droning on with *ghain* and *kaf*. —
The Caliph drew a mighty breath,
Just then the reader read a word —
And Mohtasim, as grim as death,
Set down the cup and snatched his sword.

"*Ann' amratan shureefatee!*"

"Speak clear!" cries angry Mohtasim;

"*Fe lasr ind' ilj min ulji,*"—

Trembling the newsman read to him
How in Ammoriam, far from home,
An Arab girl of noble race
Was captive to a lord of Roum;
And how he smote her on the face,

And how she cried, for life afraid,

"Ya, Mohtasim! help, oh, my king!"

And how the Kafir mocked the maid,
And laughed, and spake a bitter thing,
"Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
Are long as Barak's—if he heed—
Your prophet's ass; and when he hears,
He'll come upon a spotted steed!"

The Caliph's face was stern and red,
He snapped the lid upon the cup;
"Keep this same sherbet, slave," he said,
"Till such time as I drink it up.
Wallah! the stream my drink shall be,
My hollowed palm my only bowl,
Till I have set that lady free,
And seen that Roumi dog's head roll."

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
Proclaiming, "Thus saith Mohtasim,
'Let all my valiant horsemen meet,
And every soldier bring with him
A spotted steed.'" So rode they forth,
A sight of marvel and of fear;
Pied horses prancing fiercely north;
The crystal cup borne in the rear!

When to Ammoriam he did win,
He smote and drove the dogs of Roum,
And rode his spotted stallion in,
Crying, "*Labbayki!* I am come!"

Then downward from her prison-place
 Joyful the Arab lady crept;
 She held her hair before her face,
 She kissed his feet, she laughed and wept.

She pointed where that lord was laid:
 They drew him forth, he whined for grace:
 Then with fierce eyes Mohtasim said—
 "She whom thou smotest on the face
 Had scorn, because she called her king:
 Lo! he is come! and dost thou think
 To live, who didst, this bitter thing
 While Mohtasim at peace did drink?"

Flashed the fierce sword—rolled the lord's head;
 The wicked blood smoked in the sand.
 "Now bring my cup!" the Caliph said.
 Lightly he took it in his hand,
 As down his throat the sweet drink ran
 Mohtasim in his saddle laughed,
 And cried, "*Taiba asshrab alan!*
 By God! delicious is this draught!"

HINDOO FUNERAL SONG.

Call on Rama! call to Rama!
 Oh, my brothers, call on Rama!
 For this Dead
 Whom we bring,
 Call aloud to mighty Rama.

As we bear him, oh, my brothers,
 Call together, very loudly,
 That the Bhûts
 May be scared;
 That his spirit pass in comfort.

Turn his feet now, calling "Rama,"
Calling "Rama," who shall take him
When the flames
Make an end:
Ram! Ram!—oh, call to Rama.

SONG OF THE SERPENT-CHARMERS.

Come forth, oh, Snake! come forth, oh, glittering Snake!
Oh shining, lovely, deadly Nâg! appear,
Dance to the music that we make,
This serpent-song, so sweet and clear,
Blown on the beaded gourd, so clear,
So soft and clear.

Oh, dread Lord Snake! come forth and spread thy hood,
And drink the milk and suck the eggs; and show
Thy tongue; and own the tune is good:
Hear, Maharaj! how hard we blow!
Ah, Maharaj! for thee we blow;
See how we blow!

Great Uncle Snake! creep forth and dance to-day!
This music is the music snakes love best;
Taste the warm white new milk, and play
Standing erect, with fangs at rest,
Dancing on end, sharp fangs at rest,
Fierce fangs at rest.

Ah, wise Lord Nâg! thou comest!—Fear thou not!
We make salaam to thee, the Serpent-King,
Draw forth thy folds, knot after knot;
Dance, Master! while we softly sing;
Dance, Serpent! while we play and sing,
We play and sing.

Dance, dreadful King! whose kisses strike men dead;
Dance this side, mighty Snake! the milk is here!

[*They seize the Cobra by the neck.*]

Ah, *shabash!* pin his angry head!

Thou fool! this nautch shall cost thee dear;

Wrench forth his fangs! this piping clear,

It costs thee dear!

SONG OF THE FLOUR-MILL.

Turn the merry millstone, Gunga!

Pour the golden grain in;

Those that twist the Churrak fastest

The cakes soonest win:

Good stones, turn!

The fire begins to burn;

Gunga, stay not!

The hearth is nearly hot.

Grind the hard gold to silver,

Sing quick to the stone;

Feed its mouth with dal and bajri,

It will feed us anon.

Sing, Gunga! to the millstone,

It helps the wheel hum;

Blithesome hearts and willing elbows

Make the fine meal come:

Handsful three

For you and for me;

Now it falls white,

Good stones, bite!

Drive it round and round, my Gunga!

Sing soft to the stone;

Better corn and churrak-working

Than idleness and none.

TAZA BA TAZA.

AKBAR sate high in the ivory hall,
His chief musician he bade them call;
Sing, said the king, that song of glee,
Taza ba taza, now ba now.

Sing me that music sweet and free,
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Here by the fountain sing it thou,
Taza ba taza, now ba now.

Bending full low, his minstrel took
The Vina down from its painted nook,
Swept the strings of silver so
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Made the gladsome Vina go
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Sang with light strains and brightsome brow
Taza ba taza, now ba now.

"What is the lay for love most fit?
What is the melody echoes it?
Ever in tune and ever meet,
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Ever delightful and ever sweet
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Soft as the murmur of love's first vow,
Taza ba taza, now ba now."

"What is the bliss that is best on earth?
Lovers' light whispers and tender mirth;
Bright gleams the sun on the Green Sea's isle,
But a brighter light has a woman's smile:
Ever, like sunrise, fresh of hue,
Taza ba taza, now ba now;
Ever, like sunset, splendid and new,
Taza ba taza, now ba now."

"Thereunto groweth the graceful vine
 To cool the lips of lovers with wine,
 Haste thee and bring the amethyst cup,
 That happy lovers may drink it up;
 And so renew their gentle play,

Taza ba taza, now ba now ;
 Ever delicious and new alway,
Taza ba taza, now ba now."

"Thereunto sigheth the evening gale
 To freshen the cheeks which love made pale;
 This is why bloometh the scented flower,
 To gladden with grace love's secret bower:
 Love is the zephyr that always blows,

Taza ba taza, now ba now ;
 Love is the rose-bloom that ever glows,
Taza ba taza, now ba now."

Akbar, the mighty one, smiled to hear
 The musical strain so soft and clear;
 Danced the diamonds over his brow

To taza ba taza, now ba now :
 His lovely ladies rocked in a row
To taza ba taza, now ba now ;
 Livelier sparkled the fountain's flow,
Boose sittan ba kaum uzo ;

Swifter and sweeter the strings did go,
Mutrib i khooshnud wa bejo ;
 Never such singing was heard, I trow ;
Taza ba taza, now ba now.



THE MUSSULMAN PARADISE.

(*From the Arabic of the Fifty-sixth Súrat of the Korân, entitled "The Inevitable."*)

When the Day of Wrath and Mercy cometh, none shall
doubt it come;
Unto hell some it shall lower, and exalt to heaven
some.

When the Earth with great shocks shaketh, and the
mountains crumble flat,
Quick and Dead shall be divided fourfold:—on this
side and that.

The "Companions of the Right Hand" (ah! how joy-
ful they will be!)

The "Companions of the Left Hand" (oh! what misery
to see!

Such, moreover, as of old times loved the truth, and
taught it well,
First in faith, they shall be foremost in reward. The
rest to hell.

But those souls attaining Allah, oh! the Gardens of
good cheer
Kept to bless them! Yea, besides the "faithful," many
shall be there,

Lightly lying on soft couches, beautiful with 'broidered
gold
Friends with friends, they shall be served by youths
immortal, who shall hold

"*Akwáb, abareek*"—cups and goblets, brimming with
celestial wine,
Wine that hurts not head or stomach: this and fruits
of heav'n which shine

Bright, desirable; and rich flesh of what birds they
relish best.

Yea! and—feasted—there shall soothe them damsels
fairest, stateliest;

Damsels, having eyes of wonder, large black eyes, like
hidden pearls,

Lulu-l-maknûn: Allah grants them for sweet love
those matchless girls.

Never in that Garden hear they speech of folly, sin, or
dread,

Only PEACE; "*SALAMUN*" only; that one word for
ever said.

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!—and the "Companions of the
Right Hand" (ah! those bowers!)

They shall lodge 'mid thornless lote-groves; under
mawz-trees thick with flowers;

Shaded, fed, by flowing waters; near to fruits that
never cloy,

Hanging ever ripe for plucking; and at hand the ten-
der joy

Of those Maids of Heaven—the Hûris. Lo! to these
we gave a birth

Specially creating. Lo! they are not as the wives of
earth.

Ever virginal and stainless, howsooften they embrace,
Always young, and loved, and loving, these are. Neither
is there grace.

Like the grace and bliss the Black-eyed keep for you
in Paradise;

Oh, "Companions of the Right Hand!" oh! ye others
who were wise!

DEDICATION OF A POEM FROM THE SANSKRIT.

SWEET, on the daisies of your English grave
 I lay this little wreath of Indian flowers,
 Fragrant for me because the scent they have
 Breathes of the memory of our wedded hours;

For others scentless; and for you, in heaven,
 To pale and faded, dear dead wife! to wear,
 Save that they mean—what makes all fault forgiven—
 That he who brings them lays his heart, too, there.

THE RAJAH'S RIDE.

A PUNJAB SONG.

Now is the Devil-horse come to Sindh!
 Wah! wah! gooroo!—that is true!
 His belly is stuffed with the fire and the wind,
 But a fleetier steed had Runjeet Dehu!

It's forty koss from Lahore to the ford,
 Forty and more to far Jummoo;
 Fast may go the Feringhee lord,
 But never so fast as Runjeet Dehu!

Runjeet Dehu was King of the Hill,
 Lord and eagle of every crest;
 Now the swords and the spears are still,
 God will have it—and God knows best!

Rajah Runjeet sate in the sky,
 Watching the loaded Kafilas in;
 Affghan, Kashmeree, passing by,
 Paid him pushm to save their skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain,
Wah! the sparkle of steel on steel!
And up the pass came singing again
With a lakh of silver borne at his heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word,
Wah! wah! trust a liar to lie!
Down from his eyrie they tempted my Bird,
And clipped his wings that he could not fly.

Fettered him fast in far Lahore,
Fast by the gate at the Runchenee Pûl;
Sad was the soul of Chunda Kour,
Glad the merchants of rich Kurnool.

Ten months Runjeet lay in Lahore—
Wah! a hero's heart is brass!
Ten months never did Chunda Kour
Braid her hair at the tiring-glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan,
Wah! God made him to match the hawk!
Fast beside him the four grooms ran,
To keep abreast of the Toorkman's walk.

Black as the bear on Iskardoo;
Savage at heart as a tiger chained;
Fleeter than hawk that ever flew,
Never a Muslim could ride him reined.

“Runjeet Dehu! come forth from thy hold”—
Wah! ten months had rusted his chain!
“Ride this Sheitan's liver cold”—
Runjeet twisted his hand in the mane.

Runjeet sprang to the Toorkman's back,
Wah! a king on a kingly throne!
Snort, black Sheitan! till nostrils crack,
Rajah Runjeet sits, a stone.

Three times round the Maidan he rode,
Touched its neck at the Kashmeree wall,
Struck the spurs till they spirted blood,
Leapt the rampart before them all!

Breasted the waves of the blue Ravee,
Forty horsemen mounting behind,
Forty bridle-chains flung free,—
Wah! wah! better chase the wind!

Chunda Kour sate sad in Jummoo:—
Hark! what horse-hoof echoes without?
“Rise! and welcome Runjeet Dehu—
Wash the Toorkman's nostrils out!

“Forty koss he has come, my life!
Forty koss back he must carry me;
Rajah Runjeet visits his wife,
He steals no steed like an Afreedee.

“They bade me teach them how to ride—
Wah! wah! now I have taught them well!”
Chunda Kour sank low at his side!
Rajah Runjeet rode the hill.

When he came back to far Lahore—
Long or ever the night began—
Spake he, “Take your horse once more,
He carries well—when he bears a man.”

Then they gave him a khillut and gold,
All for his honor and grace and truth;
Sent him back to his mountain-hold—
Muslim manners have touch of ruth;

Sent him back, with dances and drum—
Wah! my Rajah Runjeet Dehu!
To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home—
Wah! wah! futtee!—wah, gooroo!

TWO BOOKS FROM THE ILIAD OF INDIA.

—◆—

(Now for the first time translated.)

—◆—

There exist certain colossal, unparalleled, epic poems in the sacred language of India, which were not known to Europe, even by name, till Sir William Jones announced their existence; and which, since his time, have been made public only by fragments—by mere specimens—bearing to those vast treasures of Sanskrit literature such small proportion as cabinet samples of ore have to the riches of a mine. Yet these twain mighty poems contain all the history of ancient India, so far as it can be recovered, together with such inexhaustible details of its political, social, and religious life that the antique Hindu world really stands epitomized in them. The Old Testament is not more interwoven with the Jewish race, nor the New Testament with the civilization of Christendom, nor the Koran with the records and destinies of Islam, than are these two Sanskrit poems—the Mahábhárata and Rámáyana—with that unchanging and teeming population which Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, rules as Empress of Hindustan. The stories, songs, and ballads, the histories and genealogies, the nursery tales and religious discourses, the art, the learning, the philosophy, the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought; the very phrases, sayings, turns of expression, and daily ideas of the Hindu people, are taken from these poems. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets, and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible—generation after generation—to all the succeeding and countless millions of In-

dian people; and it replaces patriotism with that race and stands instead of nationality to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers. The value ascribed in Hindustan to these yet little-known epics has transcended all literary standards established in the West. They are personified, worshiped, and cited from as something divine. To read or even listen to them is thought by the devout Hindu sufficiently meritorious to bring prosperity to his household here and happiness in the next world; they are held also to give wealth to the poor, health to the sick, wisdom to the ignorant; and the recitation of certain *parvas* and *shlokas* in them can fill the household of the barren, it is believed, with children. A concluding passage of the great poem says:

“The reading of this Mahābhārata destroys all sin and produces virtue; so much so, that the pronunciation of a single shloka is sufficient to wipe away much guilt. This Mahābhārata contains the history of the gods, of the Rishis in heaven and those on earth, of the Gandharvas and the Rakshasas. It also contains the life and actions of the one God, holy, immutable, and true,—who is Krishna, who is the creator and the ruler of this universe; who is seeking the welfare of his creation by means of his incomparable and indestructible power; whose actions are celebrated by all sages; who has bound human beings in a chain, of which one end is life and the other death; on whom the Rishis meditate, and a knowledge of whom imparts unalloyed happiness to their hearts, and for whose gratification and favor all the daily devotions are performed by all worshipers. If a man reads the Mahābhārata and has faith in its doctrines, he is free from all sin, and ascends to heaven after his death.”

In order to explain the portion of this Indian epic, here for the first time published in English verse, I reprint a brief summary of its plot:—

The “great war of Bharat” has its first scenes in Hastinapur, an ancient and vanished city, formerly situated about sixty miles northeast of the modern Delhi. The Ganges has washed away even the ruins of this the metropolis of King Bharat’s dominions. The poem opens with a “sacrifice of snakes;” but this

is a prelude, connected merely by a curious legend with the real beginning. That beginning is reached when the five sons of "King Pandu the Pale" and the five sons of "King Dhritarashtra the Blind," both of them descendants of Bharat, are being brought up together in the palace. The first were called Pandavas, the last Kauravas, and their lifelong feud is the main subject of the epic. Yudhishtira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula, and Sahadeva are the Pandava princes. Duryodhana is chief of the Kauravas. They are instructed by one master, Drona, a Brahman, in the arts of war and peace, and learn to manage and brand cattle, hunt wild animals, and tame horses. There is in the early portion a striking picture of an Aryan tournament, wherein the young cousins display their skill, "highly arrayed, amid vast crowds," and Arjuna especially distinguishes himself. Clad in golden mail, he shows amazing feats with sword and bow. He shoots twenty-one arrows into the hollow of a buffalo-horn while his chariot whirls along; he throws the "chakra," or sharp quoit, without once missing his victim; and, after winning the prizes, kneels respectfully at the feet of his instructor to receive his crown. The cousins, after this, march out to fight with a neighboring king, and the Pandavas, who are always the favored family in the poem, win most of the credit, so that Yudhishtira is elected from among them *Yuvaraj*, or heir apparent. This incenses Duryodhana, who, by appealing to his father, Dhritarashtra, procures a division of the kingdom, the Pandavas being sent to Vacanavat, now Allahabad. All this part of the story refers obviously to the advances gradually made by the Aryan conquerors of India into the jungles peopled by aborigines. Forced to quit their new city, the Pandavas hear of the marvelous beauty of Draupadī, whose *Swayamvara*, or "choice of a suitor," is about to be celebrated at Kāmpilya. This again furnishes a strange and glittering picture of the old times; vast masses of holiday people, with rajahs, elephants, troops, jugglers, dancing-women, and showmen, are gathered in a gay encampment round the pavilion of the King

Draupada, whose lovely daughter is to take for her husband (on the well-understood condition that she approves of him) the fortunate archer who can strike the eye of a golden fish, whirling round upon the top of a tall pole, with an arrow shot from an enormously strong bow. The princess, adorned with radiant gems, holds a garland of flowers in her hand for the victorious suitor; but none of the rajahs can bend the bow. Arjuna, disguised as a Brahman, performs the feat with ease, and his youth and grace win the heart of Draupadī more completely than his skill. The princess henceforth follows the fortunes of the brothers, and, by a strange ancient custom, lives with them in common. The Pandavas, now allied to the King Draupada and become strong, are so much dreaded by the Kauravas that they are invited back again, for safety's sake, to Hastinapura, and settle near it in the city of Indraprastha, now Delhi. The reign of Yudhishthira and his brothers is very prosperous there; "every subject was pious; there were no liars, thieves, or cheats; no drought, floods, or locusts; no conflagrations nor invaders, nor parrots to eat up the grain."

The Pandava king, having subdued all enemies, now performs the *Rajasuya*, or ceremony of supremacy,—and here again occur wonderfully interesting pictures. Duryodhana comes thither, and his jealousy is inflamed by the magnificence of the rite. Among other curious incidents is one which seems to show that glass was already known. A pavilion is paved with "black crystal," which the Kaurava prince mistakes for water, and "draws up his garments lest he should be wetted." But now approaches a turning-point in the epic. Furious at the wealth and fortune of his cousins, Duryodhana invites them to Hastinapura to join in a great gambling festival. The passion for play was as strong apparently with these antique Hindus as that for fighting or for love: "No true Kshatriya must ever decline a challenge to combat or to dice." The brothers go to the entertainment, which is to ruin their prosperity; for Sakuni, the most skillful and lucky gambler, has

loaded the "coupun," so as to win every throw. Mr. Wheeler's excellent summary again says:—

"Then Yudhishtira and Sakuni sat down to play, and whatever Yudhishtira laid as stakes Duryodhana laid something of equal value; but Yudhishtira lost every game. He first lost a very beautiful pearl; next a thousand bags each containing a thousand pieces of gold; next a great piece of gold so pure that it was as soft as wax; next a chariot set with jewels and hung all round with golden bells; next a thousand war-elephants with golden howdahs set with diamonds; next a lakh of slaves all dressed in rich garments; next a lakh of beautiful slave-girls, adorned from head to foot with golden ornaments; next all the remainder of his goods; next all his cattle; and then the whole of his Râj, excepting only the lands which had been granted to the Brahmans."

After this tremendous run of ill-luck, he madly stakes Draupadî the Beautiful, and loses her. The princess is dragged away by the hair, and Duryodhana mockingly bids her come and sit upon his knee, for which Bhîma the Pandava swears that he will some day break this thigh-bone,—a vow which is duly kept. But the blind old king rebukes this fierce elation of the winner, restores Draupadî, and declares that they must throw another main to decide who shall leave Hastinapura. The cheating Sakuni cogs the dice again, and the Pandavas must now go away into the forest, and let no man know them by name for thirteen years. They depart, Draupadî unbinding her long black hair, and vowing never to fasten it back again till the hands of Bhîma, the strong man among the Pandavas, are red with the punishment of the Kauravas. "Then he shall tie my tresses up again, when his fingers are dripping with Duhsasana's blood."

There follow long episodes of their adventures in the jungle till the time when the Pandavas emerge, and, still disguised, take up their residence in King Virâta's city. Here the vicissitudes of Draupadî as a handmaid of the queen, of Bhîma as the palace wrestler, of Arjuna disguised as a eunuch, and of Nakula, Sahadeva, and Yudhishtira, acting as herdsmen and attendants, are most absorbing and dramatic. The virtue of Draupadî, assailed by a prince of the State, is terribly

defended by the giant Bhíma; and when the Kauravas, suspecting the presence in the place of their cousins, attack Viráta, Arjuna drives the chariot of the heir apparent, and victoriously repulses them with his awful bow Gandiva.

After all these evidences of prowess and the help afforded in the battle, the King of Viráta discovers the princely rank of the Pandavas, and gives his daughter in marriage to the son of Arjuna. A great council is then held to consider the question of declaring war on the Kauravas, at which the speeches are quite Homeric, the god Krishna taking part. The decision is to prepare for war, but to send an embassy first. Meantime Duryodhana and Arjuna engage in a singular contest to obtain the aid of Krishna, whom both of them seek out. This celestial hero is asleep when they arrive, and the proud Kaurava, as Lord of Indraprastha, sits down at his head; Arjuna, more reverently, takes a place at his feet. Krishna, awaking, offers to give his vast army to one of them, and himself as counselor to the other; and Arjuna gladly allows Duryodhana to take the army, which turns out much the worse bargain. The embassy, meantime, is badly received; but it is determined to reply by a counter-message, while warlike preparations continue. There is a great deal of useless negotiation, against which Draupadí protests, like another Constance, saying, "War, war! no peace! Peace is to me a war!" Krishna consoles her with the words, "Weep not! the time has nearly come when the Kauravas will be slain, both great and small, and their wives will mourn as you have been mourning." The ferocity of the chief of the Kauravas prevails over the wise counsels of the blind old king and the warnings of Krishna, so that the fatal conflict must now begin upon the plain of Kurukshetra.

All is henceforth martial and stormy in the "parvas" that ensue. The two enormous hosts march to the field, generalissimos are selected, and defiances of the most violent and abusive sort exchanged. Yet there are traces of a singular civilization in the rules which

the leaders draw up to be observed in the war. Thus, no stratagems are to be used; the fighting men are to fraternize, if they will, after each combat; none may slay the flier, the unarmed, the charioteer, or the beater of the drum; horsemen are not to attack footmen, and nobody is to fling a spear till the preliminary challenges are finished; nor may any third man interfere when two combatants are engaged. These curious regulations—which would certainly much embarrass Von Moltke—are, sooth to say, not very strictly observed, and, no doubt, were inserted at a later age in the body of the poem by its Brahman editors. Those same interpolaters have overloaded the account of the eighteen days of terrific battle which follow with many episodes and interruptions, some very eloquent and philosophic; indeed, the whole *Bhagavad-Gita* comes in hereabouts as a religious interlude. Essays on laws, morals, and the sciences are grafted, with lavish indifference to the continuous flow of the narrative, upon its most important portions; but there is enough of solid and tremendous fighting, notwithstanding, to pale the crimson pages of the Greek Iliad itself. The field glitters, indeed, with kings and princes in panoply of gold and jewels, who engage in mighty and varied combats, till the earth swims in blood, and the heavens themselves are obscured with dust and flying weapons. One by one the Kaurava chiefs are slain, and Bhíma, the giant, at last meets in arms Duhsasana, the Kaurava prince who had dragged Draupadí by the hair. He strikes him down with the terrible mace of iron, after which he cuts off his head, and drinks of his blood, saying, “Never have I tasted a draught so delicious as this.” So furious now becomes the war that even the just and mild Arjuna commits two breaches of Aryan chivalry,—killing an enemy while engaged with a third man, and shooting Karna dead while he is extricating his chariot-wheel and without a weapon. At last none are left of the chief Kauravas except Duryodhana, who retires from the field and hides in an island of the lake. The Pandavas find him out, and heap such reproaches

on him that the surly warrior comes forth at length, and agrees to fight with Bhíma. The duel proves of a tremendous nature, and is decided by an act of treachery; for Arjuna, standing by, reminds Bhíma, by a gesture, of his oath to break the thigh of Duryodhana, because he had bidden Draupadí sit on his knee. The giant takes the hint, and strikes a foul blow, which cripples the Kaurava hero, and he falls helpless to earth. After this the Pandava princes are declared victorious, and Yudhishthira is proclaimed king.

The great poem soon softens its martial music into a pathetic strain. The dead have to be burned, and the living reconciled to their new lords; while afterwards King Yudhishthira is installed in high state with "chámaras, golden umbrellas, elephants, and singing." He is enthroned facing toward the east, and touches rice, flowers, earth, gold, silver, and jewels, in token of owning all the products of his realm. Being thus firmly seated on his throne, with his cousins round him, the Rajah prepares to celebrate the most magnificent of ancient Hindu rites,—the *Aswamedha*, or Sacrifice of the Horse. It is difficult to raise the thoughts of a modern and Western public to the solemnity, majesty, and marvel of this antique Oriental rite, as viewed by Hindus. The monarch who was powerful enough to perform it chose a horse of pure white color, "like the moon," with a saffron tail, and a black right ear; or the animal might be all black, without a speck of color. This steed, wearing a gold plate on its forehead, with the royal name inscribed, was turned loose, and during a whole year the king's army was bound to follow its wanderings. Whithersoever it went, the ruler of the invaded territory must either pay homage to the king, and join him with his warriors, or accept battle; but whether conquered or peacefully submitting, all these princes must follow the horse, and at the end of the year assist at the sacrifice of the consecrated animal. Moreover, during the whole year the king must restrain all passion, live a perfectly purified life, and sleep on the bare ground.

The white horse could not be loosened until the night of the full moon in *Chaitra*, which answers to the latter half of March and the first half of April,—in fact, at Easter-time; and it may be observed here that this is not the only strange coincidence in the sacrifice. It was thus an adventure of romantic conquest, mingled with deep religion and arrogant ostentation; and the entire description of the *Aswamedha* would prove most interesting. The horse is found, is adorned with the golden plate, and turned loose, wandering into distant regions; where the army of Arjuna—for it was he who led Yudhishtira's forces—goes through twelve amazing adventures. They come, for instance, to a land of Amazons, all of wonderful beauty, wearing armor of pearls of gold, and equally fatal either to love or to fight with. These dazzling enemies, however, finally submit, as also the Rajah of the rich city of Babhruvāhan, which possessed high walls of solid silver, and was lighted with precious jewels for lamps. The serpent people, in the same way, who live beneath the earth in the city of Vasuki, yield, after combat, to Arjuna. A thousand million semi-human snakemen dwelt there, with wives of consummate loveliness, possessing in their realm gems which would restore dead people to life, as well as a fountain of perpetual youth. Finally, Arjuna's host marches back in great glory, and with a vast train of vanquished monarchs, to the city of Hastinapura, where all the subject kings have audience of Yudhishtira, and the immense preparations begin for the sacrifice of the snow-white horse.

After all these stately celebrations, it might be expected that the great poem would conclude with the established glories of the ancient dynasty. But if the martial part of the colossal epic is "Kshatriyan," and the religious episodes "Brahmanic," the conclusion breathes the spirit of Buddhism. Yudhishtira sits grandly on the throne; but earthly greatness does not content the soul of man, nor can riches render weary hearts happy. A wonderful scene, which reads like a rebuke from the dead addressed to the living upon the

madness of all war, occurs in this part of the poem. The Pandavas and the old King Dhritarashtra being together by the banks of the Ganges, the great saint Vyása undertakes to bring back to them all the departed, slain in their fratricidal conflict. The spectacle is at once terrible and tender.

But this revealing of the invisible world deepens the discontent of the princes, and when the sage Vyása tells them that their prosperity is near its end, they determine to leave their kingdom to younger princes, and to set out with their faces toward Mount Meru, where is Indra's heaven. If, haply, they may reach it, there will be an end of this world's joys and sorrows, and "union with the Infinite" will be obtained. My translations from the Sanskrit of the two concluding parvas of the poem (of which the above is a swift summary) describe the "Last Journey" of the princes and their "Entry into Heaven;" and herein occurs one of the noblest religious apologues not only of this great Epic but of any creed,—a beautiful fable of faithful love which may be contrasted, to the advantage of the Hindu teaching, with any Scriptural representations of Death, and of Love, "which stronger is than Death." There is always something selfish in the anxiety of orthodox people to save their own souls, and our best religious language is not free from that taint of pious egotism. The Parvas of the Mahábhárata which contain Yudhishtira's approach to Indra's paradise teach, on the contrary, that deeper and better lesson nobly enjoined by an American poet—

"The gate of heaven opens to none alone:
Save thou one soul, and it shall save thine own."

These prefatory remarks seemed necessary to introduce the subjoined close paraphrase of the "Book of the Great Journey,"—and the "Book of the Entry into Heaven;" being the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Parvas of the noble, but, as yet, almost unknown Mahábhárata.

THE MAHAPRASTHANIKA PARVA OF THE
MAHABHARATA.

—◆—
“THE GREAT JOURNEY.”

*To Narayen, Lord of lords, be glory given,
To sweet Saraswati, the queen in heaven,
To great Vyása, eke, pay reverence due,
So shall this story its high course pursue.*

Then Janmejaya prayed: “Thou Singer, say,
What wrought the princes of the Pandavas
On tidings of the battle so ensued,
And Krishna, gone on high?”

Answered the Sage:

“On tidings of the wreck of Vrishni’s race,
King Yudhishthira of the Pandavas
Was minded to be done with earthly things,
And to Arjuna spake: Oh, noble Prince,
Time endeth all; we linger, noose on neck,
Till the last day tightens the line, and kills.
Let us go forth to die, being yet alive.’
And Kunti’s son, the great Arjuna, said:
‘Let us go forth to die! — Time slayeth all;
We will find Death, who seeketh other men.’
And Bhimasena, hearing, answered: ‘Yea!
We will find Death!’ and Sahadev cried: ‘Yea!’
And his twin brother Nakula: whereat
The princes set their faces for the Mount.

“But Yudhishthira — ere he left his realm,
To seek high ending — summoned Yuyutsu,
Surnamed of fights, and set him over all,
Regent, to rule in Parikshita’s name
Nearest the throne; and Parikshita king
He crowned, and unto old Subhadra said:
‘This, thy son’s son, shall wear the Kuru crown,
And Yadu’s offspring, Vajra, shall be first

In Yadu's house. Bring up the little prince
Here in our Hastinpur, but Vajra keep
At Indraprasth; and let it be thy last
Of virtuous works to guard the lads, and guide.'

"So ordering ere he went, the righteous king
Made offering of white water, heedfully,
To Vasudev, to Rama, and the rest,—
All funeral rites performing; next he spread
A funeral feast, whereat there sate as guests
Narada, Dwaipayana, Bharadwaj,
And Markandeya, rich in saintly years,
And Yajnavalkya, Hari, and the priests.
Those holy ones he fed with dainty meats
In kingliest wise, naming the name of Him
Who bears the bow; and—that it should be well
For him and his—gave to the Brahmanas
Jewels of gold and silver, lakhs on lakhs,
Fair brodered cloths, gardens and villages,
Chariots and steeds and slaves.

"Which being done,—
Oh, Best of Bhârat's line!—he bowed him low
Before his Guru's feet—at Kripa's feet,
That sage all honored,—saying, 'Take my prince,
Teach Parikshita as thou taughtest me.
For hearken, ministers and men of war!
Fixed is my mind to quit all earthly state.'
Full sore of heart were they, and sore the folk
To hear such speech, and bitter spread the word
Through town and country, that the king would go;
And all the people cried, 'Stay with us, Lord!
But Yudhishthira knew the time was come,
Knew that life passes and that virtue lasts,
And put aside their love.

"So—with farewells
Tenderly took of lieges and of lords—
Girt he for travel, with his princely kin,
Great Yudhishthira, Dharma's royal son.

Crest-gem and belt and ornaments he stripped
 From off his body, and for broidered robe
 A rough dress donned, woven of jungle-bark;
 And what he did—oh, Lord of men!—so did
 Arjuna, Bhîma, and the twin-born pair,
 Nakula with Sahadev, and she—in grace
 The peerless—Draupadî. Lastly these six,
 Thou son of Bhârata! in solemn form
 Made the high sacrifice of Naishtiki,
 Quenching their flames in water at the close;
 And so set forth, midst wailing of all folk
 And tears of women, weeping most to see
 The Princess Draupadî—that lovely prize
 Of the great gaming, Draupadî the Bright—
 Journeying afoot; but she and all the Five
 Rejoiced, because their way lay heavenwards.

“Seven were they, setting forth,—princess and king,
 The king’s four brothers, and a faithful dog.
 Those left Hastinapur; but many a man,
 And all the palace household, followed them
 The first sad stage; and, ofttimes prayed to part,
 Put parting off for love and pity, still
 Sighing ‘A little farther!’—till day waned;
 Then one by one they turned, and Kripa said,
 ‘Let all turn back, Yuyutsu! These must go.’
 So came they homewards, but the Snake-King’s child,
 Ulûpi, leapt in Ganges, losing them;
 And Chitranâgad with her people went
 Mournful to Munipoor, whilst those three queens
 Brought Parikshita in.

“Thus wended they,
 Pandu’s five sons and loveliest Draupadî,
 Tasting no meat, and journeying due east;
 On righteousness their high hearts bent, to heaven
 Their souls assigned; and steadfast trode their feet,
 By faith upborne, past nullah, ran, and wood,
 River and jheel and plain. King Yudhishtira
 Walked foremost, Bhîma followed, after him

Arjuna, and the twin-born brethren next,
Nakula with Sahadev; in whose still steps —
Oh, Best of Bhârat's offspring!— Draupadî,
That gem of women, paced; with soft, dark face,—
Beautiful, wonderful!—and lustrous eyes,
Clear-lined like lotus-petals; last the dog,
Following the Pandavas.

“At length they reach
The far Lauchityan Sea, which foameth white
Under Udayachâla's ridge.— Know ye
That all this while Nakula had not ceased
Bearing the holy bow, named Gandiva,
And jeweled quiver, ever filled with shafts
Though one should shoot a thousand thousand times.
Here— broad across their path—the heroes see
Agni, the god. As though a mighty hill
Took form of front and breast and limb, he spake.
Seven streams of shining splendor rayed his brow,
While the dread voice said: ‘I am Agni, chiefs!
Oh, sons of Pandu, I am Agni! Hail!
Oh, long-armed Yudhishthira, blameless king,—
Oh, warlike Bhîma,—Oh, Arjuna, wise,—
Oh, brothers twin-born from a womb divine,—
Hear! I am Agni, who consumed the wood
By will of Narayan for Arjuna's sake.
Let this your brother give Gandiva back,—
The matchless bow: the use for it is o'er.
That gem-ringed battle-discus which he whirled
Cometh again to Krishna in his hand
For avatars to be; but need is none
Henceforth of this most excellent bright bow,
Gandiva, which I brought for Partha's aid
From high Varuna. Let it be returned.
Cast it herein!’

“And all the princes said,
‘Cast it, dear brother!’ So Arjuna threw
Into that sea the quiver ever-filled,
And glittering bow; then, led by Agni's light,

Unto the south they turned, and so southwest,
And afterwards right west, until they saw
Dwaraka, washed and bounded by a main
Loud-thundering on its shores; and here—Oh, Best!—
Vanished the God; while yet those heroes walked,
Now to the northwest bending, where long coasts
Shut in the sea of salt, now to the north,
Accomplishing all quarters, journeyed they;
The earth their altar of high sacrifice,
Which these most patient feet did pace around
Till Meru rose.

“At last it rose! These Six,
Their senses subjugate, their spirits pure,
Wending alone, came into sight—far off
In the eastern sky—of awful Himavan,
And, midway in the peaks of Himavan,
Meru, the Mountain of all mountains, rose,
Whose head is heaven; and under Himavan
Glared a wide waste of sand, dreadful as death.

“Then, as they hastened o’er the deathly waste,
Aiming for Meru, having thoughts at soul
Infinite, eager,—lo! Draupadī reeled,
With faltering heart and feet; and Bhīma turned,
Gazing upon her; and that hero spake
To Yudhishthira: ‘Master, Brother, King!
Why doth she fail? For never all her life
Wrought our sweet lady one thing wrong, I think.
Thou knowest, make us know, why hath she failed?’

“Then Yudhishthira answered: ‘Yea, one thing.
She loved our brother better than all else,—
Better than heaven: that was her tender sin,
Fault of a faultless soul; she pays for that.’

“So spake the monarch, turning not his eyes,
Though Draupadī lay dead—striding straight on
For Meru, heart-full of the things of heaven,
Perfect and firm. But yet a little spake,

And Sahadev fell down, which Bhíma seeing,
Cried once again: 'Oh, King, great Madri's son
Stumbles and sinks. Why hath he sunk?—so true,
So brave and steadfast, and so free from pride!'

"'He was not free,' with countenance still fixed,
Quoth Yudhishthira; 'he was true and fast
And wise, yet wisdom made him proud; he hid
One little hurt of soul, but now it kills.'

"So saying, he strode on—Kunti's strong son—
And Bhíma, and Arjuna followed him
And Nakula, and the hound; leaving behind
Sahadev in the sands. But Nakula,
Weakened and grieved to see Sahadev fall—
His dear-loved brother—lagged and stayed; and next,
Prone on his face he fell, that noble face
Which had no match for beauty in the land,—
Glorious and godlike Nakula! Then sighed
Bhíma anew: 'Brother and Lord! the man
Who never erred from virtue, never broke
Our fellowship, and never in the world
Was matched for goodly perfectness of form
Or gracious feature,—Nakula has fallen!'

"But Yudhishthira, holding fixed his eyes,—
That changeless, faithful, all-wise king,—replied:
'Yea, but he erred. The godlike form he wore
Beguiled him to believe none like to him
And he alone desirable, and things
Unlovely to be slighted. Self-love slays
Our noble brother. Bhíma, follow! Each
Pays what his debt was.'

"Which Arjuna heard,
Weeping to see them fall; and that stout son
Of Pandu, that destroyer of his foes,
That prince, who drove through crimson waves of war,
In old days, with his chariot-steeds of milk,

He, the arch-hero, sank! Beholding this,—
The yielding of that soul unconquerable,
Fearless, divine, from Sakra's self derived,
Arjuna's,—Bhíma cried aloud: 'Oh, King!
This man was surely perfect. Never once,
Not even in slumber when the lips are loosed,
Spake he one word that was not true as truth.
Ah, heart of gold, why art thou broke? Oh, King!
Whence falleth he?'

“And Yudhishtira said,
Not pausing: 'Once he lied, a lordly lie!
He bragged—our brother—that a single day
Should see him utterly consume, alone,
All those his enemies,—which could not be.
Yet from a great heart sprang the unmeasured speech.
Howbeit a finished hero should not shame
Himself in such wise, nor his enemy,
If he will faultless fight and blameless die:
This was Arjuna's sin. Follow thou me!'

“So the King still went on. But Bhíma next
Fainted, and stayed upon the way, and sank;
Yet, sinking, cried behind the steadfast prince:
'Ah, brother, see! I die! Look upon me,
Thy well-belovèd! Wherefore falter I,
Who strove to stand?'

“And Yudhishtira said:
'More than was well the goodly things of earth
Pleased thee, my pleasant brother! Light the offense,
And large thy virtue; but the o'er-fed flesh
Plumed itself over spirit. Pritha's son,
For this thou failest, who so near didst gain.'

“Thenceforth alone the long-armed monarch strode,
Not looking back,—nay! not for Bhíma's sake,—
But walking with his face set for the Mount;
And the hound followed him,—only the hound.

"After the deathly sands, the Mount! and lo!
Sakra shone forth,—the God,—filling the earth
And heavens with thunder of his chariot-wheels.
'Ascend,' he said, 'with me, Pritha's great son!'
But Yudhishthira answered, sore at heart
For those his kinsfolk, fallen on the way:
'Oh, Thousand-eyed, oh, Lord of all the Gods,
Give that my brothers come with me, who fell!
Not without them is Swarga sweet to me.
She too, the dear and kind and queenly,—she
Whose perfect virtue Paradise must crown,—
Grant her to come with us! Dost thou grant this?"

"The God replied: 'In heaven thou shalt see
Thy kinsmen and the queen—these will attain—
And Krishna. Grieve no longer for thy dead,
Thou chief of men! their mortal covering stripped,
They have their places; but to thee the gods
Allot an unknown grace: thou shalt go up
Living and in thy form to the immortal homes.'

"But the king answered: 'Oh, thou Wisest One,
Who know'st what was, and is, and is to be,
Still one more grace! This hound hath ate with me,
Followed me, loved me: must I leave him now?"

"'Monarch,' spake Indra, 'thou art now as We,—
Deathless, divine; thou art become a god;
Glory and power and gifts celestial,
And all the joys of heaven are thine for aye:
What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound.'
"Yet Yudhishthira answered: 'Oh, Most High,
Oh, Thousand-eyed and Wisest! can it be
That one exalted should seem pitiless?
Nay, let me lose such glory: for its sake
I would not leave one living thing I loved.'

"Then sternly Indra spake: 'He is unclean,
And into Swarga such shall enter not.
The Krodhavasha's hand destroys the fruits
Of sacrifice, if dogs defile the fire.

Bethink thee, Dharmaraj, quit now this beast!
That which is seemly is not hard of heart.'

"Still he replied: 'Tis written that to spurn
A suppliant equals in offense to slay
A twice-born; wherefore, not for Swarga's bliss
Quit I, Mahendra, this poor clinging dog,—
So without any hope or friend save me,
So wistful, fawning for my faithfulness,
So agonized to die, unless I help
Who among men was called steadfast and just.'

"Quoth Indra: 'Nay! the altar-flame is foul
Where a dog passeth; angry angels sweep
The ascending smoke aside, and all the fruits
Of offering, and the merit of the prayer
Of him whom a hound toucheth. Leave it here!
He that will enter heaven must enter pure.
Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way,
And Krishna, and the dear-loved Draupadī,
Attaining, firm and glorious, to this Mount
Through perfect deeds, to linger for a brute?
Hath Yudhishthira vanquished self, to melt
With one poor passion at the door of bliss?
Stay'st thou for this, who didst not stay for them,—
Draupadī, Bhíma?'

"But the king yet spake:
'Tis known that none can hurt or help the dead.
They, the delightful ones, who sank and died,
Following my footsteps, could not live again
Though I had turned,—therefore I did not turn;
But could help profit, I had turned to help.
There be four sins, oh, Sakra, grievous sins:
The first is making suppliants despair,
The second is to slay a nursing wife,
The third is spoiling Brahmans' goods by force,
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.
These four I deem but equal to one sin,
If one, in coming forth from woe to weal,
Abandon any meanest comrade then.'

“Straight as he spake, brightly great Indra smiled;
Vanished the hound, and in its stead stood there
The Lord of Death and Justice, Dharma's self!
Sweet were the words which fell from those dread lips,
Precious the lovely praise: ‘Oh, thou true king,
Thou that dost bring to harvest the good seed
Of Pandu's righteousness; thou that hast ruth
As he before, on all which lives!—Oh, Son,
I tried thee in the Dwaita wood, what time
They smote thy brothers, bringing water; then
Thou prayed'st for Nakula's life—tender and just—
Not Bhîma's nor Arjuna's, true to both,
To Madri as to Kunti, to both queens.
Hear thou my word! Because thou didst not mount
This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent
Who looked to thee, lo! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, King!—Bhârata's son,
Enter thou now to the eternal joys,
Living and in thy form. Justice and Love
Welcome thee, Monarch! thou shalt throne with them!’

“Thereat those mightiest Gods, in glorious train,
Mahendra, Dharma,—with bright retinue
Of Maruts, Saints, Aswin-Kumaras, Nats,
Spirits and Angels,—bore the king aloft,
The thundering chariot first, and after it
Those airy-moving Presences. Serene,
Clad in great glory, potent, wonderful,
They glide at will,—at will they know and see,
At wish their wills are wrought; for these are pure,
Passionless, hallowed, perfect, free of earth.
In such celestial midst the Pandu king
Soared upward, and a sweet light filled the sky
And fell on earth, cast by his face and form,
Transfigured as he rose; and there was heard
The voice of Narad,—it is he who writes,
Sitting in heaven, the deeds that good men do
In all the quarters,—Narad, chief of scribes,
Narad the wise, who laudeth purity,—
So cried he: ‘Thou art risen, unmatched king,

Whose greatness is above all royal saints.
 Hail, son of Pandu! like to thee is none
 Now or before among the sons of men, [com'st
 Whose fame hath filled the three wide worlds, who
 Bearing thy mortal body, which doth shine
 With radiance as a god's.'

"The glad king heard
 Narad's loud praise; he saw the immortal gods,—
 Dharma, Mahendra; and dead chiefs and saints,
 Known upon earth, in blessèd heaven he saw:
 But only those. 'I do desire,' he said,
 'That region, be it of the Blest as this,
 Or of the Sorrowful some otherwhere,
 Where my dear brothers are, and Draupadí.
 I can not stay elsewhere! I see them not!'

"Then answer made Purandará, the God:
 'Oh, thou compassionate and noblest One,
 Rest in the pleasures which thy deeds have gained.
 How, being as are the Gods, canst thou live bound
 By mortal chains? Thou art become of Us,
 Who live above hatred and love, in bliss
 Pinnacled, safe, supreme. Sun of thy race,
 Thy brothers can not reach where thou hast climbed!
 Most glorious lord of men, let not thy peace
 Be touched by stir of earth! Look! this is heaven.
 See where the saints sit, and the happy souls,
 Siddhas and angels, and the gods who live
 Forever and forever.'

"'King of gods,'
 Spake Yudhishthira, 'but I will not live
 A little space without those souls I loved.
 Oh, slayer of the demons! let me go
 Where Bhíma and my brothers are, and she,
 My Draupadí, the princess with the face
 Softer and darker than the Kihat-bud,
 And soul as sweet as are its odors. Lo!
 Where they have gone, there will I surely go.'"

THE ILIAD OF INDIA.

THE SWARGAROHANA PARVA OF THE MAHABHARATA; OR, "THE ENTRY INTO HEAVEN."

*To Narayen, Lord of lords, be glory given,
To Queen Saraswati be praise in heaven;
Unto Vyása pay the reverence due,—
So may this story its high course pursue.*

Then Janmejaya said: "I am fain to learn
How it befell with my great forefathers,
The Pandu chiefs and Dhritarashtra's sons,
Being to heaven ascended. If thou know'st,—
And thou know'st all, whom wise Vyâsa taught,—
Tell me, how fared it with those mighty souls?"

Answered the Sage: "Hear of thy forefathers—
Great Yudhishtira and the Pandu lords—
How it befell. When thus the blameless king
Was entered into heaven, there he beheld
Duryodhana, his foe, throned as a god
Amid the gods; splendidly sate that prince,
Peaceful and proud, the radiance of his brows
Far-shining like the sun's; and round him thronged
Spirits of light, with Sádhyas,—companies
Goodly to see. But when the king beheld
Duryodhana in bliss, and not his own,—
Not Draupadí, nor Bhíma, nor the rest,—
With quick-averted face and angry eyes
The monarch spake: 'Keep heaven for such as these
If these come here! I do not wish to dwell
Where he is, whom I hated rightfully,
Being a covetous and witless prince,
Whose deed it was that in wild fields of war
Brothers and friends by mutual slaughter fell,
While our swords smote, sharpened so wrathfully

By all those wrongs borne wandering in the woods:
But Draupadî's the deepest wrong, for he—
He who sits there—haled her before the court,
Seizing that sweet and virtuous lady—he!—
With grievous hand wound in her tresses. Gods,
I can not look upon him! Sith 'tis so,
Where are my brothers? Thither will I go!

“Smiling, bright Narada, the Sage, replied:
‘Speak thou not rashly! Say not this, oh, King!
Those who come here lay enmities aside.
Oh, Yudhishtira, long-armed monarch, hear!
Duryodhana is cleansed of sin; he sits
Worshipful as the saints, worshiped by saints
And kings who lived and died in virtue's path,
Attaining to the joys which heroes gain
Who yield their breath in battle. Even so
He that did wrong thee, knowing not thy worth,
Hath won before thee hither, raised to bliss
For lordliness, and valor free of fear.
Ah, well-belovèd Prince! ponder thou not
The memory of that gaming, nor the griefs
Of Draupadî, nor any vanished hurt
Wrought in the passing shows of life by craft
Or wasteful war. Throne happy at the side
Of this thy happy foeman,—wiser now;
For here is Paradise, thou chief of men!
And in its holy air hatreds are dead.’

“Thus by such lips addressed the Pandu king
Answered uncomforted: ‘Duryodhana,
If he attains, attains; yet not the less
Evil he lived and ill he died,—a heart
Impious and harmful, bringing woes to all,
To friends and foes. His was the crime which cost
Our land its warriors, horses, elephants;
His the black sin that set us in the field,
Burning for rightful vengeance. Ye are gods,
And just; and ye have granted heaven to him.
Show me the regions, therefore, where they dwell,

My brothers, those, the noble-souled, the loyal,
Who kept the sacred laws, who swerved no step
From virtue's path, who spake the truth, and lived
Foremost of warriors. Where is Kunti's son,
The hero-hearted Karna? Where are gone
Sátyaki, Dhrishtadyumna, with their sons?
And where those famous chiefs who fought for me,
Dying a splendid death? I see them not.
Oh, Narada, I see them not! No King
Draupada! no Viráta! no glad face
Of Dhrishtaketu! no Shikandina,
Prince of Panchála, nor his princely boys!
Nor Abhimanyu the unconquerable!
President Gods of heaven! I see not here
Radha's bright son, nor Yudhamanyu,
Nor Uttamanjaso, his brother dear!
Where are those noble Maharashtra lords,
Rajahs and rajpoots, slain for love of me?
Dwell they in glory elsewhere, not yet seen?
If they be here, high Gods! and those with them
For whose sweet sakes I lived, here will I live,
Meek-hearted; but if such be not adjudged
Worthy, I am not worthy, nor my soul
Willing to rest without them. Ah, I burn,
Now in glad heaven, with grief, bethinking me
Of those my mother's words, what time I poured
Death-water for my dead at Kurkshetra,—
"Pour for Prince Karna, Son!" but I wist not
His feet were as my mother's feet, his blood
Her blood, my blood. Oh, Gods! I did not know,—
Albeit Sakra's self had failed to break
Our battle, where *he* stood. I crave to see
Surya's child, that glorious chief who fell
By Saryasáchi's hand, unknown of me;
And Bhíma! ah, my Bhíma! dearer far
Than life to me; Arjuna, like a god,
Nakla and Sahadev, twin lords of war,
With tenderest Draupadí! Show me those souls!
I can not tarry where I have them not.
Bliss is not blissful, just and mighty Ones!

Save if I rest beside them. Heaven is there
Where Love and Faith make heaven. Let me go!’

“And answer made the hearkening heavenly Ones:
‘Go, if it seemeth good to thee, dear Son!
The King of gods commands we do thy will.’

“So saying [the Bard went on] Dharma’s own voice
Gave ordinance, and from the shining bands
A golden Deva glided, taking hest
To guide the king there where his kinsmen were.
So wended these, the holy angel first,
And in his steps the king, close following.
Together passed they through the gates of pearl,
Together heard them close; then to the left
Descending, by a path evil and dark,
Hard to be traversed, rugged, entered they
The ‘SINNERS’ ROAD.’ The tread of sinful feet
Matted the thick thorns carpeting its slope;
The smell of sin hung foul on them; the mire
About their roots was trampled filth of flesh
Horrid with rottenness, and splashed with gore
Curding in crimson puddles; where there buzzed
And sucked and settled creatures of the swamp,
Hideous in wing and sting, gnat-clouds and flies,
With moths, toads, newts, and snakes red-gulleted,
And livid, loathsome worms, writhing in slime
Forth from skull-holes and scalps and tumbled bones.
A burning forest shut the roadside in
On either hand, and ’mid its crackling boughs
Perched ghastly birds, or flapped amongst the flames,
Vultures and kites and crows,—with brazen plumes
And beaks of iron; and these grisly fowl
Screamed to the shrieks of Prets, lean, famished ghosts,
Featureless, eyeless, having pin-point mouths,
Hungering, but hard to fill,—all swooping down
To gorge upon the meat of wicked ones;
Whereof the limbs disparted, trunks and heads,
Offal and marrow, littered all the way.
By such a path the king passed, sore afear’d,

If he had known of fear, for the air stank
With carrion stench, sickly to breathe; and lo!
Presently 'thwart the pathway foamed a flood
Of boiling waves, rolling down corpses. This
They crossed, and then the Asipatra wood
Spread black in sight, whereof the undergrowth
Was sword-blades, spitting, every blade, some wretch;
All around poison trees; and next to this,
Strewn deep with fiery sands, and awful waste,
Wherethrough the wicked toiled with blistering feet,
'Midst rocks of brass, red hot, which scorched, and pools
Of bubbling pitch that gulfed them. Last the gorge
Of Kutashala Mali,—frightful gate
Of utmost Hell, with utmost horrors filled.
Deadly and nameless were the plagues seen there;
Which when the monarch reached, nigh overborne
By terrors and the wreck of tortured flesh,
Unto the angel spake he: 'Whither goes
This hateful road, and where be they I seek,
Yet find not?' Answer made the heavenly One:
'Hither, great King, it was commanded me
To bring thy steps. If thou be'st overborne,
It is commanded that I lead thee back
To where the Gods wait. Wilt thou turn and mount?'
"Then (Oh, thou Son of Bhârat!) Yudhishtira
Turned heavenward his face, so was he moved
With horror and the hanging stench, and spent
By toil of that black travel. But his feet
Scarce one stride measured, when about the place
Pitiful accents rang: 'Alas, sweet King!—
Ah, saintly Lord!—Ah, Thou that hast attained
Place with the Blessèd, Pandu's offspring!—pause
A little while, for love of us who cry!
Nought can harm *thee* in all this baneful place;
But at thy coming there 'gan blow a breeze
Balmy and soothing, bringing us relief.
Oh, Pritha's son, mightiest of men! we breathe
Glad breath again to see thee; we have peace
One moment in our agonies. Stay here
One moment more, Bhârata's child! Go not,

Thou Victor of the Kurus! Being here,
Hell softens and our bitter pains relax.'

"These pleadings, wailing all around the place,
Heard the King Yudhishthira,— words of woe
Humble and eager; and compassion seized
His lordly mind. 'Poor souls unknown!' he sighed,
And hellwards turned anew; for what those were,
Whence such beseeching voices, and of whom,
That son of Pandu wist not,— only wist
That all the noxious murk was filled with forms,
Shadowy, in anguish, crying grace of him.
Wherefore he called aloud, 'Who speaks with me?
What do ye here, and what things suffer ye?'
Then from the black depth piteously there came
Answers of whispered suffering: 'Karna I,
Oh, King!' and yet another, oh, my Liege,
Thy Bhîma speaks!' and then a voice again,
'I am Arjuna, Brother!' and again,
'Nakla is here and Sahadev!' and last
A moan of music from the darkness sighed,
'Draupadî cries to thee!' Thereat broke forth
The monarch's spirit,— knowing so the sound
Of each familiar voice,— 'What doom is this?
What have my well-belovèd wrought to earn
Death with the damned, or life loathlier than death
In Narak's midst? Hath Karna erred so deep,
Bhîma, Arjuna, or the glorious twins,
Or she, the slender-waisted, sweetest, best,
My princes,— that Duryodhana should sit
Peaceful in Paradise with all his crew,
Throned by Mahendra and the shining gods?
How should these fail of bliss, and he attain?
What were their sins to his, their splendid faults?
For if they slipped, it was in virtue's way
Serving good laws, performing holy rites,
Boundless in gifts and faithful to the death.
These be their well-known voices! Are ye here,
Souls I loved best? Dream I, belike, asleep,

Or rave I, maddened with accursèd sights
And death-reeks of this hellish air?'

"Thereat

For pity and for pain the king waxed wroth.
That soul fear could not shake, nor trials tire,
Burned terrible with tenderness, the while
His eyes searched all the gloom, his planted feet
Stood fast in the mid horrors. Well-nigh, then,
He cursed the gods; well-nigh that steadfast mind
Broke from its faith in virtue. But he stayed
Th' indignant passion, softly speaking this
Unto the angel: 'Go to those thou serv'st;
Tell them I come not thither. Say I stand
Here in the throat of hell, and here will bide—
Nay, if I perish—while my well-belov'd
Win ease and peace by any pains of mine.'

"Whereupon, nought replied the shining One,
But straight repaired unto the upper light,
Where Sákra sate above the gods, and spake
Before the gods the message of the king."

"Afterward what befell?" the prince inquired.

"Afterward, Princely One!" replied the Sage,
"At hearing and at knowing that high deed
(Great Yudhishtira braving hell for love),
The Presences of Paradise uprose,
Each Splendor in his place,—god Sákra chief;
Together rose they, and together stepped
Down from their thrones, treading the nether road
Where Yudhishtira tarried. Sákra led
The shining van, and Dharma, Lord of laws,
Paced glorious next. Oh, Son of Bhárata,
While that celestial company came down—
Pure as the white stars sweeping through the sky,
And brighter than their brilliance—look! Hell's shades

Melted before them; warm gleams drowned the gloom;
 Soft, lovely scenes, rolled over the ill sights;
 Peace calmed the cries of torment; in its bed
 The boiling river shrank, quiet and clear;
 The Asipatra Vana—awful wood—
 Blossomed with colors; all those cruel blades,
 And dreadful rocks, and piteous scattered wreck
 Of writhing bodies, where the king had passed,
 Vanished as dreams fade. Cool and fragrant went
 A wind before their faces, as these Gods
 Drew radiant to the presence of the king,—
 Maruts; and Vasus eight, who shine and serve
 Round Indra; Rudras; Aswins; and those Six
 Immortal Lords of light beyond our light,
 Th' Adityas; Saddhyas; Siddhyas,—those were there,
 With angels, saints, and habitants of heaven,
 Smiling resplendent round the steadfast prince.

“Then spake the God of gods these gracious words
 To Yudhishthira, standing in that place:—
 “King Yudhishthira! oh, thou long-armed Lord,
 This is enough! All heaven is glad of thee.
 It is enough! Come, thou most blessed one,
 Unto thy peace, well gained. Lay now aside
 Thy loving wrath, and hear the speech of Heaven.
 It is appointed that all kings see hell.
 The reckonings for the life of men are twain.
 Of each man's righteous deeds a tally true,
 A tally true of each man's evil deeds.
 Who hath wrought little right, to him is paid
 A little bliss in Swarga, then the woe [him
 Which purges; who much right hath wrought, from
 The little ill by lighter pains is cleansed,
 And then the joys. Sweet is peace after pain,
 And bitter pain which follows peace; yet they,
 Who sorely sin, taste of the heaven they miss,
 And they that suffer quit their debt at last.
 Lo! We have loved thee, laying hard on thee
 Grievous assaults of soul, and this black road.
 Bethink thee: by a semblance once, dear Son!

Drona thou didst beguile; and once, dear Son!
Semblance of hell hath so thy sin assoiled,
Which passeth with these shadows. Even thus
Thy Bhíma came a little space t' account,
Draupadí, Krishna,—all whom thou didst love,
Never again to lose! Come, First of Men!
These be delivered and their quittance made.
Also the princes, son of Bhárata!
Who fell beside thee fighting, have attained.
Come thou to see! Karna, whom thou didst mourn,—
That mightiest archer, master in all wars,—
He hath attained, shining as doth the sun;
Come thou and see! Grieve no more, King of Men.
Whose love helped them and thee, and hath its meed.
Rajahs and maharajahs, warriors, aids,—
All thine are thine forever. Krishna waits
To greet thee coming, 'compained by gods,
Seated in heaven, from toils and conflicts saved.
Son! there is golden fruit of noble deeds,
Of prayer, alms, sacrifice. The most just Gods
Keep thee thy place above the highest saints,
Where thou shalt sit, divine, compassed about
With royal souls in bliss, as Hari sits;
Seeing Mándhátá crowned, and Bhagirath,
Daushyanti, Bhárata, with all thy line.
Now therefore wash thee in this holy stream,
Gunga's pure fount, whereof the bright waves bless
All the Three Worlds. It will so change thy flesh
To likeness of th' immortal, thou shalt leave
Passions and aches and tears behind thee there.'

"And when the awful Sákra thus had said,
Lo! Dharma spake,—th' embodied Lord of Right:

"'Bho! bho! I am well pleased! Hail to thee, Chief!
Worthy, and wise, and firm. Thy faith is full,
Thy virtue, and thy patience, and thy truth,
And thy self-mastery. Thrice I put thee, King!
Unto the trial. In the Dwaita wood,
The day of sacrifice,—then thou stood'st fast;

Next, on thy brethren's death and Draupadí's,
When, as a dog, I followed thee, and found
Thy spirit constant to the meanest friend.
Here was the third and sorest touchstone, Son!
That thou shouldst hear thy brothers cry in hell,
And yet abide to help them. Pritha's child,
We love thee! Thou art fortunate and pure,
Past trials now. Thou art approved, and they
Thou lov'st have tasted hell only a space,
Not meriting to suffer more than when
An evil dream doth come, and Indra's beam
Ends it with radiance—as this vision ends.
It is appointed that all flesh see death,
And therefore thou hast borne the passing pangs,
Briefest for thee, and brief for those of thine,—
Bhíma the faithful, and the valiant twins
Nakla and Sahadev, and those great hearts
Karna, Arjuna, with thy princess dear,
Draupadí. Come, thou best-belovèd Son,
Blessed of all thy line! Bathe in this stream,—
It is great Gunga, flowing through Three Worlds.'

"Thus high-accosted, the rejoicing king
(Thy ancestor, oh, Liege!) proceeded straight
Unto that river's brink, which floweth pure
Through the Three Worlds, mighty, and sweet, and
praised.

There, being bathed, the body of the king
Put off its mortal, coming up arrayed
In grace celestial, washed from soils of sin,
From passion, pain, and change. So, hand in hand
With brother-gods, glorious went Yudhishtir,
Lauded by softest minstrelsy, and songs
Of unknown music, where those heroes stood—
The princes of the Pandavas, his kin—
And lotus-eyed and loveliest Draupadí,
Waiting to greet him, gladdening and glad.

FROM THE
"SAUPTIKA PARVA" OF THE MAHABHARATA,
OR "NIGHT OF SLAUGHTER."

*To Narayen, Best of Lords, be glory given,
To great Saraswati, the Queen in heaven;
Unto Vyása, too, be paid his meed,
So shall this story worthily proceed.*

"Those vanquished warriors, then," Sanjaya said,
"Fled southwards; and near sunset, past the tents
Unyoked; abiding close in fear and rage.
There was a wood beyond the camp,—untrod,
Quiet,—and in its leafy harbor lay
The Princes, some among them bleeding still
From spear and arrow-gashes; all sore-spent,
Fetching faint breath, and fighting o'er again
In thought that battle. But there came the noise
Of Pandavas pursuing,—fierce and loud
Outcries of victory—whereat those chiefs
Sullenly rose, and yoked their steeds again,
Driving due east; and eastward still they drave
Under the night, till drouth and desperate toil
Stayed horse and man; then took they lair again,
The panting horses, and the Warriors, wroth
With chilled wounds, and the death-stroke of their King.

"Now were the come, my Prince," Sanjaya said,
"Unto a jungle thick with stems, whereon
The tangled creepers coiled; here entered they—
Watering their horses at a stream—and pushed
Deep in the thicket. Many a beast and bird
Sprang startled at their feet; the long grass stirred,
With serpents creeping off; the woodland flowers
Shook where the pea-fowl hid, and where frogs plunged
The swamp rocked all its reeds and lotus-buds.
A banian-tree, with countless dropping boughs

Earth-rooted, spied they, and beneath its aisles
A pool; hereby they stayed, tethering their steeds,
And dipping water, made the evening-prayer.

“But when the ‘Day-maker’ sank in the west
And Night descended—gentle, soothing Night,
Who comforts all, with silver splendor decked
Of stars and constellations, and soft folds
Of velvet darkness drawn—then those wild things,
Which roam in darkness, woke, wandering afoot
Under the gloom. Horrid the forest grew
With roar, and yelp, and yell, around that place
Where Kripa, Kritavarman, and the son
Of Drona lay, beneath the banian-tree;
Full many a piteous passage instancing
In their lost battle-day of dreadful blood;
Till sleep fell heavy on the wearied lids
Of Bhoja’s child and Kripa. Then these Lords—
To princely life and silken couches used—
Sought on the bare earth slumber, spent and sad,
As houseless outcasts lodge.

“But, oh, my King!

There came no sleep to Drona’s angry son,
Great Aswatthâman. As a snake lies coiled
And hisses, breathing, so his panting breath
Hissed rage and hatred round him, while he lay
Chin uppermost, arm-pillowed, with fierce eyes
Roving the wood, and seeing sightlessly.
Thus chanced it that his wandering glances turned
Into the fig-tree’s shadows, where there perched
A thousand crows, thick-roosting, on its limbs;
Some nested, some on branchlets, deep asleep,
Heads under wings—all fearless; nor, oh, Prince!
Had Aswatthâman more than marked the birds—
Save that there fell out of the velvet night,
Silent and terrible, an eagle-owl
With wide, soft, deadly, dusky wings, and eyes
Flame-colored, and long claws and dreadful beak;
Like a winged sprite, or great Garood himself.

Offspring of Bhârata! it lighted there
 Upon the banian's bough; hooted,—but low
 The fury smothering in its throat;—then fell
 With murd'rous beak and claws upon those crows,
 Rending the wings from this, the legs from that,
 From some the heads, of some ripping the crops;
 Till, tens and scores, the fowl rained down to earth
 Bloody and plucked, and all the ground waxed black
 With piled crow-carcases; whilst the great owl
 Hooted for joy of vengeance, and again
 Spread the wide, deadly, dusky wings.

“Up sprang

The son of Drona, ‘Lo! this owl’ quoth he,
 ‘Teacheth me wisdom, lo! one slayeth so
 Insolent foes asleep. The Pandu Lords
 Are all too strong in arms by day to kill;
 They triumph, being many. Yet I swore
 Before the King, my Father, I would “kill”
 And “kill”—even as a foolish fly should swear
 To quench a flame. It scorched, and I shall die
 If I dare open battle; but by art
 Men vanquish fortune and the mightiest odds.
 If there be two ways to a wise man’s wish,
 But only one way sure, he taketh this;
 And if it be an evil way, condemned
 For Brahman’s, yet the Kshattriya may do
 What vengeance bids against his foes. Our foes,
 The Pandavas, are furious, treacherous, base,
 Halting at nothing; and how say the wise
 In holy Shasters?—“Wounded, wearied, fed,
 Or fasting; sleeping, waking, setting forth,
 Or new arriving; slay thine enemies;”
 And so again, “At midnight when they sleep,
 Dawn when they watch not; noon if leaders fall;
 Eve, should they scatter; all the times and hours
 Are times and hours good for killing foes.”

“So did the son of Drona steel his soul
 To break upon the sleeping Pandu chiefs

And slay them in the darkness. Being set
On this unlordly deed, and clear in scheme,
He from their slumber roused the warriors twain,
Kripa and Kritavarman."

THE MORNING PRAYER.

Our Lord the Prophet (peace to him!) doth write—
Súrah the Seventeenth, intituled "Night"—
"Pray at the noon; pray at the sinking sun;
In night-time pray; but most when night is done;
For daybreak's prayer is surely borne on high
By angels, changing guard within the sky;
And in another place:—"Dawn's prayer is more
Than the wide world, with all its treasured store."

Therefore the Faithful, when the growing light
Gives to discern a black hair from a white,
Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mecca-way,
Recite *Al-Fâtihah* while 'tis scarce yet day;
"*Praise be to Allah—Lord of all that live:
Merciful King and Judge! To thee we give
Worship and honor! Succor us, and guide
Where those have walked who rest Thy throne beside:
The way of Peace; the way of truthful speech;
The way of Righteousness. So we beseech.*"
He that saith this, before the East is red,
A hundred prayers of Azan hath he said.

Hear now a story of it—told, I ween,
For your souls' comfort by Jelal-ud-din,
In the great pages of the *Mesnevî*;
For therein, plain and certain, shall ye see
How precious is the prayer at break of day
In Allah's ears, and in his sight alway
How sweet are reverence and gentleness
Shown to his creatures. Ali (whom I bless!)

The son of Abu Talib—he surnamed
 “Lion of God,” in many battles famed,
 The cousin of our Lord the Prophet (grace
 Be his!)—uprose betimes one morn, to pace—
 As he was wont—unto the mosque, wherein
 Our Lord (bliss live with him!) watched to begin
Al-Fâtihah. Darkling was the sky, and straight
 The lane between the city and mosque-gate,
 By rough stones broken and deep pools of rain;
 And there through toilfully, with steps of pain,
 Leaning upon his staff an old Jew went
 To synagogue, on pious errand bent:
 For those be “People of the Book,”—and some
 Are chosen of Allah’s will, who have not come
 Unto full light of wisdom. Therefore he
 Ali—the Caliph of proud days to be—
 Knowing this good old man, and why he stirred
 Thus early, e’er the morning mills were heard,
 Out of his nobleness and grace of soul [whole
 Would not thrust past, though the Jew blocked the
 Breadth of the lane, slow hobbling. So they went,
 That ancient first; and in soft discontent,
 After him Ali—noting how the sun
 Flared nigh, and fearing prayer might be begun;
 Yet no command upraising, no harsh cry
 To stand aside;—because the dignity
 Of silver hairs is much, and morning praise
 Was precious to the Jew, too. Thus their ways
 Wended the pair; Great Ali, sad and slow,
 Following the graybeard, while the East, aglow,
 Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue,
 And the Muezzin’s call came “*Illahu!*
Allah-il-Allah!”

In the mosque, our Lord
 (On whom be peace!) stood by the Mehrab-board
 In act to bow, and *Fâtihah* forth to say.
 But as his lips moved, some strong hand did lay
 Over his mouth a palm invisible,
 So that no voice on the Assembly fell.

"*Ya! Rabbi 'alamîna*" thrice he tried
To read, and thrice the sound of reading died,
Stayed by this unseen touch. Thereat amazed
Our Lord Muhammed turned, arose, and gazed;
And saw — alone of those within the shrine —
A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine
Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,
Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown.
GABRIEL he knew, the spirit who doth stand
Chief of the Sons of Heav'n, at God's right hand:
"Gabriel! why stayest thou me?" the Prophet said,
"Since at this hour the *Fâtihah* should be read."
But the bright Presence, smiling, pointed where
Ali toward the outer gate drew near,
Upon the threshold shaking off his shoes
And giving "alms of entry," as men use.
"Yea!" spake th' Archangel, "sacred is the sound
Of morning-praise, and worth the world's wide round,
Though earth were pearl and silver; therefore I
Stayed thee, Muhammed, in the act to cry,
Lest Ali, tarrying in the lane, should miss,
For his good deed, its blessing and its bliss."

Thereat th' Archangel vanished,—and our Lord
Read *Fâtihah* forth beneath the Mehrab-board.



PREFACE TO THE "BOOK OF GOOD COUNSELS."

—♦—

The *Hitopadesa* is a work of high antiquity and extended popularity. The prose is doubtless as old as our own era; but the intercalated verses and proverbs compose a selection from writings of an age extremely remote. The *Mahábhárata* and the textual *Veds* are of those quoted; to the first of which Professor M. Williams (in his admirable edition of the *Nala*, 1860) assigns the modest date of 350 B. c., while he claims for the *Rig-Veda* an antiquity as high as 1300 B. c. The *Hitopadesa* may thus be fairly styled "The Father of all Fables;" for from its numerous translations have probably come Esop and Pilpay, and in latter days *Reineke Fuchs*. Originally compiled in Sanskrit, it was rendered, by order of Nushirván, in the sixth century A. D., into Persic. From the Persic it passed, A. D. 850, into the Arabic, and thence into Hebrew and Greek. In its own land it obtained as wide a circulation. The Emperor Akbar, impressed with the wisdom of its maxims and the ingenuity of its apologues, commended the work of translating it to his own Vizier, Abdul Fazel. That Minister accordingly put the book into a familiar style, and published it with explanations, under the title of the *Criterion of Wisdom*. The Emperor had also suggested the abridgment of the long series of shlokes which here and there interrupt the narrative, and the Vizier found this advice sound, and followed it, like the present Translator. To this day, in India, the *Hitopadesa*, under its own or other names (as the *Anvárí Suhailí*), retains the delighted attention of young and old, and has some representative in all the Indian vernaculars. A selection from the metrical Sanskrit proverbs and maxims is here given.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM FROM THE SHLOKAS OF THE
HITOPADESA.

DEDICATION

(TO FIRST EDITION).

*To you, dear Wife—to whom beside so well?—
True Counselor and tried, at every shift,
I bring my "Book of Counsels:" let it tell
Largeness of love by littleness of gift:*

*And take this growth of foreign skies from me,
(A scholar's thanks for gentle help in toil,)
Whose leaf, "though dark," like Milton's Hæmony,
"Bears a bright golden flower, if not in this soil."*

April 9, 1861.

*This Book of Counsel read, and you shall see,
Fair speech and Sanskrit lore and Policy.*

Wise men, holding wisdom highest, scorn delights,
more false than fair;
Daily live as if Death's fingers twined already in thy
hair!

Truly, richer than all riches, better than the best of
gain,
Wisdom is; unbought, secure—once won, none loseth
her again.

Bringing dark things into daylight, solving doubts
that vex the mind,
Like an open eye is Wisdom—he that hath her not is
blind.

Childless art thou? dead thy children? leaving thee
to want and doole?

Less thy misery than his is, who lives father to a fool.

One wise son makes glad his father, forty fools avail
him not:

One moon silvers all that darkness which the silly
stars did dot.

Ease and health, obeisant children, wisdom, and a
fair-voiced wife—

Thus, great King! are counted up the five felicities of
life.

For the son the sire is honored; though the bow-
cane bendeth true,

Let the strained string crack in using, and what ser-
vice shall it do?

That which will not be, will not be—and what is to
be, will be:

Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery?

Nay! but faint not, idly sighing, "Destiny is mightiest."
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none un-
pressed.

Ah! it is the Coward's babble, "Fortune taketh, For-
tune gave;"

Fortune! rate her like a master, and she serves thee
like a slave.

Two-fold is the life we live in — Fate and Will to-
gether run:

Two wheels bear life's chariot onward—Will it move
on only one?

Look! the clay dries into iron, but the potter molds
the clay:

Destiny to-day is master—Man was master yesterday.

Worthy ends come not by wishing. Wouldst thou?
Up, and win it, then!
While the hungry lion slumbers, not a deer comes to
his den.

Silly glass, in splendid settings, something of the gold
may gain;
And in company of wise ones, fools to wisdom may
attain.

Labors spent on the unworthy, of reward the laborer
balk;
Like the parrot, teach the heron twenty words, he will
not talk.

Ah! a thousand thoughts of sorrow, and a hundred
things of dread,
By the fools unheeded, enter day by day the wise
man's head.

Of the day's impending dangers, Sickness, Death, and
Misery,
One will be; the wise man, waking, ponders which
that one will be.

Good things come not out of bad things; wisely leave
a longed-for ill.
Nectar being mixed with poison serves no purpose but
to kill.

Give to poor men, son of Kûnti—on the wealthy
waste not wealth;
Good are simples for the sick man, good for nought
to him in health.

Be his Scripture-learning wondrous, yet the cheat will
be a cheat;
Be her pasture ne'er so bitter, yet the cow's milk will
taste sweet.

Trust not water, trust not weapons; trust not clawed
nor hornèd things;
Neither give thy soul to women, nor thy life to Sons
of Kings.

Look! the Moon, the silver roamer, from whose splen-
dor darkness flies,
With his starry cohorts marching, like a crowned king,
through the skies:

All his grandeur, all his glory, vanish in the Dragon's
jaw;
What is written on the forehead, that will be, and
nothing more.

Counsel in danger; of it
Unwarned, be nothing begun;
But nobody asks a Prophet,
Shall the risk of a dinner be run.

Avarice begetteth anger; blind desires from her
begin;
A right fruitful mother is she of a countless spawn of
sin.

Be second and not first!—the share 's the same
If all go well. If not, the Head 's to blame.

Passion will be Slave or Mistress: follow her, she
brings to woe;
Lead her, 'tis the way to Fortune. Choose the path
that thou wilt go.

When the time of trouble cometh, friends may oft-times
irk us most:
For the calf at milking-hour the mother's leg is tying-
post.

In good-fortune not elated, in ill-fortune not dismayed,
Ever eloquent in council, never in the fight afraid,
Proudly emulous of honor, steadfastly on wisdom set;
These six virtues in the nature of a noble soul are met.
Whoso hath them, gem and glory of the three wide
worlds is he;

Happy mother she that bore him, she who nursed him
on her knee.

Small things wax exceeding mighty, being cunningly
combined;

Furious elephants are fastened with a rope of grass-
blades twined.

Let the household hold together, though the house be
ne'er so small;

Strip the rice-husk from the rice-grain, and it groweth
not at all.

Sickness, anguish, bonds, and woe
Spring from wrongs wrought long ago.

Keep wealth for want, but spend it for thy wife,
And wife, and wealth, and all, to guard thy life.

Death, that must come, comes nobly when we give
Our wealth, and life, and all, to make men live.

Floating on his fearless pinions, lost amid the noon-
day skies,

Even thence the Eagle's vision kens the carcass where
it lies;

But the hour that comes to all things comes unto the
Lord of Air,

And he rushes, madly blinded, to die helpless in the
snare.

Bar thy door not to the stranger, be he friend or be
he foe,
For the tree will shade the woodman while his axe
doth lay it low.

Greeting fair, and room to rest in; fire, and water from
the well—

Simple gifts—are given freely in the house where
good men dwell;—

Young, or bent with many winters; rich, or poor,
whate'er thy guest,

Honor him for thine own honor—better is he than the
best.

Pity them that crave thy pity: who art thou to stint
thy hoard,

When the holy moon shines equal on the leper and
the lord?

When thy gate is roughly fastened, and the asker
turns away,

Thence he bears thy good deeds with him, and his
sins on thee doth lay.

In the house the husband ruleth; men the Brahman
“master” call;

Agni is the Twice-born's Master—but the guest is lord
of all.

—◆—
He who does and thinks no wrong—

He who suffers, being strong—

He whose harmlessness men know—

Unto Swarga such doth go.

—◆—
In the land where no wise men are, men of little wit
are lords;

And the castor-oil's a tree, where no tree else its shade
affords.

Foe is friend, and friend is foe,
As our actions make them so.

That friend only is the true friend who abides when
trouble comes;
That man only is the brave man who can bear the bat-
tle-drums;
Words are wind; deed proveth promise: he who helps
at need is kin;
And the leal wife is loving though the husband lose
or win.

Friend and kinsman—more their meaning than the
idle-hearted mind;
Many a friend can prove unfriendly, many a kinsman
less than kind:
He who shares his comrade's portion, be he beggar,
be he lord,
Comes as truly, comes as duly, to the battle as the
board—
Stands before the king to succor, follows to the pile
to sigh—
He is friend, and he is kinsman; less would make the
name a lie.

Stars gleam, lamps flicker, friends foretell of fate;
The fated sees, knows, hears them—all too late.

Absent, flatterers' tongues are daggers—present, softer
than the silk;
Shun them! 'tis a draught of poison hidden under
harmless milk;
Shun them when they promise little! Shun them
when they promise much!
For, enkindled, charcoal burneth—cold, it doth defile
the touch.

In years, or moons, or half-moons three,
Or in three days—suddenly,
Knaves are shent—true men go free.

Anger comes to noble natures, but leaves there no
strife or storm:
Plunge a lighted torch beneath it, and the ocean grows
not warm.

Noble hearts are golden vases—close the bond true
metals make;
Easily the smith may weld them, harder far it is to
break.
Evil hearts are earthen vessels—at a touch they crack
a-twain,
And what craftsman's ready cunning can unite the
shards again?

Good men's friendships may be broken, yet abide they
friends at heart;
Snap the stem of Luxmee's lotus, but its fibres will
not part.

One foot goes, and one foot stands,
When the wise man leaves his lands.

Over-love of home were weakness; wheresoe'er the
hero come,
Stalwart arm and steadfast spirit find or make for
him a home.
Little recks the awless lion where his hunting jungles
lie—
When he enters them be certain that a royal prey
shall die.

Very feeble folk are poor folk; money lost takes wit
away:
All their doings fail like runnels, wasting through the
summer day.

Wealth is friends, home, father, brother—title to respect and fame;

Yea, and wealth is held for wisdom—that it should be so is shame.

Home is empty to the childless; hearts to those who friends deplore:

Earth unto the idle-minded: and the three worlds to the poor.

Say the sages, nine things name not: Age, domestic joys and woes,

Counsel, sickness, shame, alms, penance; neither Poverty disclose.

Better for the proud of spirit, death, than life with losses told;

Fire consents to be extinguished, but submits not to be cold.

As Age doth banish beauty,
As moonlight dies in gloom,
As Slavery's menial duty
Is Honor's certain tomb;
As Hari's name and Hara's
Spoken, charm sin away,
So Poverty can surely
A hundred virtues slay.

Half-known knowledge, present pleasure purchased with a future woe,

And to taste the salt of service—greater griefs no man can know.

All existence is not equal, and all living is not life;
Sick men live; and he who, banished, pines for children, home, and wife;

And the craven-hearted eater of another's leavings lives,

And the wretched captive, waiting for the word of doom, survives;

But they bear an anguished body, and they draw a
deadly breath;
And life cometh to them only on the happy day of
death.

Golden gift, serene Contentment! have thou that, and
all is had;
Thrust thy slipper on, and think thee that the earth is
leather-clad.

All is known, digested, tested; nothing new is left to
learn
When the soul, serene, reliant, Hope's delusive dreams
can spurn.

Hast thou never watched, a-waiting till the great
man's door unbarred?
Didst thou never linger parting, saying many a sad
last word?
Spak'st thou never word of folly, one light thing thou
would'st recall?
Rare and noble hath thy life been! fair thy fortune
did befall!

True Religion!—'tis not blindly prating what the
gurus prate,
But to love, as God hath loved them, all things, be
they small or great;
And true bliss is when a sane mind doth a healthy
body fill;
And true knowledge is the knowing what is good and
what is ill.

Poisonous though the tree of life be, two fair blossoms
grow thereon:
One, the company of good men; and sweet songs of
Poets, one.

Give, and it shall swell thy getting; give, and thou shalt safer keep:

Pierce the tank-wall; or it yieldeth, when the water waxeth deep.

When the miser hides his treasure in the earth, he doeth well;

For he opens up a passage that his soul may sink to hell.

He whose coins are kept for counting, not to barter nor to give,

Breathe he like a blacksmith's bellows, yet in truth he doth not live.

Gifts, bestowed with words of kindness, making giving doubly dear:

Wisdom, deep, complete, benignant, of all arrogance clear;

Valor, never yet forgetful of sweet Mercy's pleading prayer;

Wealth, and scorn of wealth to spend it—oh! but these be virtues rare!



Sentences of studied wisdom, nought avail they unapplied;

Though the blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps stray aside.



Would'st thou know whose happy dwelling Fortune entereth unknown?

His, who careless of her favor, standeth fearless in his own;

His, who for the vague to-morrow bartereth not the sure to-day—

Master of himself, and sternly steadfast to the rightful way:

Very mindful of past service, valiant, faithful, true of heart—

Unto such comes Lakshmi smiling—comes, and will not lightly part.

Be not haughty, being wealthy; droop not, having lost thine all;

Fate doth play with moral fortunes as a girl doth toss her ball.

Worldly friendships, fair but fleeting; shadows of the clouds at noon;

Women, youth, new corn, and riches; these be pleasures passing soon.

For thy bread be not o'er thoughtful—Heav'n for all hath taken thought:

When the babe is born, the sweet milk to the mother's breast is brought.

He who gave the swan her silver, and the hawk her plumes of pride,

And his purples to the peacock—He will verily provide.

Though for good ends, waste not on wealth a minute; Mud may be wiped, but wise men plunge not in it.

Brunettes, and the Banyan's shadow,
Well-springs, and a brick-built wall,
Are all alike cool in the summer,
And warm in the winter—all.

Ah! the gleaming, glancing arrows of a lovely woman's eye!

Feathered with her jetty lashes, perilous they pass thee by;

Loosed at venture from the black bows of her arching brow, they part,

All too penetrant and deadly for an undefended heart.

Beautiful the Koil seemeth for the sweetness of his
 song,
 Beautiful the world esteemeth pious souls for patience
 strong;
 Homely features lack not favor when true wisdom
 they reveal,
 And a wife is fair and honored while her heart is firm
 and leal.

Friend! gracious word!—the heart to tell is ill able
 Whence came to men this jewel of a syllable.

Whoso for greater quits small gain,
 Shall have his labor for his pain;
 The things unwon, unwon remain,
 And what was won is lost again.

Looking down on lives below them, men of little store
 are great;
 Looking up to higher fortunes, hard to each man
 seems his fate.

As a bride, unwisely wedded, shuns the cold caress of
 eld,
 So, from coward souls and slothful, Lakshmi's favors
 turn repelled.

Ease, ill-health, home-keeping, sleeping, woman-service,
 and content—
 In the path that leads to greatness these be six ob-
 structions sent.

Seeing how the soorma wasteth, seeing how the ant-
 hill grows,
 Little adding unto little—live, give, learn, as lifetime
 goes.

Drops of water falling, falling, falling, brim the chatty
o'er;
Wisdom comes in little lessons—little gains make
largest store.

Men their cunning schemes may spin—
God knows who shall lose or win.

Shoot a hundred shafts, the quarry lives and flies—
not due to death;
When his hour is come, a grass-blade hath a point to
stop his breath.

Robes were none, nor oil of unction, when the King
of Beasts was crowned:
'Twas his own fierce roar proclaimed him, rolling all
the kingdom round.

What but for their vassals,
Elephant and man—
Swing of golden tassels,
Wave of silken fan—
But for regal manner
That the "Chattra" brings,
Horse, and foot, and banner—
What would come of kings?

At the work-time, asking wages—is it like a faithful
herd?
When the work's done, grudging wages—is *that* act-
ing like a lord?

Serve the Sun with sweat of body; starve thy maw to
feed the flame;
Stead thy lord with all thy service; to thy death go,
quit of blame.

Many prayers for him are uttered whereon many a
life relies;
'Tis but one poor fool the fewer when the greedy jack-
daw dies.

Give thy Dog the merest mouthful, and he crouches
at thy feet,
Wags his tail, and fawns, and grovels, in his eagerness
to eat;
Bid the Elephant be feeding, and the best of fodder
bring;
Gravely — after much entreaty — condescends that
mighty king.

By their own deeds men go downward, by them men
mount upward all,
Like the diggers of a well, and like the builders of a
wall.

Rushes down the hill the crag, which upward 'twas so
hard to roll:
So to virtue slowly rises—so to vice quick sinks the
soul.

Who speaks unasked, or comes unbid,
Or counts on service—will be chid.

Wise, modest, constant, ever close at hand,
Not weighing but obeying all command,
Such servant by a Monarch's throne may stand.

Pitiful, who fearing failure, therefore no beginning
makes,
Why forswear a daily dinner for the chance of stomach-
aches?

Nearest to the King is dearest, be thy merit low or high;
Women, creeping plants, and princes, twine round that
which groweth nigh.

Pearls are dull in leaden settings, but the setter is to blame;
Glass will glitter like the ruby, dulled with dust—are they the same?

And a fool may tread on jewels, setting in his turban glass;
Yet, at selling, gems are gems, and fardels but for fardels pass.

Horse and weapon, lute and volume, man and woman, gift of speech,
Have their uselessness or uses in the one who owneth each.

Not disparagement nor slander kills the spirit of the brave;
Fling a torch down, upward ever burns the brilliant flame it gave.

Wisdom from the mouth of children be it overpast of none;
What man scorns to walk by lamplight in the absence of the sun?

Strength serves Reason. Saith the Mahout, when he beats the brazen drum,
“Ho! ye elephants to this work must your might inesses come.”

Mighty natures war with mighty: when the raging tempests blow,
O'er the green rice harmless pass they, but they lay the palm-trees low.

Narrow-necked to let out little, big of belly to keep much,
As a flagon is—the Vizier of a Sultan should be such.

He who thinks a minute little, like a fool misuses more;
He who counts a cowry nothing, being wealthy, will be poor.

Brahmans, soldiers, these and kinsmen—of the three set none in charge:
For the Brahman, though you rack him, yields no treasure small or large;
And the soldier, being trusted, writes his quittance with his sword,
And the kinsman cheats his kindred by the charter of the word;
But a servant old in service, worse than any one is thought,
Who, by long-tried license fearless, knows his master's anger nought.

Never tires the fire of burning, never wearies Death of slaying,
Nor the sea of drinking rivers, nor the bright-eyed of betraying.

From false friends that breed thee strife,
From a house with serpents rife,
Saucy slaves and brawling wife—
Get thee forth, to save thy life.

Teeth grown loose, and wicked-hearted ministers, and poison trees,
Pluck them by the roots together; 'tis the thing that giveth ease.

Long-tried friends are friends to cleave to—never
leave thou these i' the lurch:

What man shuns the fire as sinful for that once it
burned a church?

Raise an evil soul to honor, and his evil bents remain;
Bind a cur's tail ne'er so straightly, yet it curleth up
again.

How, in sooth, should Trust and Honor change the
evil nature's root?

Though one watered them with nectar, poison-trees
bear deadly fruit.

Safe within the husk of silence guard the seed of
counsel so

That it break not—being broken, then the seedling
will not grow.

Even as one who grasps a serpent, drowning in the
bitter sea,

Death to hold and death to loosen—such is life's per-
plexity.

Woman's love rewards the worthless—kings of knaves
exalters be;

Wealth attends the selfish niggard, and the cloud rains
on the sea.

Many a knave wins fair opinions standing in fair com-
pany,

As the sooty soorma pleases, lighted by a brilliant
eye.

Where the azure lotus blossoms, there the alligators
hide;

In the sandal-tree are serpents. Pain and pleasure
live allied.

Rich the sandal—yet no part is but a vile thing habits
there;
Snake and wasp haunt root and blossom; on the
boughs sit ape and bear.

As a bracelet of crystal, once broke, is not mended;
So the favor of princes, once altered, is ended.

Wrath of kings, and rage of lightning—both be very
full of dread;
But one falls on one man only—one strikes many vic-
tims dead.

All men scorn the soulless coward who his manhood
doth forget:
On a lifeless heap of ashes fearlessly the foot is set.

Simple milk, when serpents drink it, straightway into
venom turns;
And a fool who heareth counsel all the wisdom of it
spurns.

A modest manner fits a maid,
And Patience is a man's adorning;
But brides may kiss, nor do amiss,
And men may draw, at scathe and scorning.

Serving narrow-minded masters dwarfs high natures
to their size:
Seen before a convex mirror, elephants do show as
mice.

Elephants destroy by touching, snakes with point of
tooth beguile;
Kings by favor kill, and traitors murder with a fatal
smile.

Of the wife the lord is jewel, though no gems upon
her beam;
Lacking him, she lacks adornment, howsoe'er her jewels gleam!

Hairs three-lakhs, and half-a-lakh hairs, on a man so
many grow—
And so many years to Swarga shall the true wife surely go!

When the faithful wife, embracing tenderly her husband dead,
Mounts the blazing pyre beside him, as it were a bridal-bed;
Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand times o'er-told,
She shall bring his soul to splendor, for her love so large and bold.

Counsel unto six ears spoken, unto all is notified:
When a King holds consultation, let it be with one beside.

Sick men are for skillful leeches—prodigious for poisoning—
Fools for teachers—and the man who keeps a secret, for a King.

With gift, craft, promise, cause thy foe to yield;
When these have failed thee, challenge him a-field.

The subtle wash of waves do smoothly pass,
But lay the tree as lowly as the grass.

Ten true bowmen on a rampart fifty's onset may sustain;
Fortalices keep a country more than armies in the plain.

Build it strong, and build it spacious, with an entry
and retreat;
Store it well with wood and water, fill its garner full
with wheat.

Gems will no man's life sustain;
Best of gold is golden grain.

Hard it is to conquer nature: if a dog were made a
King,
'Mid the coronation trumpets he would gnaw his
sandal-string.

'Tis no Council where no Sage is—'tis no Sage that
fears not law;
'Tis no Law which Truth confirms not—'tis no Truth
which Fear can awe.

Though base be the Herald, nor hinder nor let,
For the mouth of a king is he;
The sword may be whet, and the battle set,
But the word of his message goes free.

Better few and chosen fighters than of shaven-crowns
a host,
For in headlong flight confounded, with the base the
brave are lost.

Kind is kin, howe'er a stranger—kin unkind is stranger
shown;
Sores hurt, though the body breeds them—drugs re-
lieve, though desert-grown.

Betel-nut is bitter, hot, sweet, spicy, binding, alkaline—
A demulcent—an astringent—foe to evils intestine;
Giving to the breath a fragrance—to the lips a crim-
son red;

A detergent, and a kindler of Love's flame that lieth dead.

Praise the Gods for the good betel!—these be thirteen virtues given,

Hard to meet in one thing blended, even in their happy heaven.

He is brave whose tongue is silent of the trophies of his sword;

He is great whose quiet bearing marks his greatness well assured.

When the Priest, the Leech, the Vizier of a King his flatterers be,

Very soon the King will part with health, and wealth, and piety.

Merciless, or money-loving, deaf to counsel, false of faith,

Thoughtless, spiritless, or careless, changing course with every breath,

Or the man who scorns his rival—if a prince should choose a foe,

Ripe for meeting and defeating, certes he would choose him so.

By the valorous and unskillful great achievements are not wrought;

Courage, led by careful Prudence, unto highest ends is brought.

Grief kills gladness, winter summer, midnight gloom the light of day,

Kindnesses ingratitude, and pleasant friends drive pain away;

Each ends each, but none of other surer conquerors can be

Than Impolicy of Fortune—of Misfortune Policy.

Wisdom answers all who ask her, but a fool she can
not aid;
Blind men in the faithful mirror see not their reflection
made.

Where the Gods are, or thy Gúrú—in the face of Pain
and Age,
Cattle, Brahmans, Kings, and Children—reverently
curb thy rage.

Oh, my Prince! on eight occasions prodigality is
none—
In the solemn sacrificing, at the wedding of a son,
When the glittering treasure given makes the proud
invader bleed,
Or its luster bringeth comfort to the people in their
need,
Or when kinsmen are to succor, or a worthy work to
end,
Or to do a loved one honor, or to welcome back a
friend.

Truth, munificence, and valor, are the virtues of a
King;
Royalty, devoid of either, sinks to a rejected thing.

Hold thy vantage!—alligators on the land make none
afraid;
And the lion's but a jackal who hath left his forest-
shade.

The people are the lotus-leaves, their monarch is the
sun—
When he doth sink beneath the waves they vanish
every one.
When he doth rise they rise again with bud and
blossom rife,
To bask a while in his warm smile, who is their lord
and life.

All the cows bring forth are cattle—only now and then is born

An authentic lord of pastures, with his shoulder-scratching horn.

When the soldier in the battle lays his life down for his king,

Unto Swarga's perfect glory such a deed his soul shall bring.

'Tis the fool who, meeting trouble, straightway Destiny reviles,

Knowing not his own misdoing brought his own mischance the whiles.

"Time-not-come" and "Quick-at-Peril," these two fishes 'scaped the net;

"What-will-be-will-be," he perished, by the fisherman beset.

Sex, that tires of being true,
Base and new is brave to you!
Like the jungle-cows ye range,
Changing food for sake of change.

That which will not be will not be, and what is to be will be:

Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery?

Whoso trusts, for service rendered, or fair words, an enemy,

Wakes from folly like one falling in his slumber from a tree.

Fellow be with kindly foemen, rather than with friends unkind;

Friend and foeman are distinguished not by title but by mind.

Whoso setting duty highest, speaks at need unwell-
come things,
Disregarding fear and favor, such an one may succor
kings.

Brahmans for their lore have honor; Kshattriyas for
their bravery;
Vaisyas for their hard-earned treasure; Sudras for
humility.

Seven foemen of all foemen, very hard to vanquish be:
The Truth-teller, the Just-dweller, and the man from
passion free,
Subtle, self-sustained, and counting frequent well-won
victories,
And the man of many kinsmen—keep the peace with
such as these.
For the man with many kinsmen answers by them all
attacks;
As the bambu, in the bambus safely sheltered, scorns
the axe.

Whoso hath the gift of giving wisely, equitably, well;
Whoso, learning all men's secrets, unto none his own
will tell;
Whoso, ever cold and courtly, utters nothing that
offends,
Such an one may rule his fellows unto Earth's ex-
tremest ends.

Cheating them that truly trust you, 'tis a clumsy
villany!
Any knave may slay the child who climbs and slum-
bers on his knee.

Hunger hears not, cares not, spares not; no boon of
the starving beg;
When the snake is pinched with craving, verily she
eats her egg.

Of the Tree of State the root
Kings are—feed what brings the fruit.

Courtesy may cover malice; on their *heads* the wood-
men bring,
Meaning all the while to burn them, logs and faggots
—oh, my King!
And the strong and subtle river, rippling at the cedar's
foot,
While it seems to lave and kiss it, undermines the
hanging root.

Weep not! Life the hired nurse is, holding us a little
space;
Death, the mother who doth take us back into our
proper place.

Gone, with all their gauds and glories: gone, like
peasants, are the Kings,
Whereunto this earth was witness, whereof all her
record rings.

For the body, daily wasting, is not seen to waste away,
Until wasted; as in water set a jar of unbaked clay.

And day after day man goeth near and nearer to his
fate,
As step after step the victim thither where its slayers
wait.

Like as a plank of driftwood
Tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encountered,
Meets,—touches,—parts again;
So tossed, and drifting ever,
On life's unresting sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.

Halt, traveler! rest i' the shade: then up and leave it!
Stay, Soul! take fill of love; nor losing, grieve it!

Each belovèd object born
Sets within the heart a thorn,
Bleeding, when they be uptorn.

If thine own house, this rotting frame, doth wither,
Thinking another's lasting—goest thou thither?

Meeting makes a parting sure,
Life is nothing but death's door.

As the downward-running rivers never turn and never
stay,
So the days and nights stream deathward, bearing
bearing human lives away.

Bethinking him of darkness grim, and death's un-
shunnèd pain;
A man strong-souled relaxes hold, like leather soaked
in rain.

From the day, the hour, the minute,
Each life quickens in the womb;
Thence its march, no falter in it,
Goes straight forward to the tomb.

And 'twere not so, would sorrow cease with years?
Wisdom sees right what want of knowledge fears.

Seek not the wild, sad heart! thy passions haunt it;
Play hermit in thy house with heart undaunted;
A governed heart, thinking no thought but good,
Makes crowded houses holy solitude.

Away with those that preach to us the washing off of
sin—
Thine own self is the stream for thee to make ablu-
tions in:

In self-restraint it rises pure—flows clear in tide of
truth,
By widening banks of wisdom, in waves of peace and
truth.

Bathe there, thou son of Pandu! with reverence and
rite,
For never yet was water wet could wash the spirit
white.

Thunder for nothing, like December's cloud,
Passes unmarked: strike hard, but speak not loud.

Minds deceived by evil natures, from the good their
faith withhold;
When hot conjee once has burned them, children blow
upon the cold.



AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

—◆—
He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.
Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!

Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder, ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space,
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is nought.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home;
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

"HE AND SHE."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?"

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!"

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!"

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

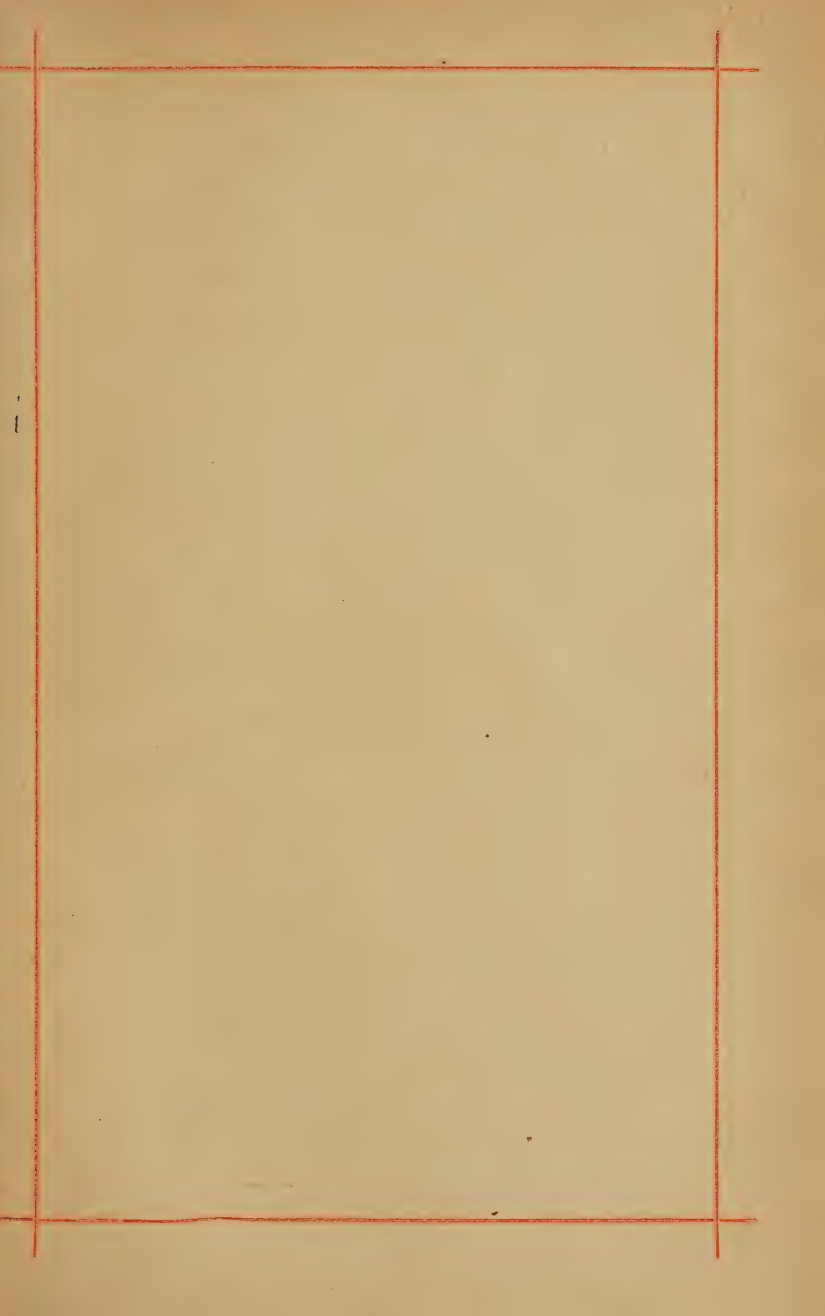
"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

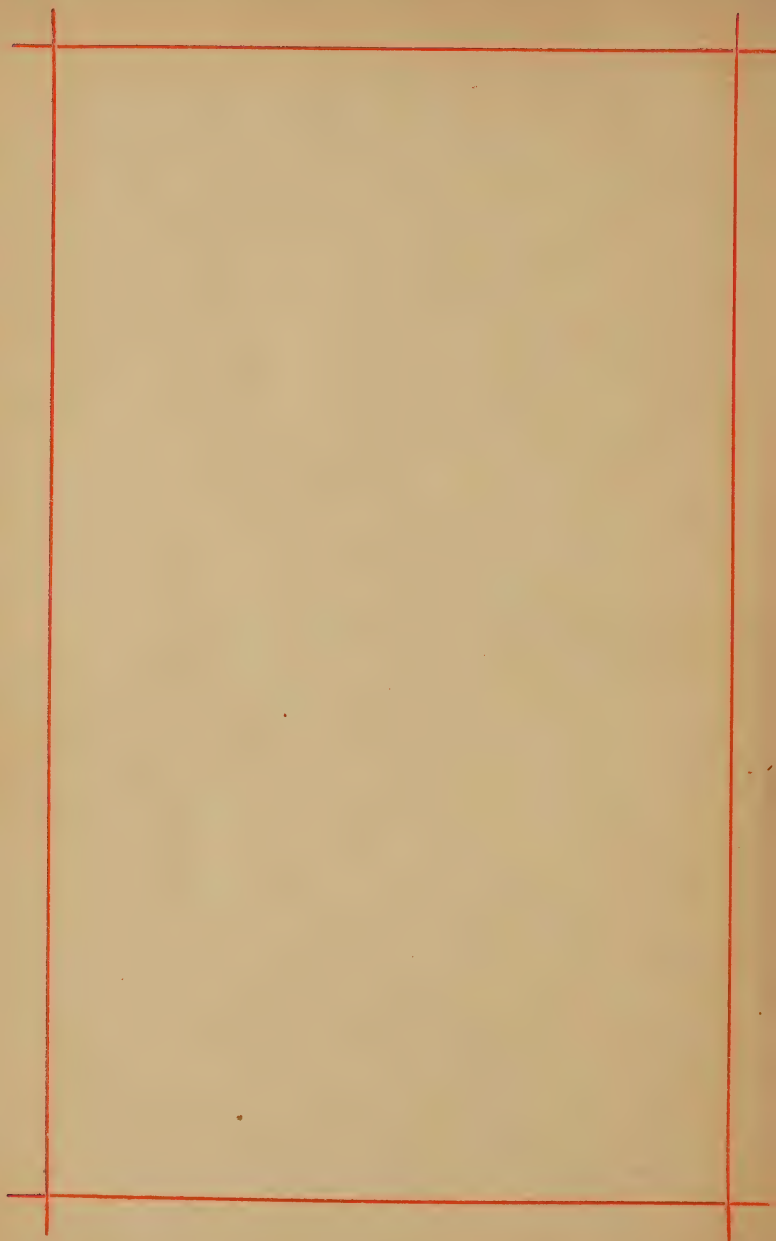


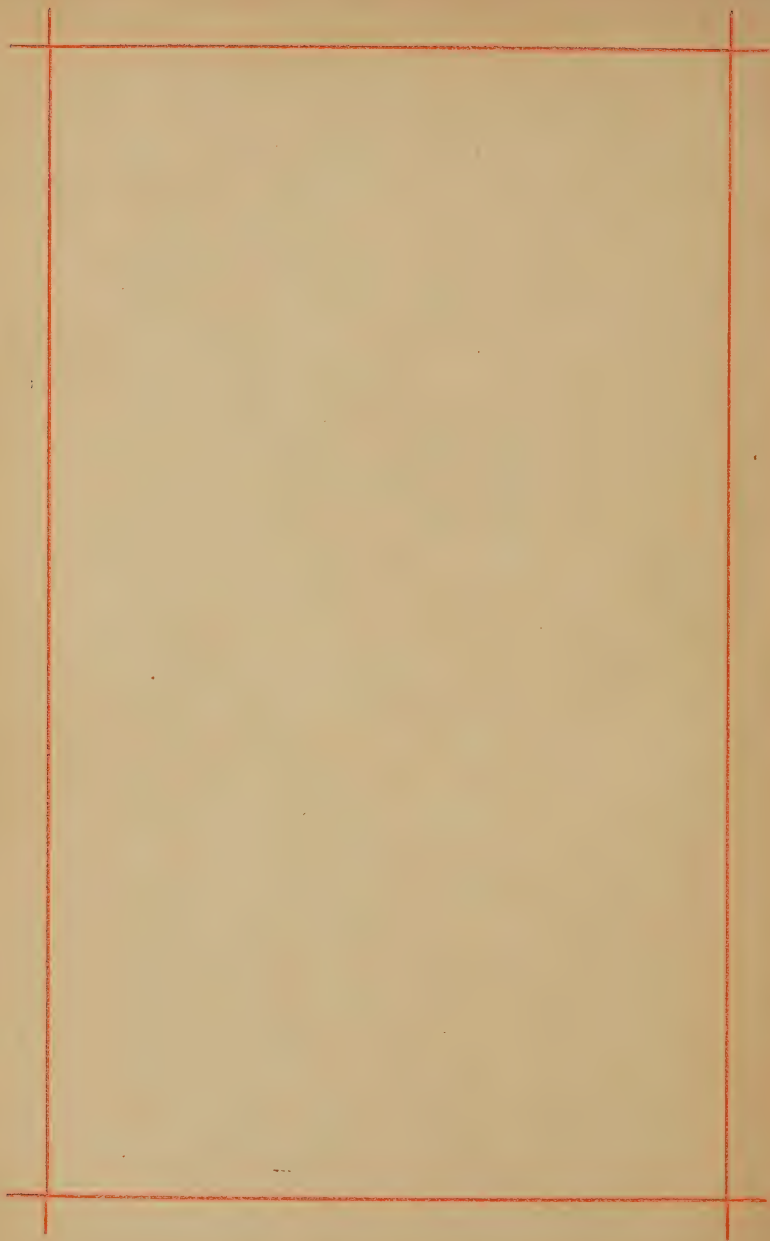












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